Nov. 12, 1955

# THE NEW YORKER

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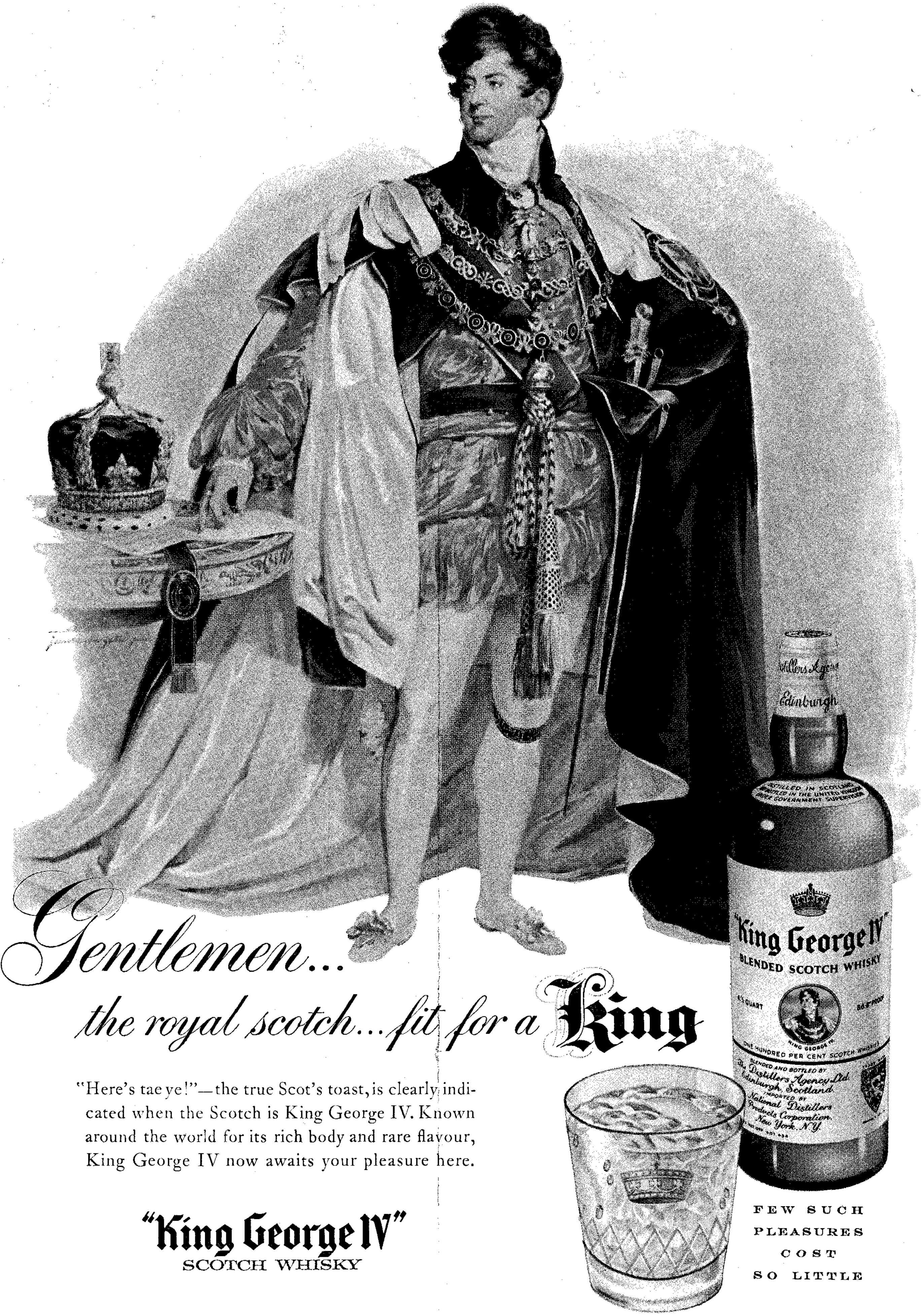
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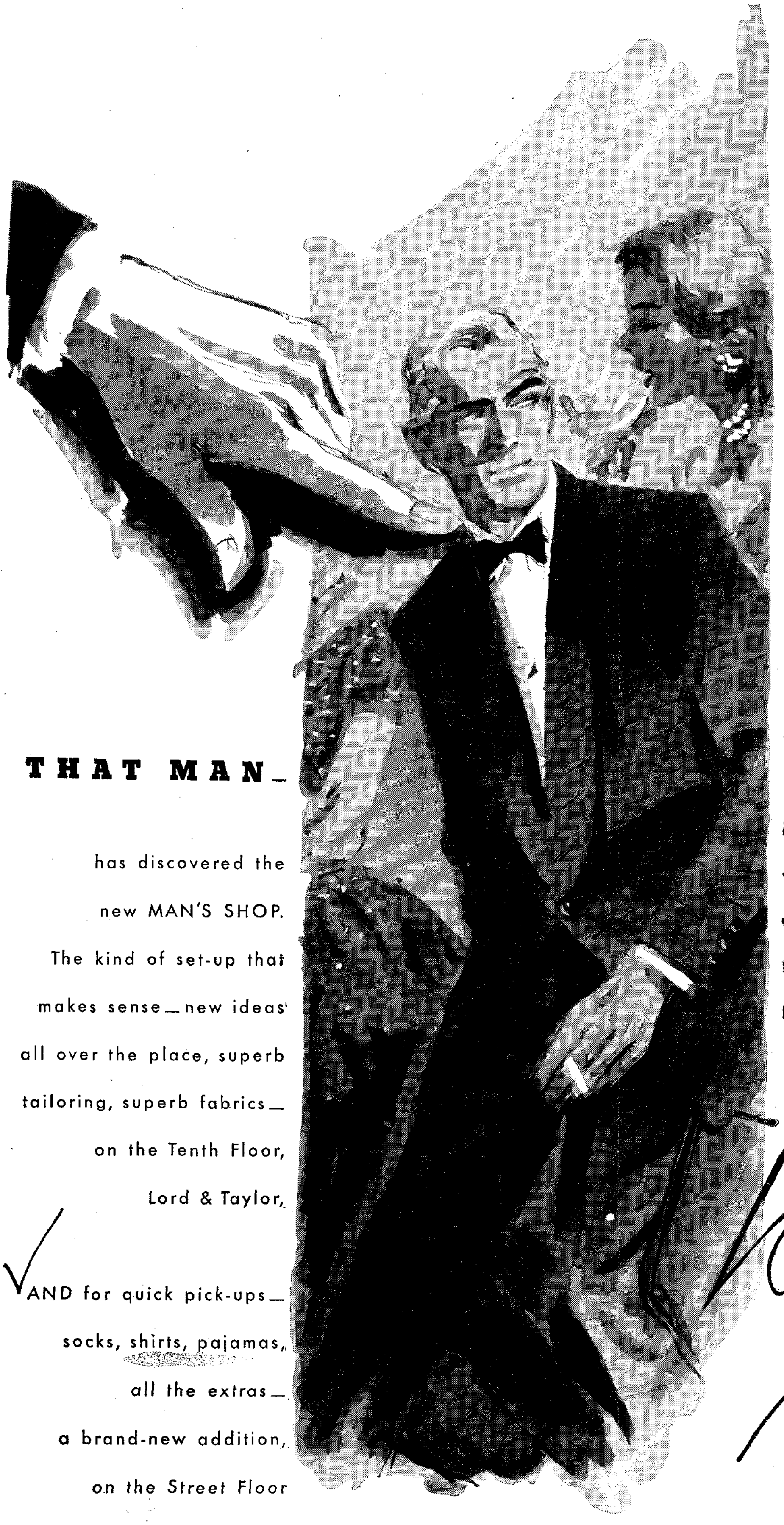

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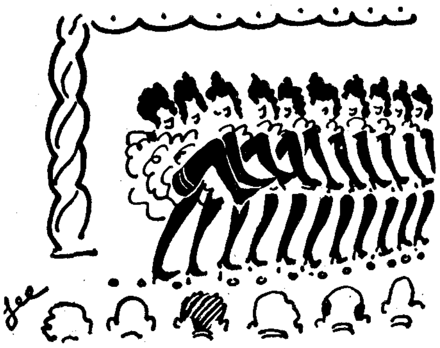
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Bus Stop**—An animated group of characters are assembled at a wayside restaurant in this drama by William Inge, and the result is entirely satisfactory. The cast now includes Elaine Stritch and Dick York. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 13.)

**Cat on a Hot Tin Roof**—A powerful drama by Tennessee Williams in which Barbara Bel Geddes and Burl Ives are highly impressive. The play was directed by Elia Kazan, and he never did better. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Chalk Garden**—There is real wit in Enid Bagnold's comedy about a household that might have been invented by Evelyn Waugh. Gladys Cooper is fine at the head of a cast that includes Betsy von Furstenberg, Siobhan McKenna, and Percy Waram. Cecil Beaton did the sets and costumes. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Comédie-Française**—Final performances in a four-week repertory of plays presented by Sol Hurok by arrangement with the French government. Through Sunday, Nov. 13: "Le Barbier de Séville," by Beaumarchais, and "Arlequin Poli par l'Amour," by Marivaux. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 15-20: "Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard," by Marivaux, and "Un Caprice," by de Musset. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 10-11, at 8:15; Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 12-13, at 2:15 and 8:15; Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8; Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 16-18, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 19-20, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

**Deadfall**—This piece is just about as unexciting as a melodrama can possibly be. Joanne Dru, John Ireland, Jay Jostyn, and Clarence Derwent are in the cast. (Holiday, Broadway at 47th St. CI 5-5530. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 12.)

**The Desk Set**—Shirley Booth is magnificent as a woman who triumphs over an electronic brain, but otherwise William Marchant's comedy isn't very distinguished. With Dorothy Blackburn, Frank Milan, Byron Sanders, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Diary of Anne Frank**—Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett have turned a Dutch girl's account of the two years she and her family spent in hiding from the Nazis into a wonderfully touching play. Young Susan Strasberg achieves a memorable triumph in her Broadway début, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are very moving in other leading roles. Garson Kanin directed, and Boris Aronson provided the telling set. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Heavenly Twins**—Albert Husson's French farce contains practically every standard ingredient of this form of entertainment, but it all boils down to very little. Faye Emerson and Jean Pierre Aumont head the cast, and Cyril Ritchard is the director. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Inherit the Wind**—Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee have added a good deal of theatrical embroidery to their account of the Scopes Trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, and the finished product lacks the sharp effectiveness of the original contest. Melvyn Douglas is cast as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley plays the other famous orator. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**No Time for Sergeants**—A wildly funny show about a hillbilly who amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Adapted by Ira Levin from the novel by Mac Hyman, the comedy employs Andy Griffith as its hero, and he is extraordinarily capable. Myron McCormick and Roddy McDowall are brilliant as a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**A Roomful of Roses**—A description of what happens to a young girl who is the product of a broken home. The play is written in a style better suited to a cookie-magazine serial than to the theatre, but Patricia Neal is all that could be desired as the mother of the unfortunate child. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Tiger at the Gates**—Michael Redgrave makes a fine, resonant Hector in Christopher Fry's adaptation of Giraudoux's eloquent treatment of the Trojan legend. The admirable supporting cast includes Walter Fitzgerald, Diane Cilento, Barbara Jefford, Leueen MacGrath, and Morris Carnovsky. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**A View from the Bridge**—A dockside tragedy by Arthur Miller. Intensely interesting, and acted with understanding and skill by Van Heflin, J. Carrol Naish, Eileen Heckart, Jack Warden, and Russell Collins. They also appear in a rather shapeless curtain raiser called "A Memory of Two Mondays." (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?**—George Axelrod, who wrote "The Seven Year Itch," has posted another cheerfully rowdy comedy, though this time the ingredients are rather more familiar. Orson Bean, Jayne Mansfield, Walter Matthau, and Martin Gabel are pretty funny as Hollywood types of one kind and another. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Young and Beautiful**—Sally Benson's adaptation of some F. Scott Fitzgerald tales having to do with a melancholy adolescent. While the play has quite a lot of sprightly comedy, it weakens a bit when it tries to become serious and significant. Lois Smith is remarkably able as the woebegone young lady in the piece. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON**: John Patrick's comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. Included in the cast at present are Eli Wallach, John Beal, Paul Ford, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. . . . **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**: If you can identify the murderer in Agatha Christie's melodrama, you probably belong on the police force yourself. The cast of thirty includes Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**A Hatful of Rain**—A play by Michael V. Gazzo, with Shelley Winters and Ben Gazzara. The producer is Jay Julien, the director Frank Corsaro. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**Damn Yankees**—A lively and inventive story of a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. Adapted by George Abbott and Douglass Wallop from the latter's novel, "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant," the play has pleasant tunes by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, and a hell of a fine demon in the person of Gwen Verdon. Ray Walston, as her employer, and Stephen Douglass, as her earth-bound suitor, are very skillful, too. The dances are stimulating, and the male chorus actually seems to know its baseball. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure**—This expert and engaging British comedienne takes a somewhat broader line than Ruth Draper, but her sketches are still first-rate. Beryl Kaye, Paddy Stone, and Irving Davies dance nimbly between her appearances. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Silk Stockings**—Although this musical version of "Ninotchka" lapses a little in its serious moments, on the whole it is quite a treat. Cole Porter wrote the excellent songs; George S. Kaufman, Leueen MacGrath, and Abe Burrows attended to the jokes; and Jo Mielziner executed the stylish sets. Hildegarde Neff and Don Ameche head the

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs—the boy friend:** A British satire on musical comedies of the twenties, now with Jean Bayless as the blond heroine of its preposterous story. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 26.)... **comedy in music:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **fanny:** A musical play, by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, that abounds in people (almost beyond counting), plot (Marseille waterfront life), and production (music by Harold Rome). (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **the pajama game:** A confection about romance and labor relations in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Pat Marshall have leading roles. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **plain and fancy:** Some good, clean fun among the Pennsylvania Dutch. The cast includes Shirl Conway, Barbara Cook, Richard Derr, and David Daniels. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

## OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**The Vamp**—Carol Channing in a musical with a book by John Latouche (who also did the lyrics) and Sam Locke, and music by James Mundy. Presented by Oscar Lerman, Martin Cohen, and Alexander Carson; production supervised by Robert Alton. Opens Thursday, Nov. 10. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Lark**—An adaptation by Lillian Hellman of Jean Anouilh's play "L'Alouette," with Julie Harris and Boris Karloff. The producer is Kermit Bloomgarden, the director Joseph Anthony. Opens Thursday, Nov. 17. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night ourtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

## OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

**Amato Opera Theatre**—Through Sunday, Nov. 20: "Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

**Cherry Lane Theatre**—"Dragon's Mouth," a play written by Jacquetta Hawkes and J. B. Priestley, staged by Warren Enters, and presented by Proscenium Productions. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 16. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

**Circle in the Square**—"La Ronde," Eric Bentley's English adaptation of Arthur Schnitzler's play "Reigen," with Alfred Markim and Betty Miller. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

**Phoenix Theatre**—"The Terrible Swift Sword," by Arthur Steuer, the first play in a New Directors Series. Fred Sadoff is the new director this time. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8; Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 16-18, at 8:40; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 19-20, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

**President Theatre**—"Highway Robbery," an Israeli comedy, presented in English by the Heritage Group Players. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Provincetown Playhouse**—A revival of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," presented by the Provincetown Repertory and directed by John F. Grahame. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Shakespearewrights**—"Macbeth," directed by Brian Shaw. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Theatre de Lys**—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein, based on the original by Bertolt Brecht. The cast, directed by Carmen Capalbo, is headed by Lotte Lenya (who will temporarily be replaced starting Tuesday, Nov. 15, by Valerie Bettis) and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

## BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

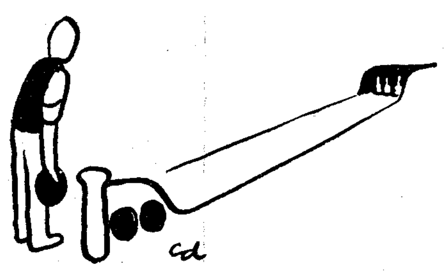
**New York City Ballet**—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Nov. 10: "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 11: "The Duel," "Picnic at Tintagel," "Pas de Dix," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 12: "The Duel," "Swan Lake," "Valse Fantaisie," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 12: "The Duel," "Serenade," "Picnic at Tintagel," and "The Pied Piper."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 13: "Interplay," "Firebird," "Valse Fantaisie," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 13: "Fanfare," "Age of Anxiety," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "The Pied Piper."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 15: "Four Temperaments," "Souvenirs" (première), "Roma," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 16: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Picnic at Tintagel," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 17: "The Duel," "Orpheus," "Souvenirs," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 18: "Age of Anxiety," "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 19: "Serenade," "Interplay," "Firebird," and "The Pied Piper."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 19: "Interplay," "Orpheus," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "La Valse." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 1.)

**Sybil Shearer**—In a dance recital. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

## MISCELLANY

**D'Oyly Carte Opera Company**—A nine-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 10-12: "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore." ... ¶ Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 14-16: "Ruddigore."... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 17-19: "The Mikado." (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 26.)

**Columbia Theatre Associates**—A revival of "Officer 666," a melodramatic farce by Augustin MacHugh, with Eddie Foy III. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 16-18, at 8:40, and Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2:40 and 8:40.)



## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Ambassador,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a dance hall of considerable grandeur, offers dinner music until ten, at which hour Chauncey Gray's orchestra, led into action by Mr. G. himself, and a rumba band open fire. Closed Mondays.

**Biltmore,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Prep-school, college, and commuter reunions every day but Sunday at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court, where James Kirk's harp is at work. He and it reappear at the dinner hour in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

**El Morocco,** 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The headquarters of several extremely active mutual-admiration organizations. Charles Holden's orchestra and Don Alfredo's rumba band vamp until the cameramen are ready.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Yma Sumac, in a voice high as a kite, sings the songs her Peruvian mountain mother taught her. She shows up only at dinner except Fridays and Saturdays, when she adds a supper performance. Stanley Melba's dance band stays on until closing time. The room is dark on Mondays.... ¶ A small orchestra, almost always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room pulses happily most of the evening to the combined orchestra and glee club of Ted Straeter, fashion plate and casual tenor. The small band of Mark Monte lends an occasional hand. The floor is occupied, at dinner and supper, by Los Chavales de España, a remarkably agile assemblage of gentlemen singers who passionately love Granada even in the springtime, when it drizzles. Trini Reyes chips in with a couple of whirlwind Spanish tap dances. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is to the manner born, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra plays at the cocktail hour in the noble old Palm Court, where tea still holds its own against the cocktail. No dancing.... ¶ There's more LeFleur music at dinner every night in the Edwardian Room. No dancing.

**Roosevelt,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Man and boy, Guy Lombardo has been sawing wood in the Grill for thirty or forty years, it would seem. Closed Sundays.

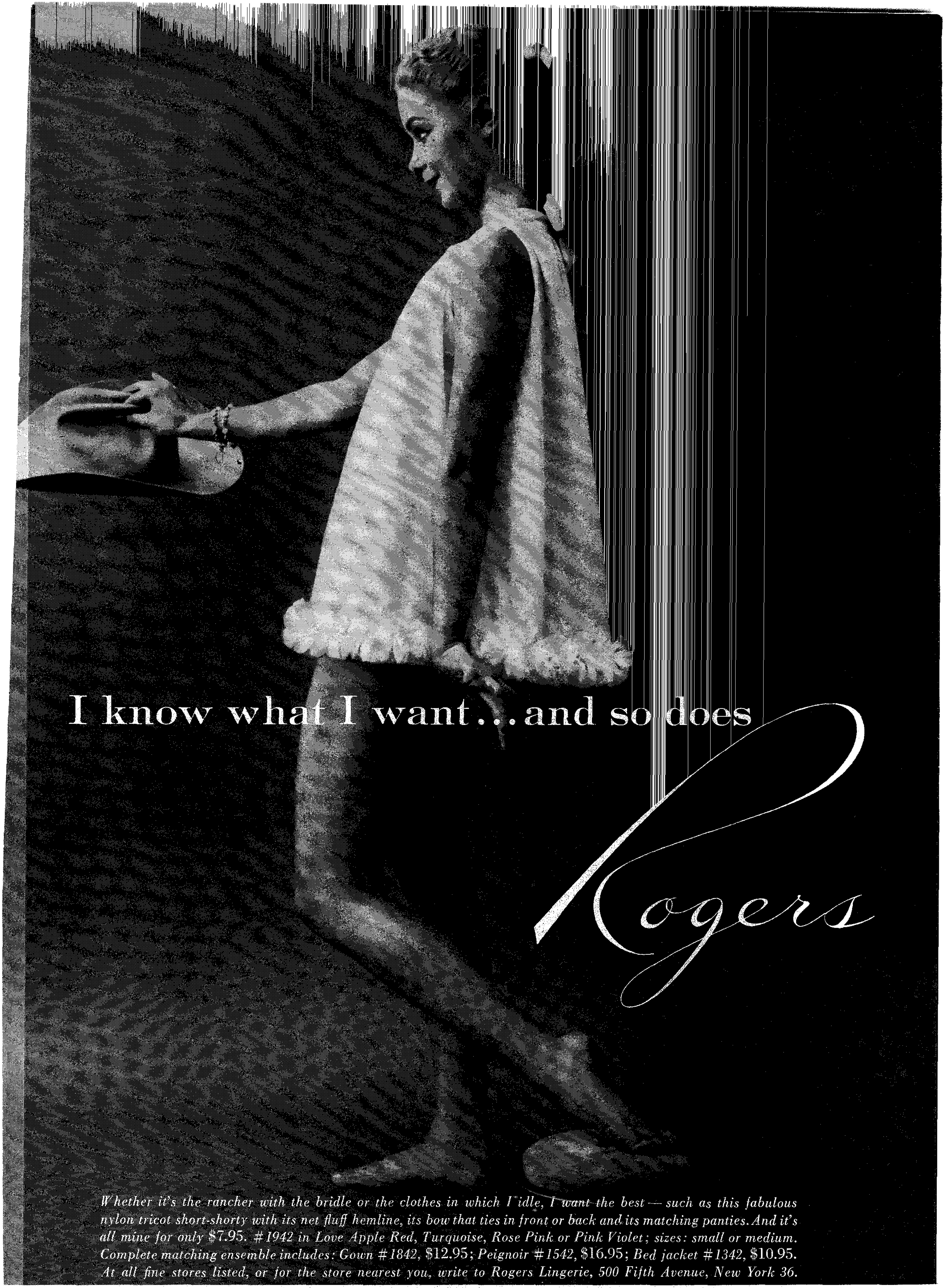
**St. Regis,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a fairly roomy lap of luxury, again is the *pied-à-terre* for Fernanda Montel, whose worldly Parisian hairdo and gowns are just as interesting as her handsome French songs. The customers waltz to the débutante-speed bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

**Savoy-Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music pervades the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

**Statler,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The long reaches of the Café Rouge rumble to Richard Maltby's orchestra, which is making its first appearance in these parts. Closed Sundays.

**Stork Club,** 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—You've seen the set—dance hall, country store, and saloon—many times before, but this is a Western with a brand-new kind of small talk and plot. Two groups equipped with Chauncey Gray orchestrations play ticktacktoe in one corner.

**Versailles,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, France's resolute little Isolde,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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bravely dies a thousand deaths in her doom-shaped ballads about the consuming emotion called love. She dies five hundred of them at dinner, five hundred of them at supper, always in the very best of voice. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men turn out dance music after nine.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The last straw hat of summer surmounts the head, ancient but unbowed, of Maurice Chevalier, the singing *boulevardier.* He's in the Empire Room at ten weekdays, at ten and twelve Fridays and Saturdays. Nat Brandwynne's vast orchestra pours forth richly upholstered dance music the rest of the evening. Thursday, Nov. 10, is a benefit night. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, there's a mild tug of war between the trio of Cy Coleman, whose piano is in the on-with-the-new mood, and the group led by Jozsi Ribari, who is *Alt-Wien* in mood. The Colemans provide music for listening from six to seven, and the Ribaris for dancing from seven to eight-thirty. They alternate from there on in. This goes on every night but Sunday, when Mischa Borr's dance band plays from eight to twelve.

**NOTE**—The eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, one can take an eagle's-nest look at New York, way down yonder, and wonder what it will be like if they ever get it finished. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): What's left of the dwindling coterie of night owls does some of its tête-à-têting here, to the tunes of Kurt Maier's busy piano. No music Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): The keyboard recitals in this fashionable butler's pantry are executed from six to eight and from ten to two by Cy Walter, whose hands have never lost their cunning. No music Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An adequate cache of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Sundays, Paul Morse has the floor. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): One of those telephone-at-your-table operations, with Renato Rossini's guitar gliding through some warm and romantic Spanish trifles. Closed Sundays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): Everybody talking at once after a hard day at the office. Louis Hawkins, the driving force of the amiable enterprise (a bar and grill are involved), reports in at seven to play frolicsome piano and join in the small talk; Wayne Sanders, a silent partner, just sticks to the piano. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): This permanent picnic (Latin-American style) includes a good deal of singing and prancing, some of it by the guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Practically rustic peace and quiet, interrupted only by the mild piano of George Kent, who officiates at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): The small fry appear to enjoy this mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): A very thin slice (only a few feet wide) of Manhattan life after dark, presenting as specialties a fair assortment of backstage worldlings and excellent mood piano by Jim Mahoney after six-thirty, and by Ralph Strain after ten. At twelve, Mr. M. retires in favor of an easy-going drummer, who backs up Mr. S. until daybreak. Closed Mondays. . . . **VALENTINE CLUB,** 126 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8382): Art Ford's new goldfish bowl, where he serves only as host, not as disc jockey. Inez Cavanagh, worldwide night-clubwoman, comes to rest on the fancy woodwork at ten, to start singing her old pets. There's piano from six o'clock on. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Barbara Carroll presides, from five-thirty to nine-thirty every evening but Sunday, over a trio that knows its way through the intricacies of the new music and reports its findings in a quiet but firm voice. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): The ballads and the instrumental music scattered through the dinner and supper hours all dwell on the carry-me-back-to-that-old-Blue-Danube theme. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE VOUVRAY,** 132 E. 61st St. (TE 8-5383): William Adler, now the dean of perambulatory violinists, wanders from bar to dining room and back again all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the slightly stark bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight-thirty weekdays and after five-thirty on Sundays, Laurie Brewis rambles merrily up and down his Steinway. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Hungarian cookery with just the right amount of Hungarian song, violin, and czimbalom thrown in. Dancing, too. Closed Mondays.

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### BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Cab Calloway, a period-piece declaimer of Harlem hubbub, will be taking his noisy departure on Wednesday, Nov. 16. Dancing.

### SUPPER CLUBS

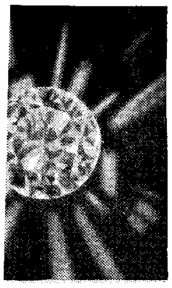
(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse, a remarkably happy family, are singing hey-nonny-nonny and a hot-cha-cha in the back room, where Mort Sahl, a psychosemanticist literally bursting with ideas, explains the real meaning (if any) of the news of the day. Stan Wilson, whose vehicle is a low-swinging sweet chariot, chants vehemently, and the Foursome gambol through their jump tunes. All hands operate to the vibrant background of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . ¶ Except Saturday nights, the Davises and the Lyonses have a good old-fashioned hoe-down in the lounge from two to four in the morning. For early birds, Alex Fogarty contributes his sociable piano at cocktail and dinner time every day but Monday, when Otis Clements is there. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Tobi Reynolds, a girl puma not too long out of the wilds, gives her one-of-a-kind ballads a wonderful body English; Alan and Phyllis Sues act out a bright little variety show on their own. Of the other fledglings, Joey Carter, a confidential sort of humorist, is the best. The flamboyant chamber music of the Norman Paris trio tops the evening off. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Enid Mosier, an energetic little hornet, is rollicking in the shade of her own banana tree, with the assistance of a bottled-in-bond West Indian steel band. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The permanent party in the bar consists of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who play vigorous double piano. Except Sundays, Jane Connell, the gifted Mrs. Peachum of "The Threepenny Opera," goes fey right before your eyes, despite the best efforts of Gordon Connell, her aide-de-camp. Mr. Downey is also at the piano for cocktails every day but Sunday. Silent movies Sundays and amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): All hell breaks loose after the theatre. The reasons are Mae Barnes, an abundant troupial who can lick her weight in wildcats; Tony and Eddie, whose parodies of Hollywood boys and girls are apt to knock a few of these stars right out of their firmaments; the touched-in-the-head chanteys of Tiger Haines and the Three Flames; and the man-about-the-world ditties of Jimmie Daniels. Portia Nelson, a phoenix less frequent here, twines her cool, clear voice around some elegant songs; Hazel Webster, without whom the Village wouldn't be the Village, plays piano whenever there's a lull. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAMEO,** 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): Sirloin-steak-and-Idaho-potato atmosphere, which is a good setting for Matt Dennis's smart but sentimental odes to love. His trio and Jack Kelly's duo, which is armed with the spitfire songs of Georgia Carr, start off at ten. The first group stays home on Sundays, the second on Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): San Francisco night life at its informal, offhand best. One of the most characteristic inhabitants is Marshall Izen, who wages victorious war with the old-school German and Italian operas; another is June Ericson, whose sweet, honest voice and complete lack of mannerism give her songs an extra-special interest; a third is Will Holt, specialist in country ballads. Murray Grand is the knowledgeable house pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DUPLEX,** 55 Grove St. (WA 4-2730): Another tiny segment of San Francisco's native quarter, as cozy as your own living room. The goddess of this shrine is Lovey Powell, who casts a pale moonlight over her enchanted songs; her acolytes are Hal Holbrook, who serves as mouthpiece for Mark Twain, and Brooks Morton, who does nice things to a piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (7-1718): Mabel Mercer, late-night singer of ballads from the heart, is at last ensconced in a setting worthy of her standing in her profession. Reginald Bean never strays far from the piano.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): On a dark night, thin tongues of flame are visible at the outboard end of Wild Bill Davison's trumpet. His clarion calls are answered by Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Pee Wee Russell, Walter Page, George Wettling, and (off and on) Mr. Condon, who is also host and strolling commentator. Ted Roy is at the keyboard during intermissions. On Tuesday nights, visiting top brass (not to mention visiting stringmen) sit in for a few sets. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The muted skirling of Jonah Jones' trumpet is the spice of his hot quartet, which takes turns with the trio of Lou Stein, a clutch of latter-day rumpus makers. They tee off at eight-thirty. There's cocktail and dinner piano, too. Sunday evenings, the inventive and nimble Jack Elliott and his modernist trio are in charge. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Jump-for-joy music by a collection of hardened muscle men. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): This huge stamping ground is temporarily devoted to weekend festivals. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, the guests will include the sextet of Dizzy Gillespie, still shrilling away on his home-grown snorkel; the trio of Billy Taylor, first-flight vanguard pianist; and the quintet of Kai Winding and J. J. Johnson, also all-confirmed vanguardists. For Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, Erroll Garner's trio, Johnny Smith's quartet, Miles Davis's sextet, and Beverly Kenny's songs are promised. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his



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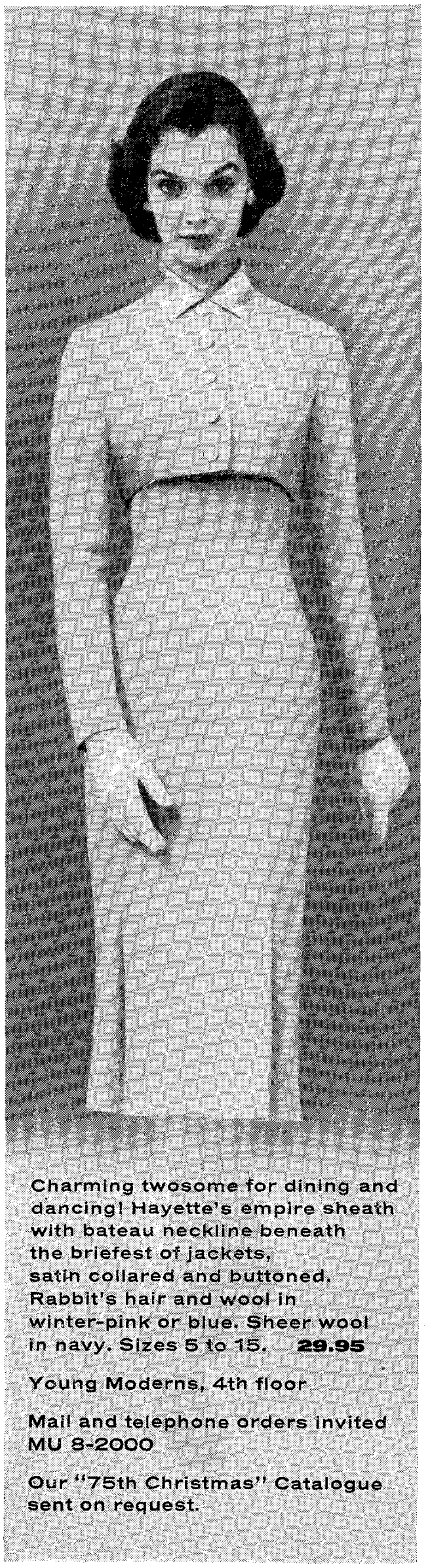

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sturdy craftsmen—Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, George Foster, and Sonny White—offer valid evidence that the handmade music of our ancestors is still a match for the slickest mass-production sound effects of the new age. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Johnny Mehegan, whose pianism is often trigonometry turned into tone clusters, is trying out his novel trio (two pianos and bass). Harold Baker's quartet takes up any slack. The Mehegan group is off Sundays; the other is off Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Neal Hefti, orchestrator for some famous musicians, now orchestrates his own high-strung, vibrant group. He also plays piano for it; Frances Wayne sings for it. The other music is by the trio of Bud Powell, who takes his piano on truly poetic flights of fancy. Mondays, when the regulars are at rest, are always jam-session nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, a girl who can more than hold her own in the man's world of jazz, pilots her trio through some very modern exercises. Frannie Thorne, a Yale man who's finally found his métier, has a healthy go at the piano now and again. The music starts at nine. No action on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): The mile-long boardwalk behind the enormous bar is a parade ground for music that is part New Orleans, part Chicago, and part bedlam. Among the instigators are Ken Kersey, Zutty Singleton, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Tony Parenti, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins. The cannonade is just about continuous from 7 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow Street (CH 3-9274): A new soapbox for minority groups that have special brands of music to get off their little chests. Through Wednesday, Nov. 16, the Modern Jazz Quartet and Herbie Nichols will be keeping the place cool; next night, Mr. Nichols will be joined by Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Among the historians who are expected at the Friday, Nov. 11, seminar on the birth of the blues are Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Bud Freeman, Miff Mole, Joe Marsala, Frank Signorelli, Pop Foster, Zutty Singleton, Jimmy Rushing, and Bob Thompson's Red Onion Jazz Band. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another handy weekend repository for the little ones. The order of the evening is beer, pretzels, and pristine jazz. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, the mob scene should include Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, Max Kaminsky, Russell Moore, Buck Clayton, Jo Jones, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Art Trappier, Panama Francis, and Johnny Windhurst.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**JANKEL ADLER**—Paintings and drawings by this Polish artist who fled to Paris from Nazi Germany in 1933 and died in England in 1949; through Monday, Nov. 14. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

**REVINGTON ARTHUR**—Abstract oils by the head of the Silvermine Guild of Artists, in Norwalk; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Wellons, 70 E. 56th St.)

**MAX BECKMANN**—A review of paintings (landscapes, interiors, figures) by this leader of the German Expressionist school, done between 1933 and his death in 1950; through Nov. 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

**BEN-ZION**—His first show in three years, consisting of twenty-five paintings and drawings; through Nov. 26. (Duveen-Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**ISABEL BISHOP**—In addition to paintings and drawings of everyday New York scenes and subjects, there is a series of illustrations for an as yet unpublished edition of "Pride and Prejudice;" through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

**ARBIT BLATAS**—Expressionist landscapes and interiors, painted abroad, in Mexico and in this country during the past year; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

**RALSTON CRAWFORD**—Black-and-white lithographs produced in Paris, where he spent a year working with master printers; through Thursday, Nov. 10. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

**EDGAR DEGAS**—Sixty-eight original wax sculptures, which turned up after Degas's death in 1917, and have never been shown before. For the joint benefit of the New York City Cancer Committee and the Maison de Retraite des Artistes, Nogent-sur-Marne. Through Dec. 3. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**WILLEM DE KOONING**—Woman is the theme of most of his latest oils and drawings, just as it was for his 1953 show; through Dec. 3. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

**NICOLAS DE STAËL**—A loan showing of twenty-five canvases by this artist, one of the best-regarded of the younger abstractionists, who died in March at the age of forty-one; through Nov. 26. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

**LAMAR DODD**—Oils (particularly Venetian scenes) resulting from a trip through Europe, along with a number of drawings and water colors done in Maine; through Thursday, Nov. 17. (Grand Central Moderns, 120 E. 57th St.)

**ARTHUR G. DOVE**—Collages executed thirty years ago, emphasizing a relatively unfamiliar aspect of the late artist's work; through Nov. 26. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

**GORDON GRANT**—In this exhibition celebrating the eightieth birthday of the famous seascape artist, there are water colors made last summer in Gloucester, Mass.; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

**MORRIS GRAVES**—Drawings and water colors done in Ireland, where he lived for the past year; through Nov. 26. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

**GERTRUDE GREENE**—Thirteen new canvases by this artist, whose fairly substantial abstract paintings bear such titles as "Expanded Area" and "Inner Space;" through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

**HANS HOFMANN**—A group of new abstractions presented in observance of his seventy-fifth birthday; through Dec. 3. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

**HUGO KASTOR**—A first one-man New York showing (landscapes, still-lifes, and figures) by an artist who began painting in his fifties; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

**EARL KERKAM**—Mainly self-portraits painted during the past summer by this good, solid realist; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Poindexter, 141 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

**PAUL KLEE**—Most of the water colors, drawings, and oils gathered for this show have never been seen in America; through Dec. 3. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

**FERNAND LÉGER**—A memorial show of twenty-two oils and a small group of water colors and drawings by the French abstractionist, who died last August; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**JULIAN LEVI**—A dozen oils and caseins, as well as a group of drawings, all having to do with the seacoast, ships, and the like, and all showing a nice use of color; through Nov. 26. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

**FLETCHER MARTIN**—Fourteen oils and gouaches (girls on beaches and quarrelling gulls, for example), plus some drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

**GIORGIO MORANDI**—The first local solo show by this Italian from Bologna is made up of paintings, drawings, and etchings; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Delius, 470 Park Ave., at 58th St.)

**ERNST WILHELM NAY**—One of Germany's leading contemporary non-objective painters in a showing of oils and water colors; through Friday, Nov. 18. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

**RICHARD POUSETTE-DART**—Paintings, predominantly in a white vein, dated 1954-55; through Nov. 26. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

**PHILIP REISMAN**—Nineteen recently completed oils on a variety of subjects—"A Man Besieged by Witches," "Saint Sebastian," and so on; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

**Kurt Seligmann**—Paintings and drawings done since his December, 1952, show at Durlacher Brothers; through Nov. 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Charles Umlauf**—Sculptures, mostly figures, plus some drawings; through Nov. 26. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

**Jacques Villon**—Another exhibition in honor of an eightieth birthday; it comprises twenty-five paintings (1912-55) on loan from museums and private collectors. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

**Collectors of the Theatre**—Among others, Renoir, Picasso, Braque, Dufy, Klee, Stuart Davis, and Ben Shahn are represented in a benefit showing (for the City Center Gallery) of paintings lent by, for instance, Elmer Rice, Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers; through Friday, Nov. 18. (New York City Center Gallery, 131 W. 55th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

**Form and Content in Modern Art**—Twenty pictures on loan, half of them selected to illustrate form, and the other half content. The artists include Gauguin, Matisse, and van Gogh. Through Nov. 30. (Gallery G, 200 E. 59th St.)

**Painters of the Village**—Such well-known past and present Villagers as Milton Avery, Stuart Davis, Reginald Marsh, John Sloan, and the Soyers; through Sunday, Nov. 13. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to noon; and Sunday evenings, 7 to 10.)

**Allied Artists of America**—Beatrice Jackson, Jerri Ricci, and Theodore C. Barbarossa are three of the more than two hundred artists who have works in the forty-second annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures; through Sunday, Nov. 13. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

**College Art**—A continuing series. At the moment, the show, principally of paintings, is by faculty members of Florida State University, including Karl Zerbe, Howard Jones, and Florence Kawa. Through Monday, Nov. 14. (Forum, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Sculptures**—At the FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Fifty-two works, ranging in point of time from Rodin to Lipchitz, all of them by Europeans; through Nov. 30. . . . SCULPTURE CENTER, 167 E. 69th St.: Sculptures in wood by thirty-three exhibitors, including William Muir, John Hovannes, and Oronzio Maldarelli; through Friday, Nov. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

**Americans; Group Shows**—At the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Childe Hassam, Albert Ryder, Sol Wilson, and Jean Liberte; through Nov. 30. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, Jane Wasey, and other contemporary painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Harold Baumbach, Noel Rockmore, Charles Heidenreich, and others of the gallery group have oils and water colors in the current display; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

**Americans and Europeans; Group Shows**—At the CONTEMPORARIES, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: The gallery has opened at its new location with an exhibition composed of sculptures by Isamu Noguchi, Mary Callery, and others, and graphics by, among others, Marino Marini and Carol Summers; through Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . VALENTIN, 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints constitute the final offering at this gallery, which is expecting to close for good on Dec. 31.

**Europeans; Group Shows**—At the FRIED, 40 E. 68th St.: Thirty works (chiefly paintings) by Max Ernst, Kandinsky, Arp, and other pioneers of the modern movement; through Nov. 26. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Newly arrived paintings and sculptures, the earliest a 1905 Vlaminck and the latest a 1954 Giacometti; through Nov. 26.

**Village Art Center**, 39 Grove St.—The thirteenth annual exhibit of oils, comprising about a hundred paintings, submitted by anybody who cared to send one in; through Friday, Nov. 11. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

**Some of Next Week's Openings**—At the ASSO-

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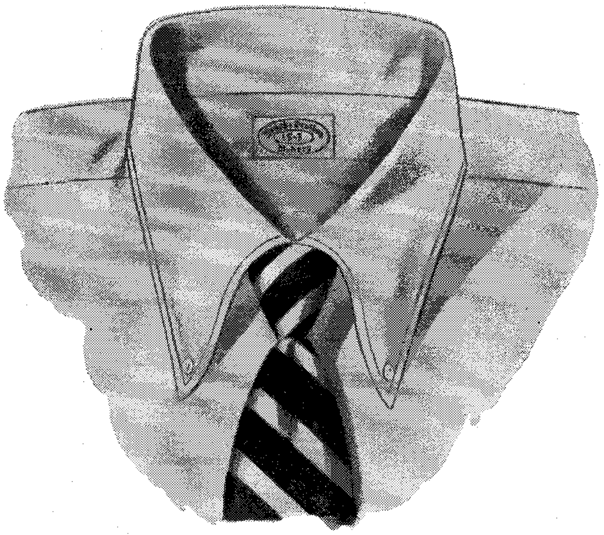

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Georges Schreiber; starting Monday, Nov. 14. . . . CARSTAIRS, 11 E. 57th St.: Picasso etchings; starting Monday, Nov. 14. . . . KLEEMANN, 11 E. 68th St.: Fritz Winter; starting Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Jules Pascin; starting Monday, Nov. 14. . . . JACQUES SELIGMANN, 5 E. 57th St.: Antoine-Jean Gros; starting Tuesday, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Group shows at the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, Nov. 14. FORUM, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.; starting Thursday, Nov. 17. NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.; starting Wednesday, Nov. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 9 to noon.)

## MUSEUMS

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition honoring the first appearance in New York of the Comédie Française and containing paintings (among them portraits by Renoir and Delacroix), water colors of stage sets, medallions, miniatures, and memorabilia from the troupe's collection, supplemented by paintings, sculptures, and prints from the Museum's collections; through Sunday, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ "Great Illustrated Books," a display of approximately forty volumes (dating from 1450 to 1600), illustrated by woodcuts and engravings, from France, Germany, Italy, and the Netherlands. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Retrospectives of the graphic work of the early German Expressionists Emil Nolde (born 1867) and Ernst Ludwig Kirchner (1880-1938); through Jan. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen painter-printmakers (among them Will Barnet, Perle Fine, and Louis Schanker) will be sharing an exhibit in which each is responsible for three paintings and three prints; starting Wednesday, Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Constantin Brancusi; among the fifty-nine sculptures and ten drawings and gouaches on loan are seven pieces from his studio in Paris, previously unexhibited in this country. Through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The fifteenth annual exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, almost all of whose eighty-six members, including Joseph Albers, Rhys Caparn, and Lyonel Feininger, will be represented; starting Sunday, Nov. 13. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1955 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting presents a hundred and sixty-five works by as many artists; through Jan. 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 14—Monday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Roberta Peters, Risë Stevens, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Rosalind Elias, Leonard Warren, and Jan Peerce. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 7:45: "Lohengrin," with Eleanor Steber, Margaret Harshaw, Brian Sullivan, and Hermann Uhde. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2: "Aïda," with Renata Tebaldi, Blanche Thebom, Mario Ortica, and Ettore Bastianini. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera. (A benefit for the Yeshiva University Women's Organization; for tickets, call CO 5-6291.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 11, at 2:30 (both with Robert Casadesus, piano); Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:45 (with Jean Casadesus, piano); and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2:30 (with Gaby, Robert, and Jean Casadesus, pianos). . . . ¶ Pierre Monteux conducting on Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 18, at 2:30 (both with Mischa Elman, violin); and Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:45 (with Henri Deering, piano).

**PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA OF LONDON**—Herbert von Karajan conducting, with David Oistrakh, violin. The last in a series of four concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Wagner program, with Margaret Harshaw, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

**BOSTON SYMPHONY**—Charles Munch conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8:45, with Bernard Zighera, harp; and Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30; no soloists.)

**SAIDENBERG LITTLE SYMPHONY**—Daniel Saidenberg conducting, with Ralph Kirkpatrick playing the harpsicord and a Mozart-period piano. The last in a series of four programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8:40.)

**AMERICAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA**—Robert Scholz conducting, with Helen Kwalwasser, violin. The first in a series of three concerts. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

**AMERICAN SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK**—Enrico Leide conducting a program of Russian music, with Eileen Flissler, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

**JOHN HARMS CHORUS**—John Harms directing a program that will include Verdi's Requiem, with Regina Resnik, mezzo-soprano; Giorgio Tozzi, bass; and others. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

### RECITALS

**JOAN FIELD**—Violin. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

**OSCAR SHUMSKY**—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

**RUDOLF SERKIN**—Piano, in an all-Mozart program, with an orchestra directed by Alexander Schneider. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

**RICHARD DYER-BENNET**—Folk singer. (Society for Ethical Culture Auditorium, Central Park W. at 64th St. TR 4-5200. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

**NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR AMERICAN COMPOSERS AND CONDUCTORS**—A program of music by a number of composers, among them Karl Kraeuter, Ernest Kanitz, Ezra Laderman, and Normand Lockwood, performed by Mr. Kraeuter, violin; Phyllis Kraeuter, cello; Helen Boatwright, soprano; and Joseph Wolman, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

**GEZA ANDA**—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

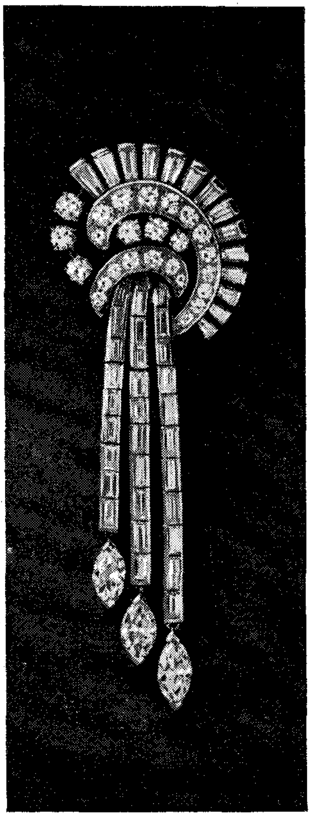
**MATTIWILDA DOBBS**—Soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

**CHAMBER MUSIC ASSOCIATES**—The first in a series of five concerts will be presented by the New Music Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

**BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8:40, with Carlton Cooley, viola. . . . ¶ Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:15; no soloists. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**RAY LEV**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

**WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES**—The



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

second in a series of five programs, this one by the Kroll Quartet, with Paul Ulanowsky, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. SP 7-2000, Ext. 618. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

**NEW YORK PRO MUSICA ANTIQUA**—This first program in a series of three will consist of Italian baroque music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:40.)

**NOTE**—Joseph Szigeti will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Nov. 15, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

## MISCELLANY

**JAZZ CONCERTS**—Dave Brubeck's quartet, Gerry Mulligan's sextet, the Australian Jazz Quartet, and Carmen McRae. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at midnight.). . . ¶ The first in a series of concerts presented by the Modern Jazz Society will involve the Modern Jazz Quartet, J. J. Johnson, Tony Scott, Gunther Schuller, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**BOXING**—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 11: Carmelo Costa vs. Joey Lopes, featherweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 18: Willie Pastrano vs. Joe Rowan, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**—SATURDAY, NOV. 12: Columbia vs. Navy, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Army, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Penn State, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 19 (all at 1:30): Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven.

**PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**—Giants vs. Baltimore Colts. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2:05.)

**HOCKEY**—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 13, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8:30: Rangers vs. Detroit.

**RACING**—JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, Nov. 15. The Remsen, Friday, Nov. 11, and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 12. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday, Friday, Monday, and Tuesday between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:25.). . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, Nov. 15. The Washington, D. C., International, Friday, Nov. 11 (for this day, post time will be at 1), and the Selima, Saturday, Nov. 12.

**TROTTING**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Tuesday, Nov. 15. (Buses for the track meet New York Central trains at Mt. Vernon.)

## FOR CHILDREN

**CONCERTS**—By the LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concert of the season, with Paul Nordoff, narrator, and children of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA: Siegfried Landau conducting the opening children's concert of the season, with Dorothy White, narrator. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 3.)

**Play**—The Y Playhouse Company presenting "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Friday, Nov. 11, at 10:30 and 3.)

**Variety Show**—"Young Davy Crockett," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus trained bears, a magician, and a clown. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 3.)

**Hayden Planetarium**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Planetarium Story," commemorates two decades of astronomical education by presenting highlights from various programs held throughout the last twenty years; through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, except Veterans' Day, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.

**Movies**—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

**Note**—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Veterans' Day from 10 to 12.

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films of General Assembly meetings are shown Sunday mornings, on WCBS-TV, from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

**Poetry Readings**—E. E. Cummings reading from his own works. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 9-5512, Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

**Chrysanthemum Show**—An indoor display consisting of sixty varieties of plants, ranging from tiny buttons to great big incurved Chinese and Japanese show blooms; through Dec. 4. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

**National Postage-Stamp Show**—The seventh annual exhibit will feature Theodore Roosevelt memorabilia, including his Roughriders uniform, photographs, and personal papers, as well as thirty frames of philatelic rarities from the Post Office Department archives. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 20, from 2 to 8.)

**Manuscripts and Books**—Two hundred and fifty years of English literature, from Chaucer to Shakespeare, are represented by medieval and Renaissance manuscripts (mostly by Chaucer, John Gower, and John Lydgate) and volumes of poetry, prose, and drama (including first editions by Philip Sidney, Thomas More, Christopher Marlowe, and Edmund Spenser); through Dec. 30. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Nov. 11, at 1:45: Part II of the collection being put on the block by the Antique Dome Company, of Miami Beach, including Georgian and other silver, Russian enamel, English and Continental porcelains, and decorations. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture (including Louis XV and Louis XVI examples), paintings, and decorative objects; the property of John Vesey, Inc. Also Oriental, Aubusson, and needlepoint rugs; from various owners.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**The Desperate Hours**—A rousing melodrama that describes the baleful predicament of an Indianapolis burgher whose house is invaded by three murderous escaped convicts. Adapted by Joseph Hayes from his play on the same subject, the film has a superior cast, with Fredric March and Humphrey Bogart most in evidence as, respectively, the houseowner and the leader of the convicts. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

**The Great Adventure**—A gentle Swedish film accompanied by an English commentary that tells, in beautiful detail, how satisfying it can be for a ten-year-old boy to live on a farm surrounded by lakes and woods. Photographed and directed by Arne Sucksdorff and enacted by a cast of amateurs, this is a picture for both young and old. (Art, 36 E. 8th St. GR 3-7014; through Nov. 15.)

**Guys and Dolls**—In this reworking of the stage success, Damon Runyon's lovable mugs are permitted to talk a good deal too much, but the songs of Frank Loesser help to compensate for the loquacity. Frank Sinatra and Vivian Blaine have a fine time carolling the musical numbers, but Marlon Brando and Jean Simmons, the other two most conspicuous in the cast, are a little uneasy when they burst into song. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

**I Am a Camera**—Julie Harris having a wonderful time as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. She is supported in this English film by Laurence Harvey, Shelley Winters, and Anton Diffring. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

**Marty**—A fine little picture in which the love life of a Bronx butcher compels both laughter and tears. Ernest Borgnine is a most persuasive denizen of the northern borough, and Betsy Blair is excellent as the lady of his dreams. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**Mister Roberts**—Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Jack Lemmon, and William Powell at sea aboard the Navy cargo ship that sailed so successfully on Broadway. This version of the Heggen-Logan play isn't as funny as the original, but it's worth seeing for all that. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 12.)

**Oklahoma!**—A somewhat overblown wide-screen treatment of the famous Rodgers and Hammerstein folk opera, in which Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Gene Nelson, Charlotte Greenwood, Rod Steiger, Gloria Grahame, and Eddie Albert disport themselves upon the prairie with only sporadically satisfactory results. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Fridays, except Veterans' Day, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturdays and Veterans' Day at 2:30, 6, and 9:30; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Sheep Has Five Legs**—A French film, in which Fernandel gives a hilarious portrayal of a Gallic father and all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

HIT
BIG STAGE
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Modell

**Summertime**—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a first-rate adaptation of Arthur Laurents' "The Time of the Cuckoo." As a spinster seeking romance in Venice, Miss Hepburn is highly appealing, and Mr. Brazzi is convincing as the gentleman who provides Miss Hepburn with what she is looking for. The film was directed by David Lean, who also pooled his talents with those of H. E. Bates on the screenplay. The views of Venice are uniformly dazzling. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 16.)

**Umberto D.**—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner, whose poverty makes his last days miserable. Not as strong in its impact as other De Sica films that have come this way, but above the average nevertheless. The cast includes Carlo Battisti, Maria Pia Casilio, and Lina Gennari. In Italian. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

### REVIVALS

**All Quiet on the Western Front** (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the "war to end wars." Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 12.)

**Ballerina** (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Nov. 13-15.)

**Beat the Devil** (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Nov. 15.)

**The Brave Bulls** (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Nov. 15.)

**Bread, Love and Dreams** (1954)—The frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police (Vittorio De Sica) in pursuit of a village doxy (Gina Lollobrigida). An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 11.)

**Casque d'Or** (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. A French film, with Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 16.)

**Detective Story** (1951)—Melodrama in a precinct station, taken from the play by Sidney Kingsley. With Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 13-15.)

**Here Comes Mr. Jordan** (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 16.)

**Holiday for Henrietta** (1955)—Julien Duvivier's French film describing how movie scripts get written. Dany Robin, Michel Roux, and Hildegarde Neff. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 12.)

**In Which We Serve** (1942)—Noel Coward's picture about a British destroyer. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 16, tentative.)

**Limelight** (1952)—An aging music-hall comedian in love with a waif. Charles Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Nov. 16.)

**Mädchen in Uniform** (1932)—The old German picture about a girls' boarding school. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 10.)

**100 Men and a Girl** (1937)—Leopold Stokowski, Deanna Durbin, and an orchestra. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 16.)

**On the Waterfront** (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 12.)

**Shane** (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 13-15.)

**The Snake Pit** (1948)—The rigors of an overcrowded mental hospital. With Olivia de Havilland. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Nov. 15-16.)

**These Three** (1936)—Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon in a doctored version of "The Children's Hour." (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; starting Nov. 16.)

**Wuthering Heights** (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; starting Nov. 16.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Through Nov. 13: "The Bilo" (1936), directed by Paul Fejos; and "The Wedding of Palo" (1937), directed by Knud Rasmussen and Friedrich Dalsheim. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 14: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1903); and "Tol'able David" (1921), with Richard Barthelmess. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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## THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Rebel Without a Cause," James Dean, Natalie Wood.

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
**GUYS AND DOLLS.**

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**THE DESPERATE HOURS.**

**Globe**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"I Died a Thousand Times," Jack Palance, Shelley Winters.

**Mayfair**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," Jane Russell, Jeanne Crain.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Tender Trap," Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds.

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Sincerely Yours," Liberace, Joanne Dru.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
**OKLAHOMA!**

**Roxy**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The View from Pompey's Head," Richard Egan, Dana Wynter.

**State**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Tall Men," Clark Gable, Jane Russell.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Big Knife," Jack Palance, Ida Lupino.

**Warner**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

**World**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Hill 24 Doesn't Answer," Israel's first full-length film in English.

# NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 15: **THE GREAT ADVENTURE**; and "Tonight's the Night," revival, David Niven, Yvonne De Carlo.
From Nov. 16: "The Temptress" (in Italian), Anna Maria Ferrero, Michel Auclair; and "Appointment in London," Kirk Bogarde, Ian Hunter.

**Academy of Music,** 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
"Pete Kelly's Blues," Jack Webb, Janet Leigh; and "The Dam Busters," Richard Todd, Michael Redgrave.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 15: "The Bed" (in French and English), Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica; and "Tonight's the Night," revival, David Niven, Yvonne De Carlo.
From Nov. 16: **SUMMERTIME.**

**Beverly,** 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Nov. 12: **HOLIDAY FOR HENRIETTA** (in French), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.
From Nov. 13: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine; and another feature, to be announced.

**Lexington,** Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Nov. 15: "To Catch a Thief," Cary Grant, Grace Kelly; and "The Gun That Won the West," Dennis Morgan, Paula Raymond.
From Nov. 16: "My Sister Eileen," Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon; and "A Prize of Gold," Richard Widmark, Mai Zetterling.

**Trans-Lux 52nd St.,** Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Frisky" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio De Sica.

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**MARTY.**

**R.K.O. 58th St.,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 13: "Pete Kelly's Blues," Jack Webb, Janet Leigh; and "The Dam Busters," Richard Todd, Michael Redgrave.
Nov. 14-15: "Garden of Evil," revival, Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Broken Lance," revival, Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner.
From Nov. 16: "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," Ray Milland, Joan Collins; and "They Were So Young," Scott Brady, Raymond Burr.

**Fine Arts,** 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
**THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** (in French).

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Deep Blue Sea," Vivien Leigh, Kenneth More.

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers.

**York,** 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through Nov. 11: "The Kentuckian," Burt Lancaster, Dianne Foster; and "The Naked Street," Farley Granger, Anthony Quinn.
Nov. 12: "The Last Time I Saw Paris," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson; and "The Detective," revival, Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood.
Nov. 13-15: "The Left Hand of God," Humphrey Bogart, Gene Tierney; and "Bengazi," Richard Conte, Victor McLaglen.
From Nov. 16: **WUTHERING HEIGHTS,** revival; and **THESE THREE,** revival.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Nov. 15: **BEAT THE DEVIL,** revival; and **THE BRAVE BULLS,** revival.
From Nov. 16: "It's Always Fair Weather," Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 16: **SUMMERTIME.**

**Loew's 72nd St.,** 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Nov. 15: "To Catch a Thief," Cary Grant, Grace Kelly; and "The Gun That Won the West," Dennis Morgan, Paula Raymond.
From Nov. 16: "My Sister Eileen," Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon; and "A Prize of Gold," Richard Widmark, Mai Zetterling.

**72nd St. Playhouse,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 12: **ON THE WATERFRONT,** revival; and **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT,** revival.
Nov. 13-15: **BALLERINA** (in French), revival; and "Specter of the Rose," revival, Michael Chekhov.
From Nov. 16: **100 MEN AND A GIRL,** revival; and **HERE COMES MR. JORDAN,** revival.

**Trans-Lux Colony,** 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Nov. 12: "The Left Hand of God," Humphrey Bogart, Gene Tierney; and "Bengazi," Richard Conte, Victor McLaglen.
Nov. 13-15: **DETECTIVE STORY,** revival; and **SHANE,** revival.
From Nov. 16: "The Man from Laramie," James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy; and "Special Delivery," Joseph Cotten, Eva Bartok.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 12: **WUTHERING HEIGHTS,** revival.
Nov. 13-15: "The Left Hand of God," Humphrey Bogart, Gene Tierney.
From Nov. 16: "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," William Holden, Jennifer Jones.

**R.K.O. 86th St.,** Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 13: "Pete Kelly's Blues," Jack Webb, Janet Leigh; and "The Dam Busters," Richard Todd, Michael Redgrave.
Nov. 14-15: "Garden of Evil," revival, Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Broken Lance," revival, Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner.
From Nov. 16: "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," Ray Milland, Joan Collins; and "They Were So Young," Scott Brady, Raymond Burr.

**Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 15: "To Catch a Thief," Cary Grant, Grace Kelly; and "The Gun That Won the West," Dennis Morgan, Paula Raymond.
From Nov. 16: "My Sister Eileen," Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon; and "A Prize of Gold," Richard Widmark, Mai Zetterling.

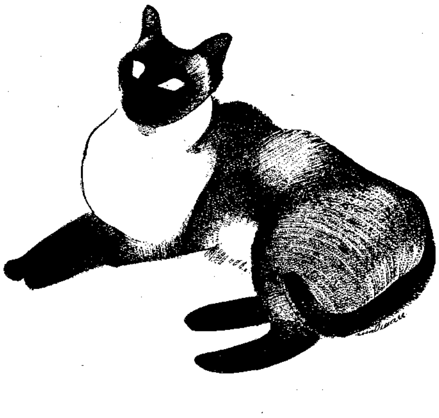
## WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Nov. 12: **MISTER ROBERTS**; and "The Human Jungle," revival, Gary Merrill, Jan Sterling.
Nov. 13-15: "The Left Hand of God," Humphrey Bogart, Gene Tierney; and "West of Zanzibar," Anthony Steele, Sheila Sim.
From Nov. 16: "It's Always Fair Weather," Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey; and "The Big Combo," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 16 (tentative): **IN WHICH WE SERVE,** revival.

**5th Ave. Cinema,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 16: **CASQUE D'OR** (in French), revival; and "Manon" (in French), revival, Cecile Aubry.

**Sheridan,** 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 15: "To Catch a Thief," Cary Grant, Grace Kelly; and "The Gun That Won the West," Dennis Morgan, Paula Raymond.
From Nov. 16: "My Sister Eileen," Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon; and "A Prize of Gold," Richard Widmark, Mai Zetterling.



**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 12: **MISTER ROBERTS**; and "Murder Without Crime," revival, Dennis Price.
Nov. 13-15: "The Left Hand of God," Humphrey Bogart, Gene Tierney; and "Bengazi," Richard Conte, Victor McLaglen.
From Nov. 16: "The Man Who Loved Redheads," Moira Shearer, John Justin; and "You Know What Sailors Are," revival, Akim Tamiroff, Donald Sinden.

**R.K.O. 23rd St.,** 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Nov. 13: "Pete Kelly's Blues," Jack Webb, Janet Leigh; and "The Dam Busters," Richard Todd, Michael Redgrave.
Nov. 14-15: "Garden of Evil," revival, Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Broken Lance," revival, Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner.
From Nov. 16: "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," Ray Milland, Joan Collins; and "They Were So Young," Scott Brady, Raymond Burr.

**Terrace,** 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Nov. 12: "The Man from Laramie," James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy; and "Special Delivery," Joseph Cotten, Eva Bartok.
Nov. 13-14: "When the Daltons Rode," revival, Kay Francis, Randolph Scott; and "His Majesty O'Keefe," revival, Burt Lancaster, Joan Rice.
Nov. 15-16: **THE SNAKE PIT,** revival; and "Man with a Million," revival, Gregory Peck.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
**UMBERTO D.** (in Italian).

**55th St. Playhouse,** 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Nov. 16: **LIMELIGHT,** revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

**Trans-Lux Normandie,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The African Lion," a full-length Walt Disney film.

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
**I AM A CAMERA.**

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Trouble with Harry," Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.

**Loew's 83rd St.,** B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 15: "To Catch a Thief," Cary Grant, Grace Kelly; and "The Gun That Won the West," Dennis Morgan, Paula Raymond.
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

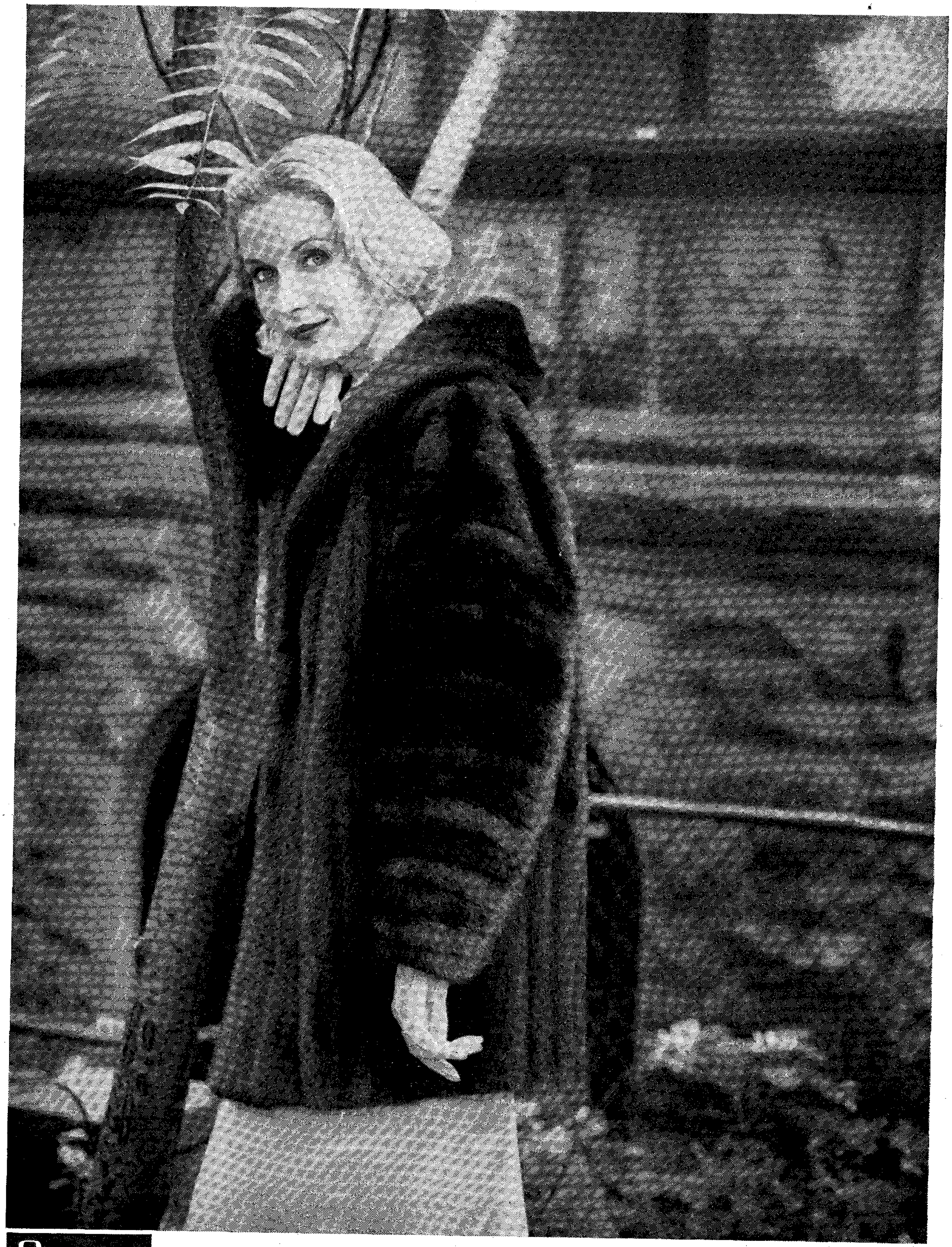
**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 10: **MÄDCHEN IN UNIFORM** (in German), revival; and "The Bed" (in French and English), Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica.
From Nov. 11: **BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS** (in Italian), revival; and "The Game of Love" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Nicole Berger.

**Riverside,** B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Nov. 15: "Pete Kelly's Blues," Jack Webb, Janet Leigh; and "The Dam Busters," Richard Todd, Michael Redgrave.
From Nov. 16: "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," Ray Milland, Joan Collins; and "They Were So Young," Scott Brady, Raymond Burr.

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Nov. 15: "To Catch a Thief," Cary Grant, Grace Kelly; and "The Gun That Won the West," Dennis Morgan, Paula Raymond.
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

**Nemo,** B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Nov. 13: "Pete Kelly's Blues," Jack Webb, Janet Leigh; and "The Dam Busters," Richard Todd, Michael Redgrave.
Nov. 14-15: "Garden of Evil," revival, Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Broken Lance," revival, Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner.
From Nov. 16: "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," Ray Milland, Joan Collins; and "They Were So Young," Scott Brady, Raymond Burr.

**Coliseum,** B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Nov. 13: "Pete Kelly's Blues," Jack Webb, Janet Leigh; and "The Dam Busters," Richard Todd, Michael Redgrave.
Nov. 14-15: "Garden of Evil," revival, Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Broken Lance," revival, Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner.
From Nov. 16: "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," Ray Milland, Joan Collins; and "They Were So Young," Scott Brady, Raymond Burr.



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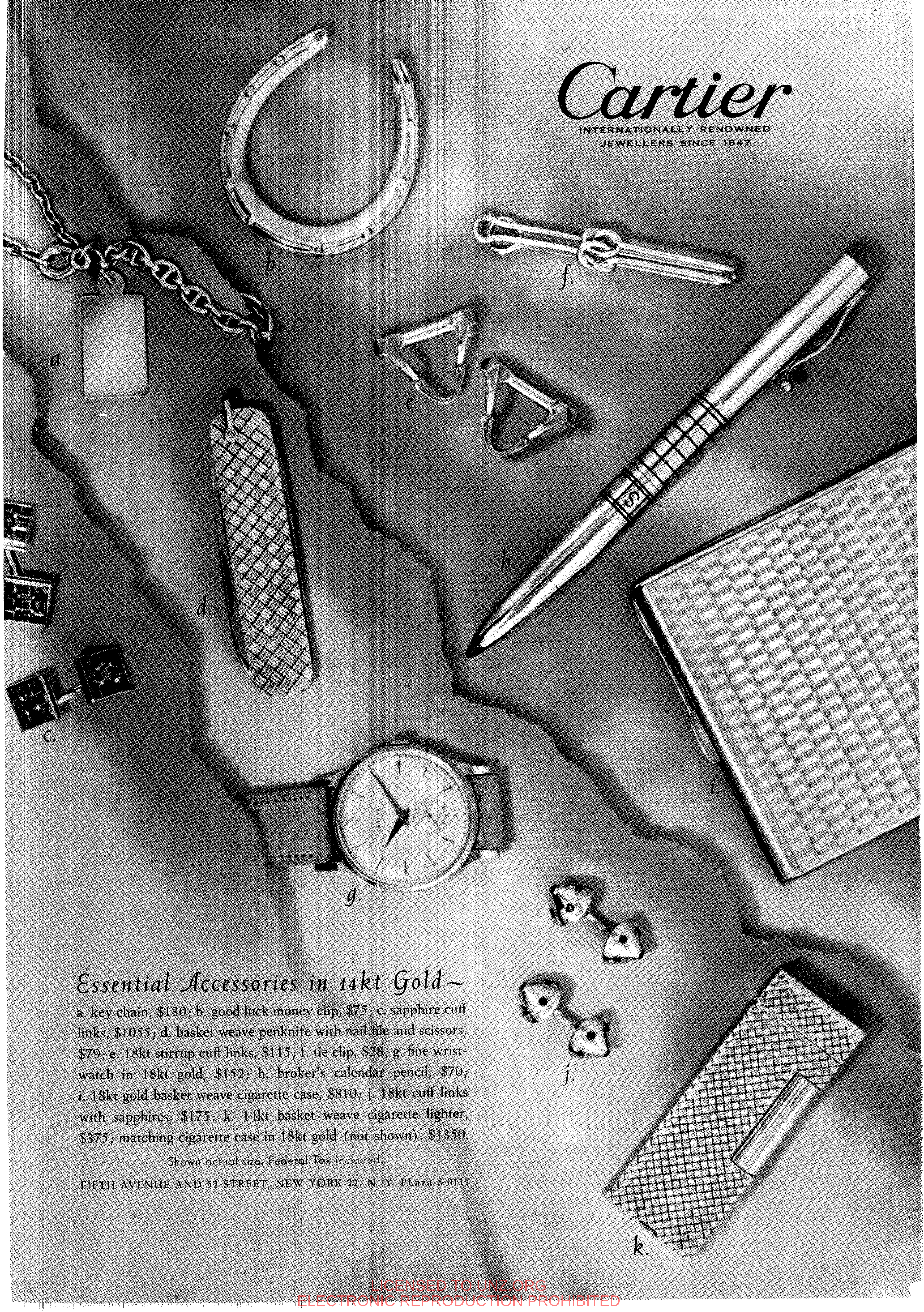

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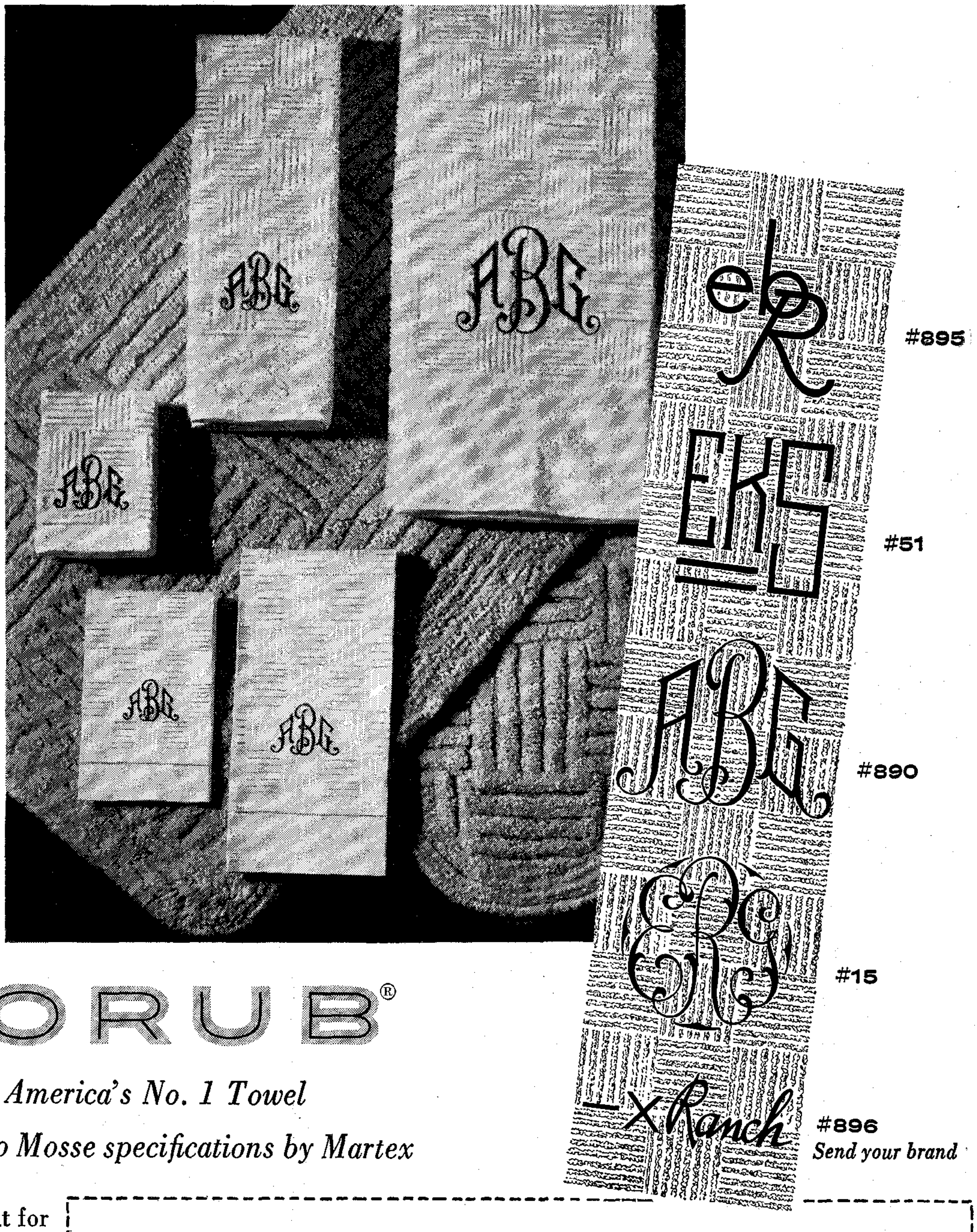

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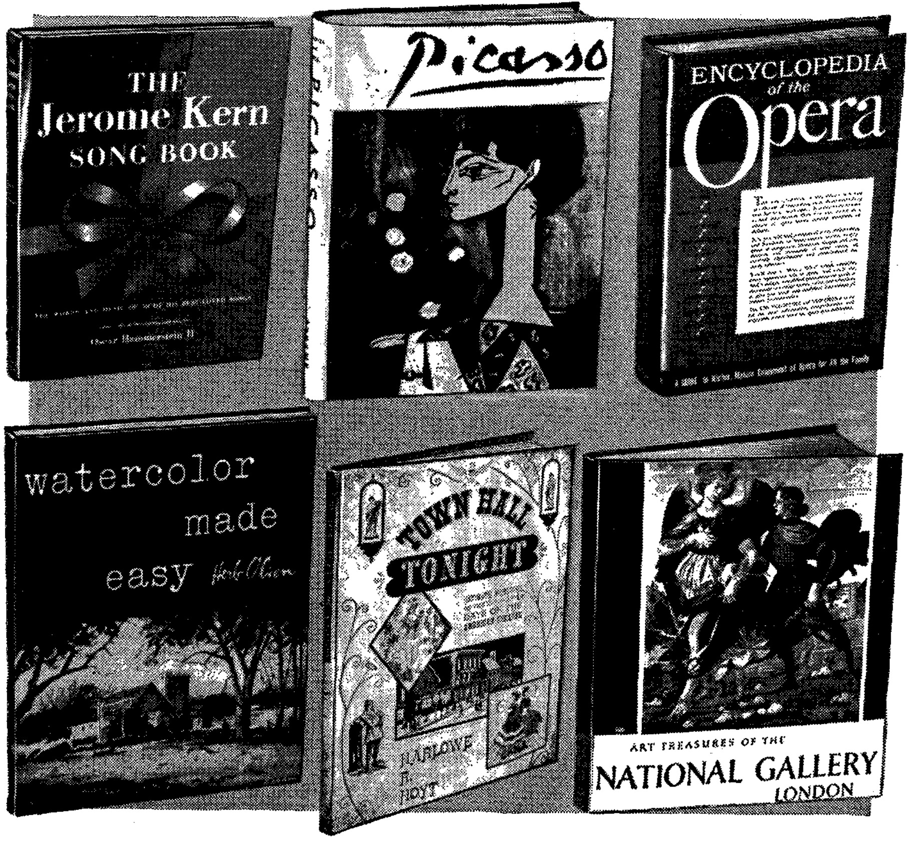
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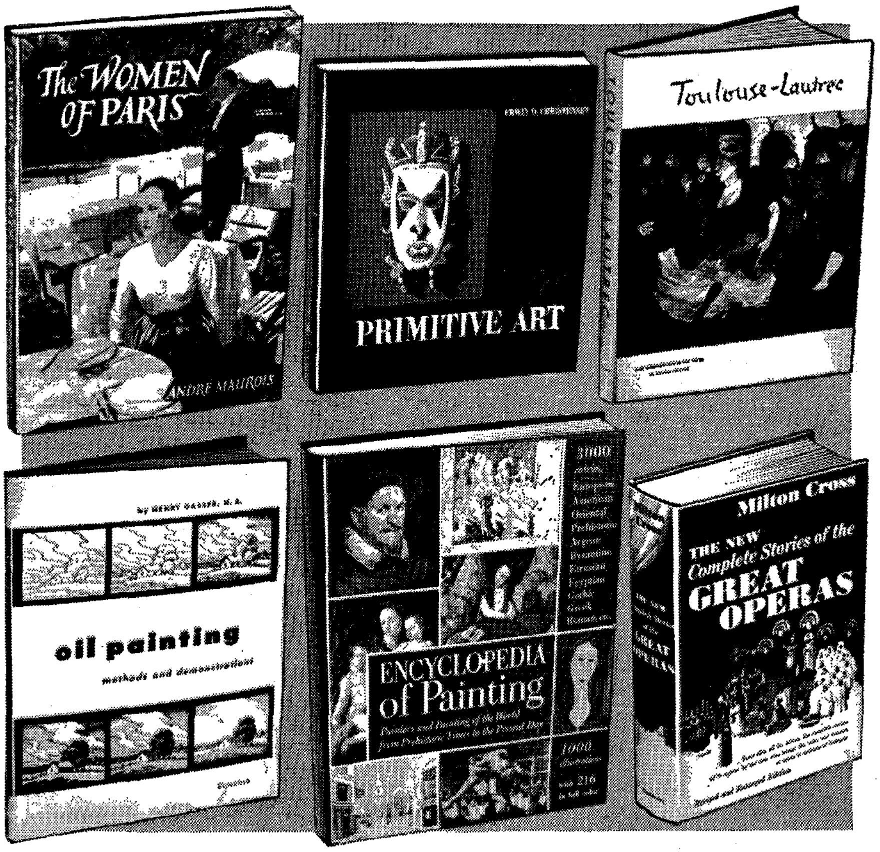
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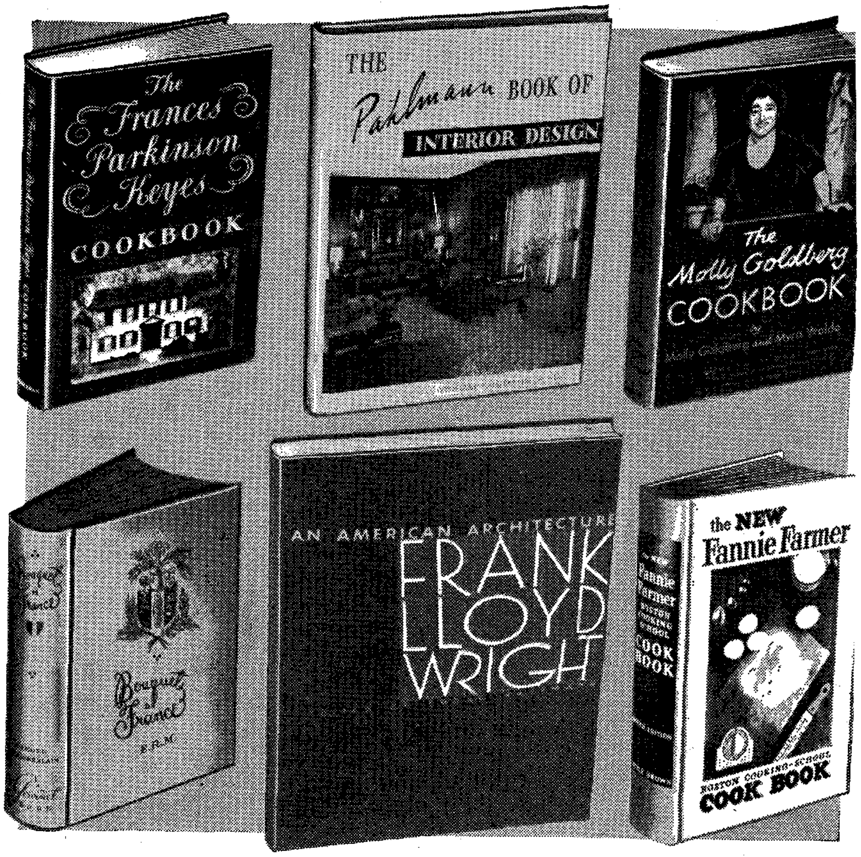

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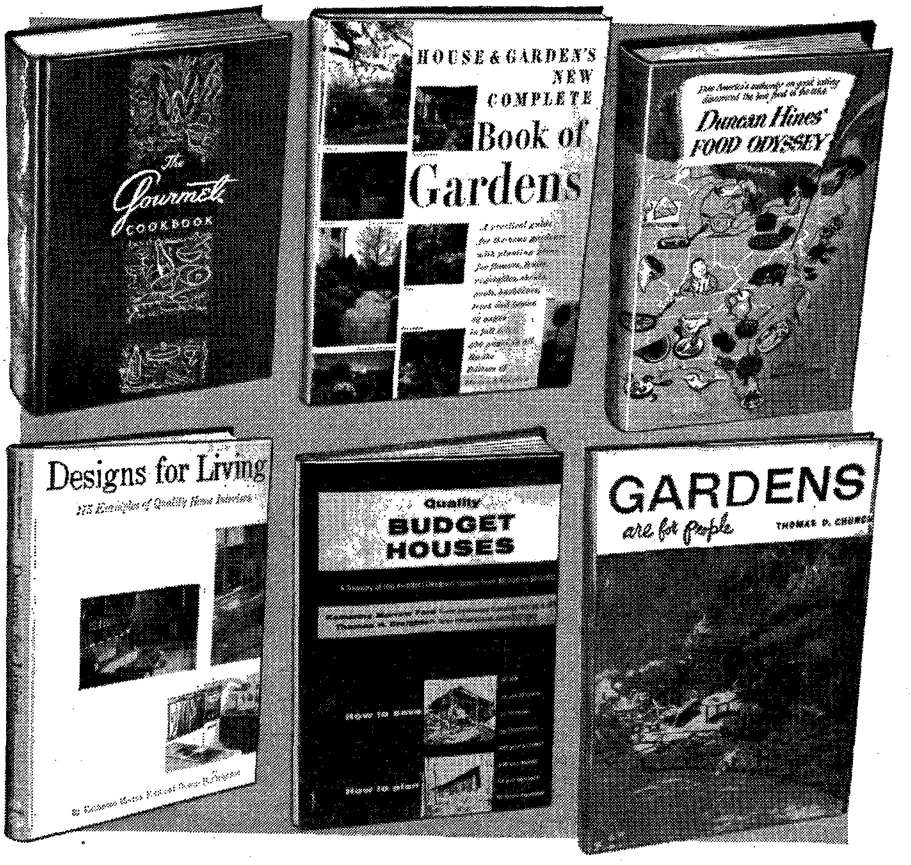

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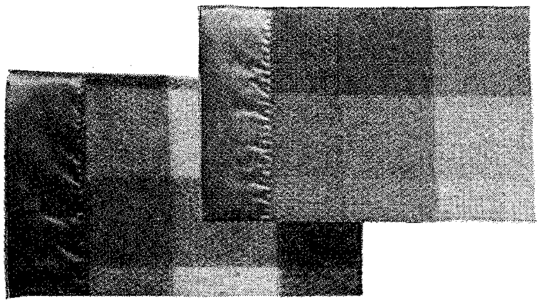

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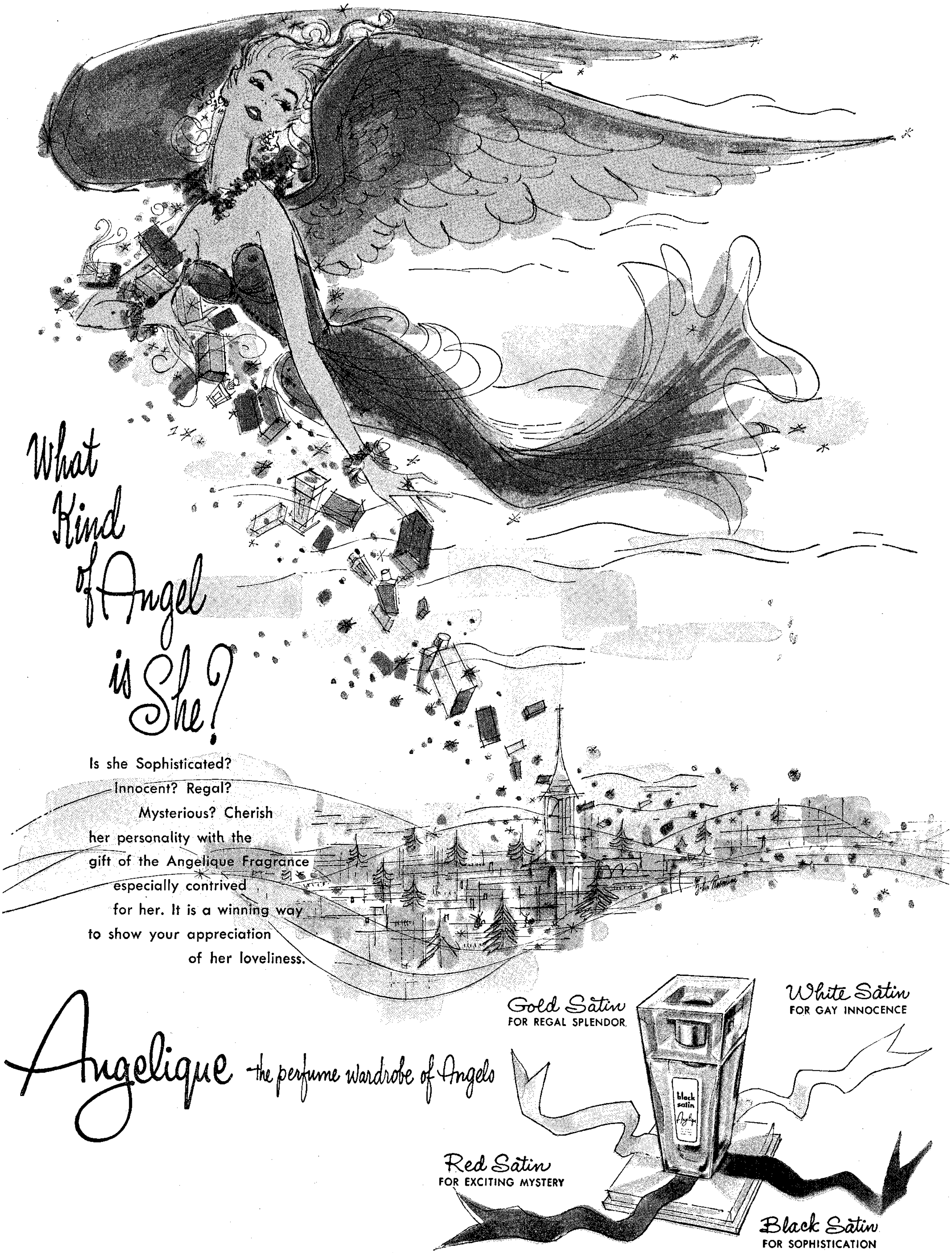
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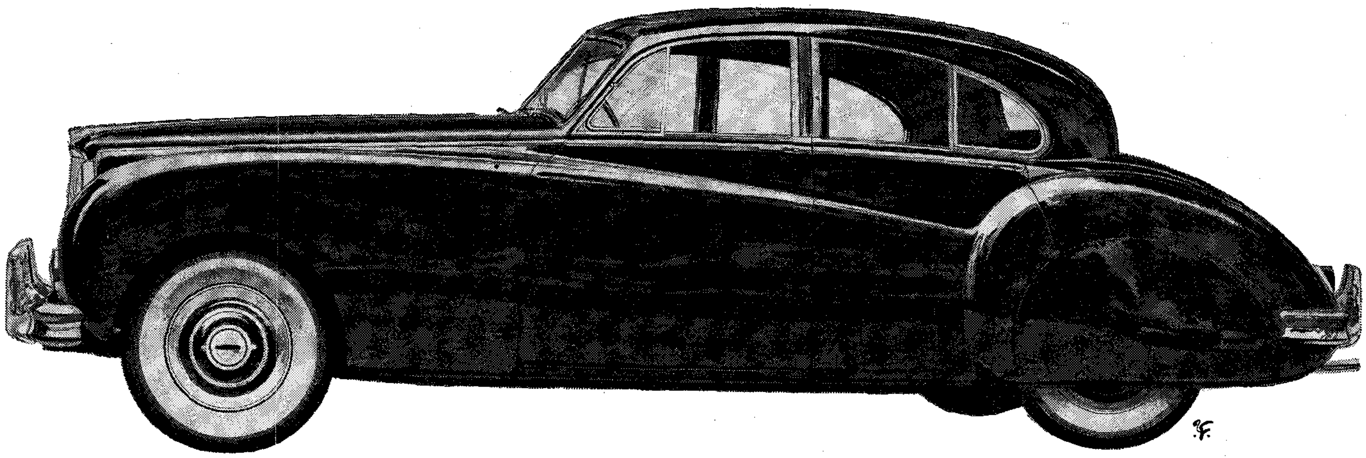

# Some candid questions and answers about an unusual motor car...the Jaguar Mark VII

### Is the Jaguar Mark VII a "sports" car?

No. The Jaguar *sports* car is the famous XK series. The Mark VII is essentially a "family" car . . . a spacious, four-door, six-seater. But in styling and performance it is actually closer to a true sports car than many makes that lay claim to this distinction.

### Is the Mark VII a "luxury" car?

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### Is the Mark VII a "safe" car?

In the field of safety, the Mark VII is very likely supreme among automobiles. It is, perhaps, more strongly made and more accurately controllable than any car that you have ever driven. The body is of heavy-weight, 18 gauge steel . . . the frame — box-section steel of tremendous strength and torsional rigidity. The brakes are designed to accommodate the *full* potential of power and speed of which the car is capable. Employing 12 inch drums with servo-assists these brakes give the Mark VII a stopping power which is literally astonishing. Torsion-Bar suspension, long a Jaguar specification, delivers a ride that is not only level and comfortable but is firm and certain at all speeds, taking every type of curve and corner without sway or roll. Torsion-Bar suspension, coupled with the sports car precision of Jaguar steering, makes the experience of driving a Mark VII as secure as it is exhilarating.

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### Is the Mark VII a "distinctive" car?

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Notes and Comment

NEW YORK is a tough city to characterize. One of the latest attempts was made by George Preston Marshall, who is the owner of the Washington Redskins, a professional football team, and is sore at New York, possibly because he believes that old tale about our having stolen it from the redskins. "New York is nothing but a collection of theatres, stores, and offices," he said. Now, hold on, George Preston Marshall. How would you like it if we were to assert that Washington is nothing but a batch of phony Greek temples surrounded by barely navigable traffic circles, with a big white house plunked down somewhere in the middle of it all? If we were to say anything of the sort, we'd probably get investigated, and we'd deserve to, for nothing merits more careful scrutiny these days than shortsightedness.

Perturbed by Mr. Marshall's diagnosis, we've reëxamined New York this week. Looks as fine as ever, we're relieved to say. Theatres, stores, and offices on every side, to be sure, and what a splendid array they are—with all the lovely ladies in their just-out-of-storage furs prancing in and out of them! The handsome trees at the Lever House offices have turned, the Tiffany store has held the first sale in its history (a muted, unheralded one), and all the girls on all the stages of all the twinkling theatres have never looked sprightlier.

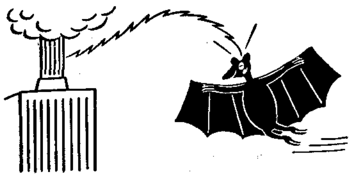
We seem to have just about everything here, Marshall, that anybody with his eyes open could ask for. We've got people basking in the unaccustomed sunlight on Third Avenue, now that the "L" is all but gone; we've got our own municipal list of the ten most wanted criminals, just like the F.B.I.'s; and, thanks to the farsighted tolerance of Robert R. Young and Patrick B. McGinnis, we've got a big Oldsmobile rotating on a turntable right in the middle of the main concourse of our main railroad depot. Last week, we even had a movie crew shooting in front of the Federal Courthouse downtown. A friend of ours who was on jury duty there says he thinks he may have got into a sequence with Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas. How about that, Marshall?

New York is a town of beguiling contrasts, George. Our civic leaders have been complaining for months that traffic here is practically paralyzed, but what do you suppose we've just acquired? A brand-new fleet of police cars with the mission of tracking down speeders, that's what. We need more cops, however. To qualify, you have to be at least five feet seven and a half. Send us your football team, Mr. Marshall; we can use them. And it appears that they won't have to go on television, no matter what the Mayor says, unless the Commissioner consents. You'd better check that point with Dr. Gulick first, though.

New York is a wide-awake, get-up-and-go town. If a Colombian diplomat wants to fly from Washington to Bogotá, the quickest way is via New York. Stick that in your hat, Marshall. But New York, praise be, is a poky town, too. As we write this, daylight-saving time is almost a week past, and the clock on the Paramount Building (theatre, stores, offices, all in one handy package) still hasn't been adjusted. In Washington, we understand, daylight saving ended this year in September, which means that its residents didn't get a chance to enjoy as many delightful fall evenings as New York's residents did. Very shortsighted on someone's part. We *have* residents, incidentally, Mr. Marshall. Eight million of them.

## Jammed

ON a clear, windless night a couple of weeks ago, two red bats, heading South for the winter and presumably in excellent fettle, flew smack into the TV antenna mast on top of the Empire State Building and were killed. Last year, four red bats were killed in the same fashion. In these columns, over the years, we've written several times of the birds who perish by the hundreds, poor things, against the sides of the Empire State, but we've never dealt with bats, and it's time we did. For one thing, there's an element of mystery in these deaths. Birds depend on their sight to keep them out of trouble, and come to grief in stormy weather, when visibility at skyscraper height approaches zero. Bats, on the other hand, have poor vision and navigate by means of a built-in, all-weather radar system. That is to say that as bats fly they squeak, and the sound waves of these squeaks (far too high for human ears to detect) bounce back from whatever obstacles may lie ahead, giving the bats ample time to duck. This being so and bats being as agile as any creatures alive, why should they go banging into things in fine weather, a thousand feet up in the air?



We put this question to John K. Terres, naturalist and editor of *Audubon Magazine*, and he had an answer ready. And no wonder, for Mr. Terres has been studying the bat-and-Empire State mystery for several years now, and whenever the manager of the Observation Tower finds a dead bat on his terrace, he sends posthaste for Mr. Terres, who is glad to claim the body. It is Mr. Terres's theory that the six bats that have died on the tower in the past two years have been victims of the Niagara of electrical impulses sent out by the TV antennas there. There are five TV stations on the mast and two just below it, and, as Mr. Terres sees it, the sum of the signals they send out is so great that it conflicts with the bats' sending and receiving systems; in short, the bats' systems are what is known in radio and TV slang as jammed. Why don't the bats start picking up TV signals a long way from the tower and, sensing that something is wrong, steer clear of it? For that matter, do bats actually hear the TV signals or do the TV signals simply scramble the bats' signals? For *that* matter, how could Mr. Terres be sure that the bats weren't lured to their deaths by the signals, pursuing "I Love Lucy" as a moth does a flame? To these and other electronically iffy questions, Mr. Terres, as a good naturalist, could only reply, "So far, we don't know."

As if to make up for leaving so much of the mystery unsolved, Mr. Terres offered us a rich harvest of red-bat lore. Item: there are only three known types of migratory bat in this hemisphere—the red bat, the hoary bat, and the silver-haired bat. Item: the first person to record seeing a migratory red bat was a man fishing off the Delaware coast in 1843. Item: red bats have since been seen in all sorts of places, including the stall of a giraffe on a ship hundreds of miles at sea. Mr. Terres recently found one of his beloved red bats hanging asleep on the twig of a tree in Central Park, right across from the Audubon Society's office. He picked it off the twig and carried it home to his apartment, where he set it free. "Bats are very clean animals," Mr. Terres told us, with a somewhat defensive air. "Besides, this one had an unusually pretty face. It took off from the floor like a helicopter, straight up." Mr. Terres and his wife spent a happy evening watching the bat fly around the apartment, and the next morning he carried it back to Central Park, to the very twig of the very tree on which he had discovered it. Tired from showing off at the Terreses', the bat closed its pretty, feeble eyes and fell fast asleep.

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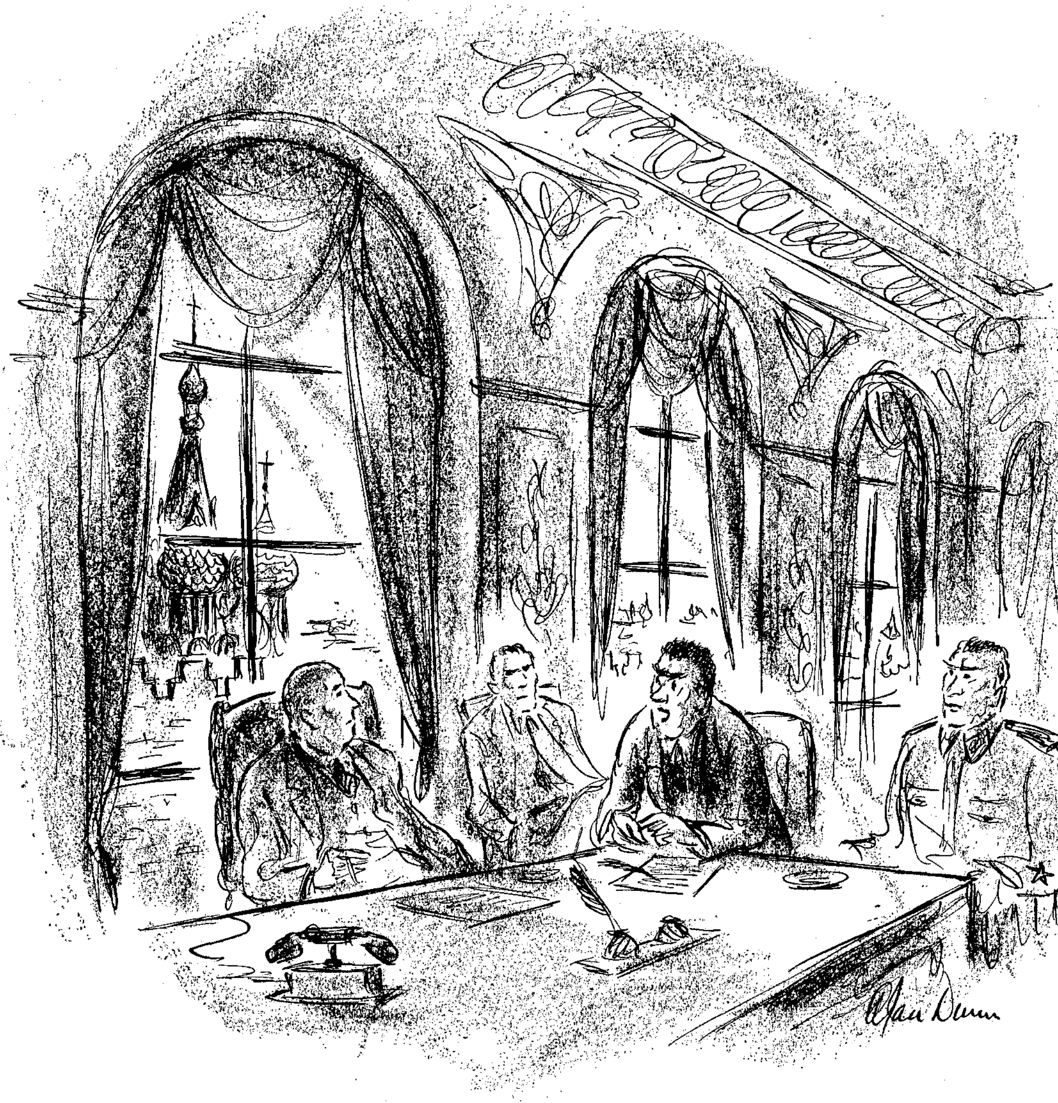
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: According to an order posted on the bulletin board at the Army Chemical Center, in Maryland, Hecker's Milk Bar, in Baltimore, is off limits for all personnel.

## *Matters of Duty*

If you're one of those people who, returning from a trip to Europe, can't resist bringing along old chests, beds, clocks, and other sizable souvenirs, you may already have made the acquaintance of Albert Brengel, whose official title is Antique Furniture Examiner for the Appraiser of Merchandise of the United States Customs Service. A mild-mannered, white-haired man of fifty-nine, slightly stooped under the weight of his title, Mr. Brengel is charged with deciding whether an article of furniture is worthy of being called an antique; if it is, then no duty is paid on it. Mr. Brengel has been examining furniture, antique and otherwise, at the Port of New York since 1931. He is one of eighty examiners on duty here.

We had a talk with Mr. Brengel the other day at the customs office down on Varick Street, and, of course, the first question we put to him was: What *is* an antique? Mr. Brengel said that customs opinion on that point is governed by a couple of paragraphs in the Tariff Act of 1930, which specify that to be considered an antique an article must pass two tests. First, it must have artistic merit, and, second, it must have been made before 1830. "As far as the first requirement goes, there aren't many cases where we would charge duty on a piece a hundred and fifty years old simply because it lacked artistic merit," Mr. Brengel said. "Still, there are some—a wooden butler's tray, for example, or an old leather fire bucket. Those trays and buckets were turned out by the thousands before 1830, were purely utilitarian, and have no particular style or distinction. On the other hand, take the so-called pub tables used in London coffeehouses in the late eighteenth century. They were utilitarian, too, but they have agreeable lines and I don't hesitate to class them as antiques. Come right down to it, it's a matter of taste. Sometimes I fret for hours over a piece."



"Let me get this straight. You want me to confess I was in error when I confessed I was in error before."

• •

The second requirement, being more concrete, gives Mr. Brengel fewer qualms. After so many years of practice, he usually has little trouble telling whether an article of furniture was made before or after 1830. How did Congress come to choose 1830 as the decisive year? Mr. B. thinks it was because 1830 was a neat century back from the date the Tariff Act was passed and because 1830 just about marked the beginning of the era of mass-produced, machine-made furniture and a consequent falling off in quality. Why did Congress decide to favor antiques in the first place? Mr. B.'s guess is that it wished to encourage culture in this country and assumed that familiarity with beautiful articles of furniture from the Old World would induce us to copy them or blend their styles with our own. "Mind you, a piece doesn't have to be wholly pre-1830 to get by as an antique," said Mr. B. "If a Sheraton chair comes in and I see that two of its legs are replacements—good replacements—I let it in duty-free. If a pre-1830 chair comes in with a seat made out of a bit of modern tapestry, then duty is charged on the seat, and the frame comes in free."

Detecting fake antiques isn't much of a problem to Mr. B. Take the help he gets from wormholes, for example. If a piece turns up riddled with wormholes that, on being explored with a pin or needle, prove to be absolutely straight, then the holes were made by a heated awl or some similar instrument, and not by worms, whose ways, like man's, are incorrigibly anfractuous. Or take the matter of determining the age of a piece of wood. One method is to measure it. If you have a table with a circular top, measure the diameter of the top first with the grain and then against it. If the wood is old, the top will be anywhere up to three-eighths of an inch narrower against the grain, since old wood invariably shrinks in that direction. According to Mr. B., comparatively few fake antiques are entering the country these days, because the American public has learned a lot about antiques in recent years and is no longer readily fooled. Private persons who inadvertently bring in a fake piece pay only the ordinary duty; dealers who import fakes pay an extra twenty-five per cent. "Every so often, a dealer will try to sneak in a dozen dining-room chairs made from pieces of six authentic chairs and the necessary additions," said Mr. B., shaking his head more in sorrow than anger. "Takes about three minutes to spot a fake like that. I can't help feeling that if a man wants to try and cheat us, he ought to have enough respect for antiques to put a little real effort into the job."

## *Book Review*

A SENSIBLE fifth-grader at P.S. 175, when asked to write a review of a book called "The Unsuccessful Elf," had this to say: "An elf named Edgar was born to Frannie Fairy and Gnicodemus Gnome. Read 'The Unsuccessful Elf' yourself to find out why he was unsuccessful as an elf and what he really turned out to be."

## *Maison de Molière*

THE Comédie-Française, freshly arrived on Broadway from Canada in its first tour of North America, was founded in 1680 by Louis XIV, in a document, countersigned by Colbert, that read, in part:

> His Majesty having considered it fitting to unite the two troupes of actors established at the Hôtel de Bourgogne and in the Rue de Guénégaud in Paris . . . has commanded and commands that in the future the said troupes of French players be united to form one and the same troupe. It shall be composed of the actors and actresses who appear on a list to be drawn up by His Majesty. . . . His Majesty wishes the said troupe alone to be able to produce plays in Paris, forbidding all other French players from setting themselves up in the said city and suburbs without express orders from His Majesty.

The Rue de Guénégaud company, having been established in Paris in 1658 by Molière, who died seven years before Louis's amalgamation, was known as the Maison de Molière, and the Comédie is still frequently called this in France. Today, the Comédie appears concurrently in two theatres in Paris, the Richelieu and the Luxembourg, from the beginning of September through July. The Luxembourg handles modern plays; the Richelieu, classics. In 1812, Napoleon signed a decree endowing the Comédie. The French government now gives it a million and a quarter dollars a year and appoints, for a six-year term, a general administrator (the current one is Pierre Descaves), who selects its members from graduates of the Conservatoire d'Art Dramatique, the leading French school for actors. Members fall into two classes—*pensionnaires*, or neophytes, who may resign at the end of any given year, and *sociétaires*, ex-*pensionnaires* who have become full-fledged members and must play for the Comédie for twenty years, with time off, in recent years, for motion pictures and TV. *Pensionnaires*, of whom there are at present forty-five, get salaries; *sociétaires*, of whom there are thirty-two, receive a monthly salary, plus a share in the company's profits. They have a considerable say, subject to the administrator, in company policies like the selection of plays. The Comédie, which enacts tragedies as well as comedies, has produced more than twenty-five hundred plays in its two hundred and seventy-five years. These have ranged from Racine and Corneille to Cocteau and Claudel. New plays are submitted to a first reader hired by the Comédie—Robert Kemp, the drama critic of *Le Monde*—and then, on his say-so, to a committee of three *sociétaires*. Next, authors of non-flunkers read them before a committee of nine *sociétaires*. The administrator then has the final word. The relative autonomy of the *sociétaires* is consistent with their professional ancestry, since Molière, whose "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was the first of five Comédie comedies to be presented by the Comédie during its four weeks in Manhattan, was an actor and a director as well as a playwright, and his company ran its own affairs. Every actor in this distinguished repertory company has seven or eight parts he can play at the rise of a curtain, and there are no stars.

Having obtained these facts through diligent research, we prevailed upon a French-speaking member of our staff who is also a man of capacious theatrical background to rub shoulders with some of the visiting *sociétaires*. He came back beaming, and advised us that he had had talks with Mme. Béatrice Bretty, who plays the laughing maid, Nicole, of the would-be gentleman, M. Jourdain; Louis Seigner, who plays Jourdain; and Georges Chamarat, who plays the Gentilhomme's philosophy teacher. Our man presented us with a dossier, from which we quote:

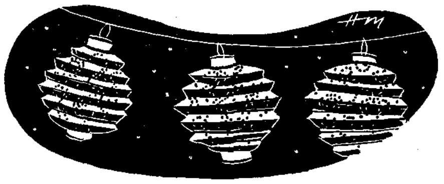
"Bretty is the daughter of an Italian immigrant to France, and her real name is Bolchesi. In the modern dramas at the Luxembourg, she plays only very serious parts, and never has to laugh. But in Molière she laughs; she has been laughing ever since she was fourteen, and will laugh, she says, to the day of her death. 'At the age of fourteen, I went to see a woman who gave drama lessons in Paris and told her I wanted to become an actress,' Bretty told us. 'She asked me, "Do you want to laugh?" "Of course," I said. And she said, "No, that is not what I mean—do you want to laugh all the time, even when you don't care to? If you do, your career is made. Study this part and come here when you are ready to laugh." She gave me the part of Nicole to study, and I studied it, went back to her, and she invited a few guests, asked me to laugh, I laughed and they all laughed with me, and that was my beginning. First thing I knew, I was laughing in the seventeenth century at M. Jourdain. And so I laugh. That's my whole story.' "

Our operative's report continues:

"I was amused to notice that in real life Seigner is a bourgeois, but as far removed from the bourgeois of the seventeenth century as any modern French bourgeois is. He wears glasses, and acts and looks exactly like a very serious businessman who feels perfectly content with his status and would not have the slightest desire to become a nobleman. The French Revolution has given him the place in society that the bourgeois was still craving back in the seventeenth century.

"I had a pleasant walk from the theatre to Seigner's hotel, the Plaza, with Seigner and Chamarat, the philosopher, who looks and speaks exactly like a modern professor—little changed from the philosopher and logician of Molière's day.

"We sat down in the Palm Court of the Plaza, and I was told that Seigner and Chamarat were classmates at the Conservatoire and have been very close ever since. They often walk together, gravely discussing their opinions, as if the association between M. Jourdain and his professor of philosophy had extended over three centuries and the Bourgeois Gentilhomme were still trying to learn 'everything' from the teacher whose services he had engaged.



"What had worried the two men of late was a certain feeling of anguish, the origins of which they were still trying to discover. Was it our big city? Or the New World? Or modern times in general? Or age? That brought us to the subject of young actors.

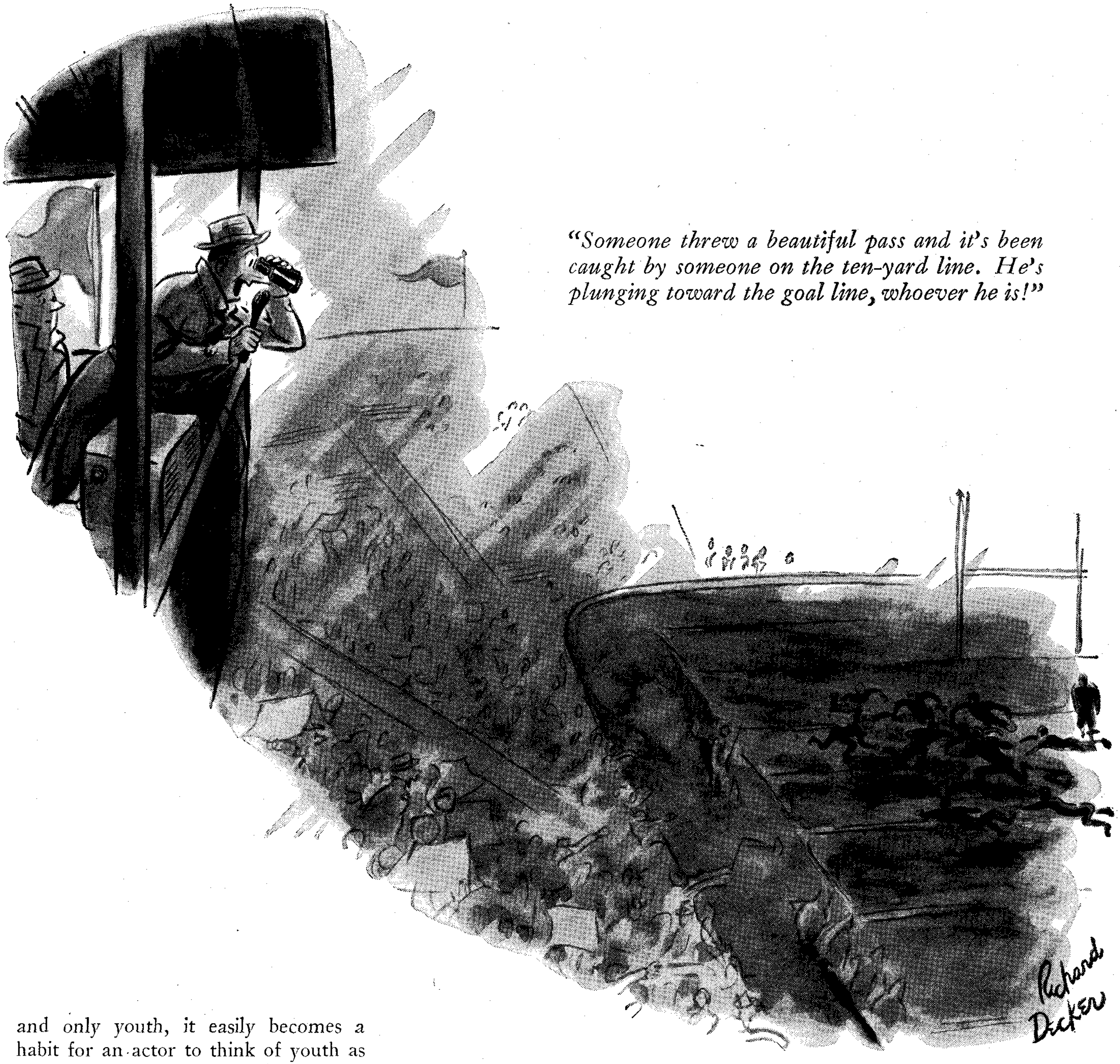
" 'Young actors,' said the philosopher, with much the same rhythm in his voice that he uses in the play, 'are not always the best ones for young roles. I remember the story about an actor in his eighties who did so well playing a young role that swarms of people came backstage after the play to tell him how good he had been. "Oh, yes," he said. "I really felt today for the first time that I was beginning to learn this role. It will take time, you know." People today are apt to laugh when they hear such a story. They fail to understand how hard it is to *express* youth onstage.'

" 'Young actors sometimes tend to waste their talent,' Seigner said, in a carrying voice that caused people at nearby tables to prick up their ears. 'They try to rediscover everything by themselves, disregarding the slow sedimentation of centuries of serious work.'

" 'What they're after,' said Chamarat, 'is culture without the history of culture. And that is not to be had. We owe this madness to the cinema, with its obsession with youth. Youth is a good foundation, especially in view of what *may have been done with it* once it is finished and we are, thank God, *old and knowing*.'

" 'Youth is like health,' said Seigner. 'A lot of energy to spend, but that is not even the beginning of art. You would never say of an actor, "He is so good, he enjoys such a perfect digestion, his reflexes are so quick, he sleeps so well," any more than you would praise the architecture of a nonexistent building because the foundation on which it is about to rise is solid.'

" 'He is right, he is perfectly right,' said Chamarat, approving the logic of his pupil. 'But there is more.' He waved a menacing finger in the air, exactly as he does in the play. 'There is much more than that. Let me explain it to you. With this so-called philosophy of youth, this obsession with youth



*"Someone threw a beautiful pass and it's been caught by someone on the ten-yard line. He's plunging toward the goal line, whoever he is!"*

and only youth, it easily becomes a habit for an actor to think of youth as something to attain, a final goal, and not something to abandon, a starting point. Now, I don't have to explain to you that a philosophy in which youth is your *future* is somewhat out of step with our traditional chronology, as we have known it in the past, when experience *progressed*, and inexperience—that is, childhood and youth—*regressed*. In other words, *cher monsieur*, the *idea* of youth is decrepit! Yes, *cher monsieur*, decrepit! While the thought of maturity, of old age, is youthful! In my day, it was the most typical symptom of youth to crave maturity and old age. These days, a young actor of thirty looks forward to the time when he will be fifteen!'

" 'And what is even more sinister,' said Seigner, 'he gets there soon enough!' "

Our operative also had a chat with M. Descaves, the administrator, and Marcel Idzkowski, the company's secretary-general. The latter said that Maurice Chevalier is desperately trying to become a member of the Comédie, even if for one role only. "He would do anything to be allowed to play the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, which is the dream role of his life," Mr. Idzkowski said. "Unfortunately, this will not be possible, since the Comédie is an institution and a career in itself." M. Descaves had just come from France, where, calling on the President, he told him everything was going well with the Comédie's trip to North America. "At this, the President rose from his seat as if the conversation were finished," M. Descaves said to our representative, "but instead of showing me to the door, he took me to a corner of the room. 'Sit down here and tell me some more,' he said. 'You can't imagine how happy you make me with that phrase. Ever since that trouble in North Africa, not one person has come into this room without bringing the message that everything was going badly. And today you walk in and tell me everything is going well. I must hear more about it at once!' "

## *No Automation*

A FRIEND of ours called the information bureau of the Pennsylvania Railroad the other morning and heard a voice saying, "Information is busy. Will you wait, please?" A few minutes later, the voice said again, "Information is busy. Will you wait, please?" When it happened a third time, our friend turned to his wife and muttered, "This damned phone's connected to a record." The voice came right back, restrained but indignant. "I'm no record," it said. "I'm just as human as you are."

# PNIN GIVES A PARTY

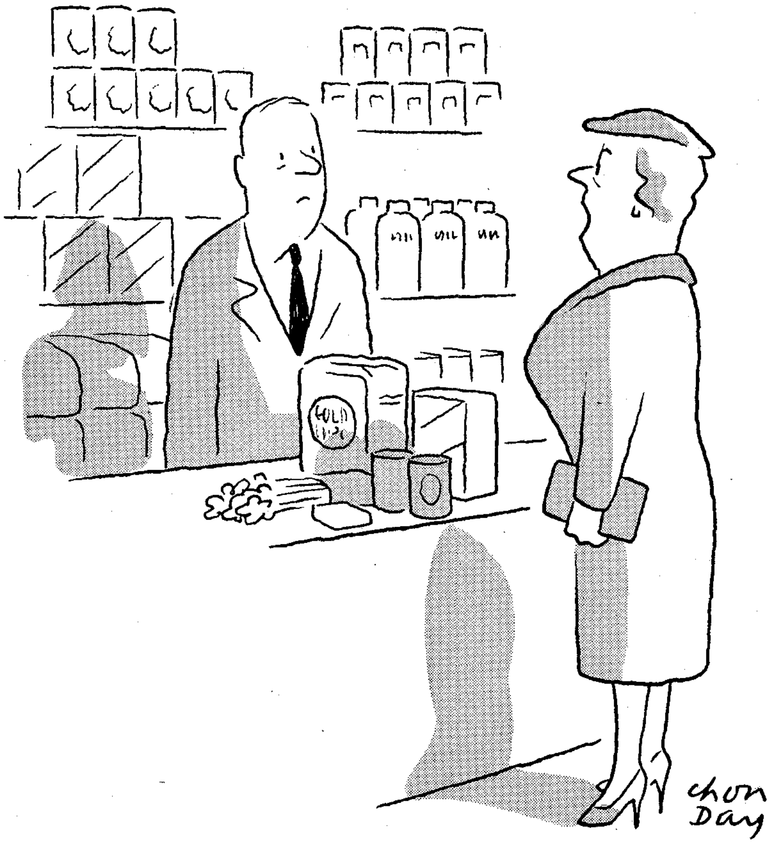
THE 1954 fall term had begun. Again the marble neck of a homely Venus in the vestibule of Humanities Hall, Waindell College, received the vermilion imprint, in applied lipstick, of a mimicked kiss. Again the *Waindell Recorder* discussed the parking problem. Again in the margins of library books earnest freshmen inscribed such helpful glosses as "Description of nature," "Irony," and "How true!" Again autumn gales plastered dead leaves against one side of the latticed gallery leading from Humanities to Frieze Hall. Again, on serene afternoons, huge amber-brown monarch butterflies flapped over asphalt and lawn as they lazily drifted south, their incompletely retracted black legs hanging rather low beneath their polka-dotted bodies.

And still the college creaked on. Hard-working graduates, with pregnant wives, still wrote dissertations on Dostoevski and Simone de Beauvoir. Literary departments still labored under the impression that Stendhal, Galsworthy, Dreiser, and Mann were great writers. Word plastics like "conflict" and "pattern" were still in vogue. As usual, sterile instructors successfully endeavored to "produce" by reviewing the books of more fertile colleagues, and, as usual, a crop of lucky faculty members were enjoying or about to enjoy various awards received earlier in the year. Thus an amusing little grant was affording the versatile Starr couple—baby-faced Christopher Starr and his child-wife Louise—of the Fine Arts Department, the unique opportunity of recording postwar folk songs in East Germany, into which these amazing young people had somehow obtained permission to penetrate. Tristram W. Thomas ("Tom" to his friends), Professor of Anthropology, had obtained ten thousand dollars from the Mandeville Foundation for a study of the eating habits of Cuban fishermen and palm climbers. And another charitable institution had come to the assistance of Dr. Bodo von Falternfels, to enable him to complete "a bibliography concerned with such published and manuscript material as has been devoted in recent years to a critical appraisal of the influence of Nietzsche's disciples on Modern Thought."

The fall term had begun, and Dr. Hagen, Chairman of the German Department, was faced with a complicated situation. During the summer, he had been informally approached by an old friend about whether he might consider accepting next year a delightfully lucrative professorship at Seaboard University, a far more important seat of learning than Waindell. This part of the problem was comparatively easy to solve—he would accept. On the other hand, there remained the chilling fact that the department he had so lovingly built would be relinquished into the claws of the treacherous Falternfels, whom he, Hagen, had obtained from Austria, and who had turned against him—had actually managed to appropriate by underhand methods the direction of *Europa Nova*, an influential quarterly Hagen had founded in 1945. Hagen's proposed departure, of which, as yet, he had divulged nothing to his colleagues, would have a still more heart-rending consequence: Assistant Professor Timofey Pnin must be left in the lurch. There had never been any regular Russian Department at Waindell, and my poor friend Pnin's academic existence had always depended on his being employed by the eclectic German Department in a kind of Comparative Literature extension of one of its branches. Out of pure spite, Bodo von Falternfels, who had grudgingly shared an office with Pnin, was sure to lop off that limb, and Pnin, who was only an Assistant Professor and had no life tenure at Waindell, would be forced to leave—unless some other literature-and-language department agreed to adopt him. The only department that was flexible enough to do so was that of English. But Jack Cockerell, Chairman of the English Department, disapproved of everything Hagen did, and considered Pnin a joke.

FOR Pnin, who was totally unaware of his protector's woes, the new term had begun particularly well; he had never had so few students to bother about, or so much time for his own research. This research had long entered the charmed stage when the quest overrides the goal. Index cards were gradually loading a shoe box with their compact weight. The collation of two legends, a precious detail of manners or dress, a reference checked and found to be falsified by incompetence or fraud, the spine thrill of a felicitous guess, and all the other innumerable triumphs of *bezkorïstnïy* (disinterested, devoted) scholarship had corrupted Pnin and made of him a happy, footnote-drugged maniac.

On another, more human plane, there was the little brick house that he had rented on Todd Road, at the corner of Cliff Avenue. The sense of living in a discrete building all by himself was to Pnin something singularly delightful, and amazingly satisfying to a weary old want of his innermost self, battered and stunned by thirty-five years of homelessness. One of the sweetest things about the place was the silence—angelic, rural, and perfectly secure, and thus in blissful contrast to the persistent cacophonies that had surrounded him from six sides in the rented rooms of his former habitations. And the tiny house was so spacious! (With grateful surprise, Pnin thought that had there been no Russian Revolution, no exodus, no expatriation in France, no naturalization in America, everything—at the best, at the best, Timofey—would have been much the same: a professorship, perhaps, in Kharkov or Kazan, a suburban house such as this, old books within, late blooms without.) It was—to be more precise—a two-story house of cherry-red brick, with white shutters and a shingle roof. The green plat on which it stood had a frontage of about fifty arshins and was limited at the back by a vertical stretch of mossy cliff with tawny shrubs on its crest. A rudimentary driveway along the south side of the house led to a small whitewashed garage for the poor man's car Pnin owned. A curious basketlike net, somewhat like a glorified billiard pocket—lacking, however, a bottom—was suspended for some reason above the garage door, upon the white of which it cast a shadow as distinct as its own weave but larger and



*"I'd like a bread that isn't sung about."*

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in a bluer tone. Lilacs—those Russian garden graces, to whose springtime splendor, all honey and hum, my poor Pnin greatly looked forward—crowded in sapless ranks along one wall of the house. And a tall deciduous tree, which Pnin, a birch-lime-willow-aspen-poplar-oak man, was unable to identify, cast its large, heart-shaped, rust-colored leaves and Indian-summer shadows upon the wooden steps of the open porch.

A cranky-looking oil furnace in the basement did its best to send up its weak, warm breath through registers in the floors. The living room was scantily and dingily furnished, but had a rather attractive bay at one end, harboring a huge old globe, on which Russia was painted a pale blue. In a very small dining room, a pair of crystal candlesticks, with pendants, was responsible in the early mornings for iridescent reflections, which glowed charmingly on the sideboard, reminding my sentimental friend of the stained glass that colored the sunlight orange and green and violet on the verandas of Russian country houses. A china closet, every time he passed by it, went into a rumbling act that also was somehow familiar from dim back rooms of the past. The second floor consisted of two bedrooms, both of which had been the abode of many small children, with incidental adults. The floors had been chafed by tin toys. From the wall of the chamber Pnin had decided to sleep in he had untacked a pennant-shaped piece of red cardboard with the enigmatic word "Cardinals" daubed on it in white, but a tiny rocker for a three-year-old Pnin, painted pink, was allowed to remain in its corner. A disabled sewing machine occupied a passageway leading to the bathroom, where the usual short tub, made for dwarfs by a nation of giants, took as long to fill as the tanks and basins of the arithmetic in Russian schoolbooks.

Timofey was now ready to give a housewarming party. The living room had a sofa that could seat three, and there were a wingback chair, an overstuffed easy chair, two chairs with rush seats, one hassock, and two footstools. He had planned a buffet supper, which he would serve in the dining room. All of a sudden, he experienced an odd feeling of dissatisfaction as he checked, mentally, the little list of his guests—the Clementses, the Hagens, the Thayers, and Betty Bliss. It had body but it lacked bouquet. Of course, he was tremendously fond of the Clementses (real people—not like most of the campus dummies), with whom he had had such exhilarating talks in the days when he was their roomer; of course, he felt very grateful to Herman Hagen for many a good turn, such as that raise Hagen had recently arranged; of course, Mrs. Hagen was, in Waindell parlance, "a lovely person;" of course, Mrs. Thayer was always so helpful at the library, and her husband, of the English Department, had such a soothing capacity for showing how silent a man could be if he strictly avoided comments on the weather. While visiting a famous grocery between Waindellville and Isola, he had run into Betty Bliss, a former student of his, and had asked her to the party, and she had said she still remembered Turgenev's prose poem about roses, with its refrain "*Kak horoshi, kak svezhi*" ("How fair, how fresh"), and would certainly be delighted to come.

But there was nothing extraordinary, nothing original, about this combination of people, and old Pnin recalled those birthday parties in his boyhood—the half-dozen children invited who were somehow always the same, and the pinching shoes, and the aching temples, and the kind of heavy, unhappy, constraining dullness that would settle on him after all the games had been played and a rowdy cousin had started putting nice new toys to vulgar and stupid uses. And he also recalled the time when, in the course of a protracted hide-and-seek routine, after an hour of uncomfortable concealment he had emerged from a dark and stuffy wardrobe in the maid's chamber only to find that all his playmates had gone home.

Pnin, returning to his unsatisfactory list of guests, decided to invite the celebrated mathematician, Professor Idelson, and his wife, the sculptress. He called them up and they said they would come with joy but later telephoned to say they were tremendously sorry—they had overlooked a previous engagement. He next asked Miller, a young instructor in the German Department, and Charlotte, his pretty, freckled wife, but it turned out she was on the point of having a baby. The party was to be the next day and he was about to ask the Cockerells when a perfectly new and really admirable idea occurred to him.

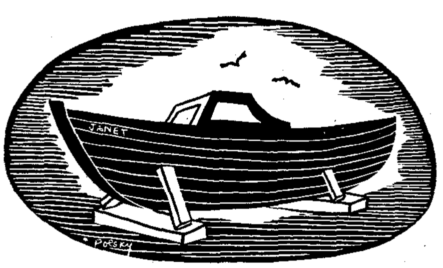
Pnin and I had long accepted the disturbing but seldom discussed fact that on any given college staff one was likely to find at least one person who was the twin, so far as looks went, of another man within the same professional group. I know, indeed, of a case of triplets at a comparatively small college, and I remember that among the fifty or so faculty members of a wartime "intensive language school" there were as many as six Pnins, besides the genuine and, to me, unique article. It should not be deemed surprising, therefore, that even Pnin, not a very observant man in everyday life, could not help becoming aware (some time during his ninth year at Waindell) that a lanky, bespectacled old fellow with scholarly strands of steel-gray hair falling over the right side of his small but corrugated brow, and with a deep furrow descending from his sharp nose to each corner of his long upperlip—a person whom Pnin knew as Professor Thomas Wynn, head of the Ornithology Department, having once talked to him at a garden party about golden orioles and other Russian countryside birds—was not always Professor Wynn. At times he graded, as it were, into somebody else, whom Pnin did not know by name but whom he classified, with a bright foreigner's fondness for puns, as "Twynn" or, in Pninian, "Tvin." My friend and compatriot soon realized that he could never be sure whether the owlish, rapidly stalking gentleman whose path he would cross every other day at different points of progress between office and classroom was really his chance acquaintance, the ornithologist, whom he felt bound to greet in passing, or the Wynnlike stranger who acknowledged Pnin's sombre salute with exactly the same degree of automatic politeness that any chance acquaintance would. The moment of meeting would be very brief since both Pnin and Wynn (or Twynn) walked fast; and sometimes Pnin, in order to avoid the exchange of urbane barks, would feign reading a letter on the run, or would manage to dodge his rapidly advancing colleague and tormentor by swerving into a stairway and then continuing along a lower-floor corridor; but no sooner had he begun to rejoice in the smartness of the device than upon using it one day he almost collided with Tvin (or Vin) pounding along the subjacent passage.

By great good luck, on the day of the party, as Pnin was finishing a late lunch in Frieze Hall, Wynn, or his double, neither of whom had ever appeared there before, suddenly sat down beside him and said, "I have long wanted to ask you something—you teach Russian, don't you? Last summer I was reading a magazine article on birds. ["Vin! This is Vin!" said Pnin to himself, and forthwith perceived a decisive course of action.] Well, the author of that article—I don't recall his name; I think it was a Russian one—mentioned that in the Skoff region (I hope I pronounce it right?) a local cake is baked in the form of a bird. Basically, of course, the symbol is phallic, but I was wondering if you knew of such a custom."

"Sir, I am at your service," Pnin said, a note of exultation quivering in his throat, for he now saw his way not only to carry out his brilliant idea but also to pin down definitely the personality of at least the initial Wynn, who liked birds. "Yes, sir. I know all about those *zhavoronki*, those *alouettes*, those— We must consult a dictionary for the English name. So I take the opportunity to extend a cordial invitation to you to visit me this evening. Half past eight, post meridiem. A little house-heating soirée, nothing more. Bring also your spouse—or perhaps you are a Bachelor of Hearts?" (Oh, punster Pnin!)

His interlocutor said he was not married and he would sure love to come. What was the address?

"It is 999 Todd Rodd—very simple! At the very, very end of the rodd, where it unites with Cliff Ahvnue. A little brick house with a big black cliff behind."



THAT afternoon, Pnin could hardly wait to start culinary operations. He began them soon after five and only interrupted them to don, for the reception of his guests, a sybaritic smoking jacket of blue silk, with tasselled belt and satin lapels, won at an émigré charity bazaar in Paris twenty years ago. (How time flies!) This jacket he wore with a pair of old tuxedo trousers, likewise of European origin. Peering at himself in the cracked mirror of the medicine chest, he put on his heavy tortoise-shell reading glasses, from under the saddle of which his Russian potato nose smoothly bulged. He bared his synthetic teeth. He inspected his cheeks and chin to see if his morning shave still held. It did. With finger and thumb he grasped a long nostril hair, plucked it out after a second hard tug, and sneezed lustily, an "Ah!" of well-being rounding out the explosion.

At half past seven, Betty Bliss arrived to help with the final arrangements. Betty now taught English and History at

## BEDTIME IN AUTUMN

No moon. There it is, good friend, a night
Almost like sky, or space; a rest in rhythm;
A prelude to rest; a death; a life of visions,
Imperfect vision, whatever. It is dark;
And we wait in these opportune chairs, well-placed
Above the path, beneath no moon, out in the open.
We wait for sleepiness, we let our minds run out;
We let our thoughts run over us, then out.
The sound of owls comes to us. The air, like smoke,
Like transparent smoke, the odor of old leaves,
Rises about us, plays in the treetops, a scent,
And the silence of autumn. Summer was silent, too, but autumn,
Season of wind and hoot, of rustle and owl call,
Has another stillness, a silence of other sounds.
Cicadas, creatures of sound, kept the summer
Softly, as drumbeats might; now they are not to be heard.
Unseen even in summer, they now are but faintly remembered
Shapes out of textbooks, pictures surrounded by essays.
We cannot recall their voices, yet we attend them in silence:
Figures we never have seen, making music beyond recollection.
The chairs are good; the night is a landscape of shadow.
Watch how this hedge, a privet, compact in the morning,
Substantial by daylight, flattens and lengthens in darkness
To close with the path, then disappears among tree trunks.
There, in the branches, the hedge has become a suggestion,
A shadow, the shape of a path among shadows:
Landscape without land. Words brood over the silence,
Old knowledge reverberates, owls cry in the wood.
All shape is shadow, substance is undone;
Space is a shadow, trees a second space;
Branches are lines extended in the dark:
The ascension of more shadow into space.
A good night, friend. Till morning, then, good night.

—MICHAEL GOLDMAN

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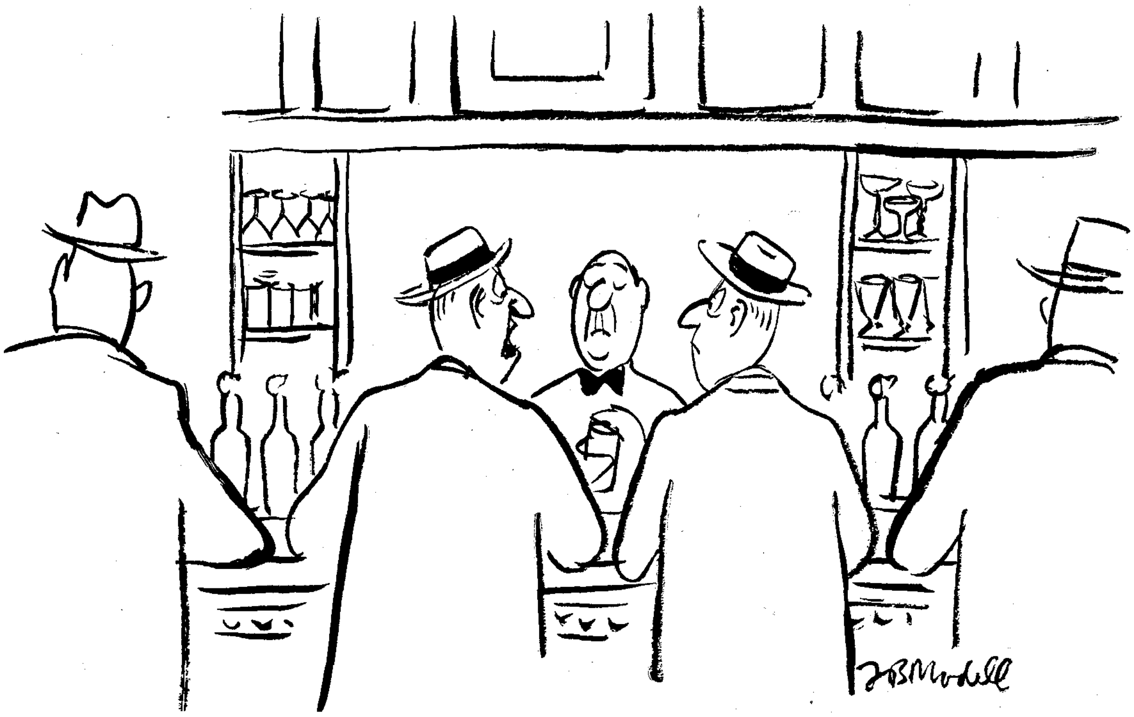

*"Will you please stop horning in with your troubles while I'm telling him my troubles?"*

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Isola High School. She had not changed since the days when she was a buxom graduate student. Her pink-rimmed, myopic gray eyes peered at you with the same ingenuous sympathy. She wore the same Gretchenlike coil of thick hair around her head. There was the same scar on her soft throat. But an engagement ring with a diminutive diamond had appeared on her plump hand, and this she displayed with coy pride to Pnin, who vaguely experienced a twinge of sadness. He reflected that there was a time he might have courted her—would have done so, in fact, had she not had a servant maid's mind, which he soon found had remained unaltered, too. She could still relate a long story on a "she said-I said-she said" basis, and nothing on earth could make her disbelieve in the wisdom and wit of her favorite women's magazine. She still had the curious trick—shared by two or three other small-town young women within Pnin's limited ken—of giving you a delayed little tap on the sleeve in acknowledgment of, rather than in retaliation for, any remark reminding her of some minor lapse. You would say, "Betty, you forgot to return that book," or "I thought, Betty, you said you would never marry," and before she actually answered, there it would come—that demure gesture, retracted at the very moment her stubby fingers came into contact with your wrist.

"He is a biochemist, and is now in Pittsburgh," said Betty as she helped Pnin to arrange buttered slices of French bread around a pot of glossy-gray fresh caviar. There was also a large plate of cold cuts, real German pumpernickel, a dish of very special vinaigrette where shrimps hobnobbed with pickles and peas, some miniature sausages in tomato sauce, hot *pirozhki* (mushroom tarts, meat tarts, cabbage tarts), various interesting Oriental sweets, and a bowl of fruit and nuts. Drinks were to be represented by whiskey (Betty's contribution), *ryabinovka* (a rowanberry liqueur), brandy-and-grenadine cocktails, and, of course, Pnin's Punch, a heady mixture of chilled Château Yquem, grapefruit juice, and maraschino, which the solemn host had already started to stir in a large bowl of brilliant aquamarine glass with a decorative design of swirled ribbing and lily pads.

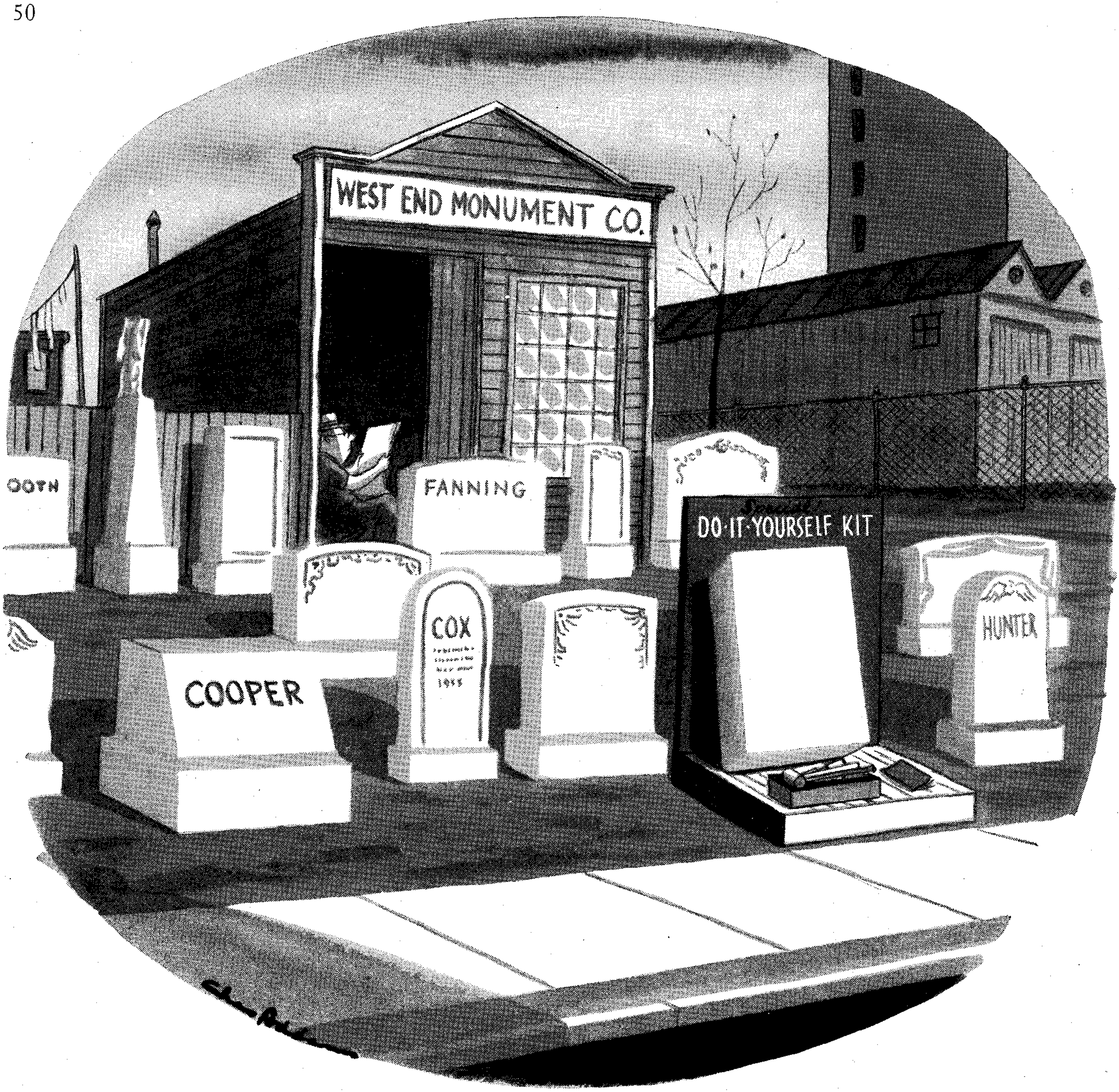
"My, what a lovely thing!" cried Betty.

Pnin eyed the bowl with pleased surprise, as if seeing it for the first time, and explained that it was a recent present from young Victor, his former wife's son by a second marriage. Victor was at St. Bartholomew's, a boarding school at Cranton, near Boston, and Timofey had never met the boy until last spring, when his mother, who lived in California, had arranged to have Victor spend his Easter vacation with Pnin at Waindell. The visit had proved a success and was followed by the arrival of this bowl, enclosed in a box within another box inside a third one, and wrapped up in an extravagant mass of excelsior and paper that had spread all over the kitchen like a carnival storm. The bowl that emerged was one of those gifts whose first impact produces in the recipient's mind a colored image, a blazoned blur, reflecting with such emblematic force the sweet nature of the donor that the tangible attributes of the thing are dissolved, as it were, in this pure inner blaze, but suddenly and forever leap into brilliant being when praised by an outsider to whom the true glory of the object is unknown. Timofey was using the precious bowl for the first time tonight, he told Betty.

A musical tinkle reverberated through the small house, and the Clementses entered with a bottle of French champagne and a cluster of dahlias.

Dark-eyed, long-limbed, bob-haired Joan Clements wore an old black silk dress that was smarter than anything other faculty wives could devise, and it was always a pleasure to watch good old bald Tim Pnin bend slightly to touch with his lips the light hand that Joan, alone of all the Waindell ladies, knew how to raise to exactly the right level for a Russian gentleman to kiss. Her husband, Laurence, a nice fat Professor of Philosophy in a nice gray flannel suit, sank into the easiest chair and immediately grabbed the first book at hand, which happened to be an English-Russian and Russian-English pocket dictionary. Holding his glasses, he looked away, trying to recall something he had always wished to look up, and his attitude accentuated his striking resemblance, somewhat *en jeune*, to Jan van Eyck's ample-jowled, fluff-haloed Canon van der Paele, seized by a fit of abstraction in the presence of the puzzled Virgin to whom a super, rigged up as St. George, is directing the good Canon's attention. Everything was there—the knotty temple, the sad, musing gaze, the folds and furrows of facial flesh, the thin lips, and even the wart on the left cheek.

Hardly had the Clementses settled down when Betty let in the man interested in bird-shaped cakes. Pnin was about to say "Professor Vin" but Joan—rather unfortunately, perhaps—interrupted the introduction with "Oh, we know Thomas! Who doesn't know



Tom?" Pnin returned to the kitchen, and Betty handed around some Bulgarian cigarettes.

"I thought, Thomas," remarked Clements, crossing his fat legs, "you were out in Havana interviewing palm-climbing fishermen?"

"Well, I'll be on my way after mid-years," said Professor Thomas. "Of course, most of the actual field work has been done already by others."

"Still, it was nice to get that grant, wasn't it?"

"In our branch," replied Thomas with perfect composure, "we have to undertake many difficult journeys. In fact, I may push on to the Windward Islands. If," he added, with a hollow laugh, "Senator McCarthy does not crack down on foreign travel."

"Tom received a grant of ten thousand dollars," said Joan to Betty, whose face dropped a curtsy as she made that special grimace consisting of a slow half bow and a tensing of chin and lower lip that automatically conveys, on the part of Bettys, a respectful, congratulatory, and slightly awed recognition of such grand things as dining with one's boss, being in *Who's Who*, or meeting a duchess.

The last to arrive were the Thayers, who came in a new station wagon and presented their host with an elegant box of mints, and Dr. Hagen, who came on foot, and now triumphantly held aloft a bottle of vodka.

"Good evening, good evening," said the hearty Hagen.

"Dr. Hagen," said Thomas as he shook hands with him. "I hope the Senator did not see you walking about with that stuff."

The good Doctor, a square-shouldered, aging man, explained that Mrs. Hagen had been prevented from coming, alas, at the very last moment, by a dreadful migraine.

Pnin served the cocktails. "Or better to say flamingo tails—specially for ornithologists," he slyly quipped, looking, as he supposed, at his friend Vin.

"Thank you!" chanted Mrs. Thayer as she received her glass, raising her eyebrows on that bright note of genteel inquiry that is meant to combine the notions of surprise, unworthiness, and pleasure. An attractive, prim, pink-faced lady of forty or so, with pearly dentures and wavy goldenized hair, she was the provincial cousin of the smart, relaxed Joan Clements, who had been all over the world and was married to the most original and least liked scholar on the Waindell campus. A good word should be also put in at this point for Margaret Thayer's husband, Roy, a mournful and mute member of the Department of English, which, except for its ebullient chairman, Cockerell, was an aerie of hypochondriacs. Outwardly, Roy was an obvious figure. If you drew a pair of old brown loafers, two beige elbow patches, a black pipe, and two baggy eyes under hoary eyebrows, the rest was easy to fill out. Somewhere in the middle distance hung an obscure liver ailment, and somewhere in the background there was "Eighteenth Century Poetry," Roy's particular field, an overgrazed pasture, with the trickle of a brook and a clump of initialled trees; a barbed-wire arrangement on either side of this field separated it from Professor Stowe's domain, the preceding century, where the lambs were whiter, the turf softer, the rills purlier, and from Dr. Shapiro's early nineteenth century, with its glen mists, sea fogs, and imported grapes. Roy Thayer always avoided talking of his subject, and kept a detailed diary, in cryptogrammed verse, which he hoped posterity would someday decipher and, in sober backcast, proclaim the greatest literary achievement of our time.

When everybody was comfortably lapping and lauding the cocktails, Professor Pnin sat down on the wheezy hassock near his newest friend and said, "I have to report, sir, on the skylark—'*zhavoronok*,' in Russian—about which you made me the honor to interrogate me. Take this with you to your home. I have here tapped on the typewriting machine a condensed account with bibliography. . . . I think we will now transport ourselves to the other room, where a supper *à la fourchette* is, I think, awaiting us."

PRESENTLY, guests with full plates drifted back into the parlor. The punch was brought in.

"Gracious, Timofey, where on earth did you get that perfectly divine bowl!" exclaimed Joan.

"Victor presented it to me."

"But where did he *get* it?"

"Antiquaire store in Cranton, I think."

"Gosh, it must have cost a fortune!"

"One dollar? Ten dollars? Less, maybe?"

"Ten dollars—nonsense! Two hundred, I should say. *Look* at it! Look at this writhing pattern. You know, you should show it to the Cockerells. They know everything about old glass. In fact, they have a Lake Dunmore pitcher that looks like a poor relation of this."

Margaret Thayer admired the bowl in her turn, and said that when she was a child, she imagined Cinderella's glass shoes to be exactly of that greenish-blue tint, whereupon Professor Pnin remarked that, *primo*, he would like everybody to say whether contents was as good as container, and, *secundo*, Cendrillon's shoes were not made of glass but of Russian squirrel fur—*vair*, in French. It was, he said, an obvious case of the survival of the fittest among words, "*verre*" being more evocative than "*vair*," which, he submitted, came not from "*varius*," variegated, but from "*veveritsa*," Slavic for a certain beautiful, pale winter squirrel fur, having a bluish, or better say *sizïy*—columbine—shade. "So you see, Mrs. Fire," he concluded, "you were, in general, correct."

"The contents are fine," said Laurence Clements.

"This beverage is certainly delicious," said Margaret Thayer.

BY ten o'clock, Pnin's Punch and Betty's Scotch were causing some of the guests to talk louder than they thought they did. A carmine flush had spread over one side of Mrs. Thayer's neck, under the little blue star of her left earring, and, sitting very straight, she regaled her host with an account of the feud between two of her co-workers at the library. It was a simple office story, but her changes of tone from Miss Shrill to Mr. Basso, and the consciousness of the soirée's going so nicely, made Pnin bend his head and guffaw ecstatically behind his hand. Mrs. Thayer's husband was weakly twinkling to himself as he looked into his punch, down his gray, porous nose, and politely listened to Joan Clements, who, when she was a little high, as she was now, had a fetching way of rapidly blinking or even completely closing her black-eyelashed blue eyes. Betty remained her controlled little self, and expertly looked after the refreshments. In the bay end of the room, Clements kept morosely revolving the slow globe as Hagen told him and the grinning Thomas a bit of campus gossip.

At a still later stage of the party, certain rearrangements had again taken place. In a corner of the davenport, Clements was now flipping through an album of "Flemish Masterpieces," which Victor had been given by his mother and had left with Pnin. Joan sat on a footstool at her husband's knee, a plate of grapes in the lap of her wide skirt. The others were listening to Hagen discussing modern education.

"You may laugh," he said, casting a sharp glance at Clements, who shook his head, denying the charge, and then passed the album to his wife, pointing out something in it that had suddenly provoked his glee. "You may laugh," he continued to the others, "but I affirm that the only way to escape from the morass—just a drop, Timofey; that will do—is to lock up the student in a soundproof cell and eliminate the lecture room."

"Yes, that's it," said Joan to her husband under her breath, handing the album back to him.

"I am glad you agree, Joan," said Hagen, and went on, "I have been called an *enfant terrible* for expounding this theory, and perhaps you will not go on agreeing quite as lightly when you hear me out. Phonograph records on every possible subject will be at the isolated student's disposal—"

"But the personality of the lecturer," said Margaret Thayer. "Surely that counts for something."

"It does not!" shouted Hagen. "That is the tragedy. Who, for example, wants *him*?" He pointed to the radiant Pnin. "Who wants his personality? Nobody! They will reject Timofey's wonderful personality without a quaver. The world wants a machine, not a Timofey."

"Why, Timofey is good enough to be televised," said Clements.

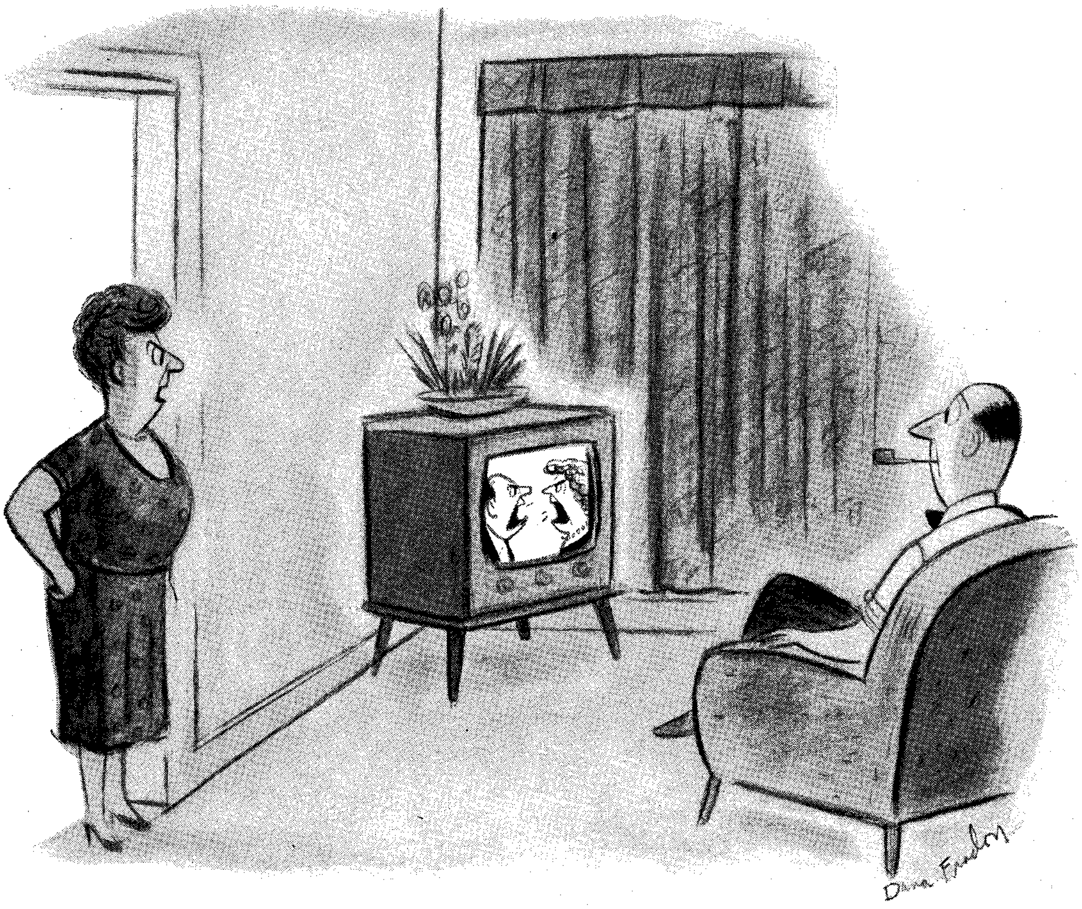
"Oh, I'd love that," said Joan, beaming at her host, and Betty nodded vigorously. Pnin bowed deeply to them with an "I-am-disarmed" spreading of both hands.

"And what do *you* think of my controversial plan?" asked Hagen of Thomas.

"I can tell you what Tom thinks," said Laurence, still contemplating the same picture in the book that lay open on his knees. "Tom thinks that the best method of teaching anything is to take it easy and rely on discussion in class, which means letting twenty young blockheads and two cocky neurotics discuss for fifty minutes something that neither their teacher nor they know. Now, for the last three months," he went on, without any logical transition, "I have been looking for this picture, and here it is. The publisher of my new book on the Philosophy of Gesture wants a portrait of me, and Joan and I knew we had seen somewhere a stunning likeness by an Old Master but could not even recall his period. Well, here it is. The only retouching needed would be the addition of a sports shirt and the deletion of this warrior's hand."

"I must really protest—" began Thomas.

Clements passed the open book to



*"Turn that damn thing down. The neighbors will think it's us."*

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Margaret Thayer, and she burst out laughing.

"I must protest, Laurence," said Tom. "A relaxed discussion in an atmosphere of broad generalizations is a more realistic approach to education than the old-fashioned formal lecture."

"Sure, sure," said Clements.

At this point, Joan scrambled up to her feet and Mrs. Thayer looked at her wristwatch, and then at her husband. Betty asked Thomas whether he knew a man called Fogelman, an expert on bats, who lived in Santa Clara, Cuba. A soft yawn distended Laurence Clements' mouth. The party was drawing to a close.

THE setting of the final scene was the hallway. Hagen could not find the cane he had come with; it had fallen behind the umbrella stand.

"And *I* think I left my purse where I was sitting," said Mrs. Thayer, pushing her husband ever so slightly toward the living room.

Pnin and Clements, in last-minute discourse, stood on either side of the living-room doorway, like two well-fed caryatids, and drew in their abdomens to let the silent Thayer pass. In the middle of the room, Professor Thomas and Miss Bliss—he with his hands behind his back and rising up every now and then on his toes, she holding a tray—were standing and talking of Cuba, where a cousin of Betty's fiancé had lived for quite a while, Betty understood. Thayer blundered from chair to chair, and found himself with a white bag, not knowing really where he picked it up, his mind being occupied by the adumbrations of lines he was to write down in his diary later in the night:

We sat and drank, each with a separate past
locked up in him, and fate's alarm clocks set
at unrelated futures—when, at last,
a wrist was cocked, and eyes of consorts met. . . .

Meanwhile, Pnin asked Joan Clements and Margaret Thayer if they would care to see how he had embellished the upstairs rooms. They were enchanted by the idea, and he led the way upstairs. His so-called *kabinet*, or study, now looked very cozy, its scratched floor snugly covered with the more or less Turkish rug that Pnin had once acquired for his office in Humanities Hall and had recently removed in drastic silence from under the feet of the surprised Falternfels. A tartan lap robe, under which Pnin had crossed the ocean from Europe in 1940, and some endemic cushions had disguised the unremovable bed. The pink shelves, which he had found supporting several generations of children's books, were now loaded with three hundred and sixty-five items from the Waindell College Library.

"And to think I have stamped all these," sighed Mrs. Thayer, rolling up her eyes in mock dismay.

"Some stamped by Mrs. Miller," said Pnin, a stickler for historical truth.

What struck the visitors most in the bedroom was a large folding screen that cut off the fourposter bed from insidious drafts, and the view from the four small windows: a dark rock wall rising abruptly some fifty feet away, with a stretch of pale, starry sky above the black growth of its crest. On the back lawn, across a reflection of a window, Laurence strolled into the shadows.

"At last you are really comfortable," said Joan.

"And you know what I will say to you," replied Pnin in a confidential undertone vibrating with triumph. "Tomorrow morning, under the curtain of mysteree, I will see a gentleman who is wanting to help me to buy this house!"

They came down again. Roy Thayer handed his wife Betty's bag. Herman Hagen found his cane. Laurence Clements reappeared.

"Goodbye, goodbye, Professor Vin!" sang out Pnin, his cheeks ruddy and round in the lamplight of the porch.

"Now, I wonder why he called me that," said T. W. Thomas, Professor of Anthropology, to Laurence and Joan Clements as they walked through blue darkness toward four cars parked under the elms on the other side of the road.

"Our friend employs a nomenclature all his own," answered Clements. "His verbal vagaries add a new thrill to life. His mispronunciations are mythopoeic. His slips of the tongue are oracular. He calls my wife John."

"Still, I find it a little disturbing," said Thomas.

"He probably mistook you for somebody else," said Clements. "And for all I know you *may* be somebody else."

Before they had crossed the street, they were overtaken by Dr. Hagen. Professor Thomas, still looking puzzled, took his leave.

"Well," said Hagen.

It was a fair fall night, velvet below, steel above.

Joan asked, "You're sure you don't want us to give you a lift, Herman?"

"It's only a ten-minute walk," he said. "And a walk is a must on such a wonderful night."

The three of them stood for a moment gazing at the stars. "And all these are worlds," said Hagen.

From the lighted porch came Pnin's rich laughter as he finished recounting to the Thayers and Betty Bliss how he, too, had once retrieved the wrong reticule.

"Come, Laurence, let's be moving," said Joan. "It was so nice to see you, Herman. Give my love to Irmgard. What a delightful party! I have never seen Timofey so happy."

"Yes, thank you," said Hagen absent-mindedly.

"You should have seen his face when he told us he was going to talk to a real-estate man tomorrow about buying that dream house," said Joan.

"He did? You're sure he said that?" Hagen asked sharply.

"Quite sure," said Joan. "And if anybody needs a home, it is certainly Timofey."

"Well, good night," said Hagen. "So glad you could come. Good night."

He waited for them to reach their car, hesitated, and then marched back to the lighted porch, where, standing as on a stage, Pnin was shaking hands a second or third time with the Thayers and Betty.

"I shall not forgive you for not letting me do the dishes," said Betty to her merry host.

"I'll help him," said Hagen, ascending the porch steps and thumping upon them with his cane. "You, children, run along now."

There was a final round of handshakes, and the Thayers and Betty left.

"FIRST," said Hagen as he and Pnin reëntered the living room, "I guess I'll have a last cup of wine with you."

"Perfect, perfect!" cried Pnin. "Let us finish my *cruchon*."

They made themselves comfortable and Dr. Hagen said, "You are a wonderful host, Timofey. This is a very delightful moment. My grandfather used to say that a glass of good wine should be always sipped and savored as if it were the last one before the execution. I wonder what you put into this punch. I also wonder if, as our charming Joan affirms, you are really contemplating buying this house."

"Not contemplating—peeping a little at possibilities," replied Pnin with a gurgling laugh.

"I question the wisdom of it," continued Hagen, nursing his goblet.

"Naturally, I am expecting that I will get tenure at last," said Pnin rather slyly. "I am now Assistant Professor nine years. Years run. Soon I will be Assistant Emeritus. Why, Hagen, are you silent?"

"You place me in a very embarrassing position, Timofey. I hoped you would not raise this particular question."

"I do not raise the question. I say that I only expect—oh, not next year, but, example given, at hundredth anniversary of Liberation of Serfs—that Waindell will make me Associate."

"Well, you see, my dear friend, I must tell you a sad secret. It is not official yet, and you must promise not to mention it to anyone."

"I swear," said Pnin, raising his hand.

"You cannot but know with what loving care I have built up our great department," continued Hagen. "I, too, am no longer young. You say, Timofey, you have been here for nine years. But I have been giving my all for *twenty-nine* years to this university! And what happens now? I have nursed this Falternfels, this poltergeist, in my bosom, and he has now worked himself into a key position. I spare you the details of the intrigue."

"Yes," said Pnin with a sigh, "intrigue is horrible, horrible. But, on the other side, honest work will always prove its advantage. You and I will give next year some splendid new courses which I have planned long ago. On Tyranny. On the Boot. On Nicholas the First. On all the precursors of modern atrocity. Hagen, when we speak of injustice, we forget Armenian massacres, tortures which Tibet invented, colonists in Africa. The history of man is the history of pain!"

"You are a wonderful romantic, Timofey, and under happier circumstances . . . However, I can tell you that in the spring term we *are* going to do something unusual. We're going to stage a dramatic program—scenes from Kotzebue to Hauptmann. I see it as a sort of apotheosis— But let us not anticipate. I, too, am a romantic, Timofey, and therefore cannot work with people like Bodo von Falternfels, as our trustees wish me to do. Kraft is retiring at Seaboard, and it has been offered me that I replace him there, beginning next fall."

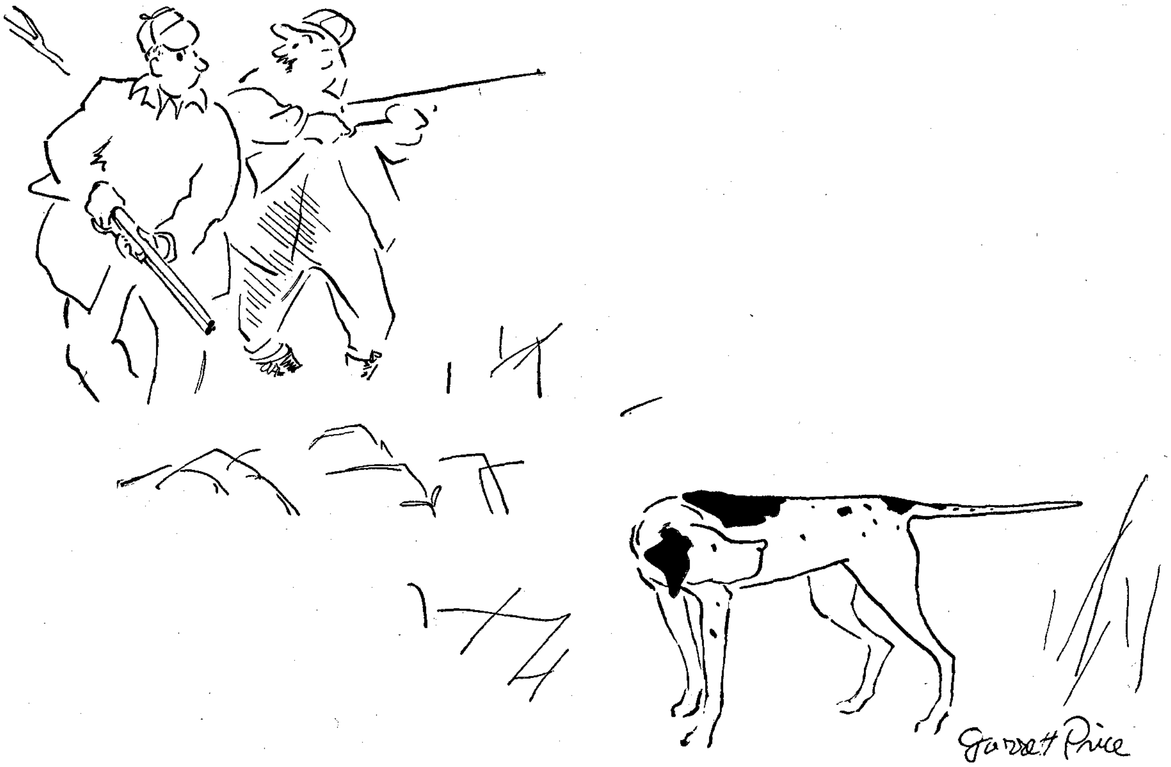
"I congratulate you," said Pnin warmly.

"Thanks, my friend. It is certainly a very fine and very prominent position. I shall apply to a wider field of scholarship and administration the rich experience I have gained here. Of course, my first move was to suggest that you come with me, but they tell me at Seaboard that they have enough Slavists without you. It is hardly necessary to tell you that Bodo won't continue you in the German Department. This is unfortunate, because Waindell feels that it would be too much of a financial burden to establish a special Russian Department and pay you for two or three Russian courses that have ceased to attract students. Political trends in America, as we all know, discourage interest in things Russian."

Pnin cleared his throat and asked, "It signifies that they are firing me?"

"Now, don't take it too hard, Timofey. We shall just go on teaching, you and I, as if nothing had happened, *nicht wahr*? We must be brave, Timofey!"

"So they have fired me," said Pnin,



*"I've always allowed him to do it his own way."*

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clasping his hands and nodding his head.

"Yes, we are in the same boat," said the jovial Hagen, and he stood up. It was getting very late.

"I go now," said Hagen, who, though a lesser addict of the present tense than Pnin, also held it in favor. "It has been a wonderful party, and I would never have allowed myself to spoil the merriment if our mutual friend had not informed me of your optimistic intentions. Good night. Oh, by the way, I hope you will participate vitally in the dramatic program in New Hall this spring. I think you should actually play in it. It would distract you from sad thoughts. Now go to bed at once, and put yourself to sleep with a good mystery story."

On the porch, he pumped Pnin's unresponsive hand with enough vigor for two. Then he flourished his cane and marched down the wooden steps.

The screen door banged behind him.

"*Der arme Kerl,*" muttered kindhearted Hagen to himself as he walked homeward. "At least, I have sweetened the pill."

FROM the sideboard and dining-room table Pnin removed to the kitchen sink the used china and silverware. He put away what food remained into the bright arctic light of the refrigerator. The ham and tongue had all gone, and so had the little pink sausages, but the vinaigrette had not been a success, and enough caviar and meat tarts were left over for a meal or two tomorrow. "Boom-boom-boom," said the china closet as he passed by. He surveyed the living room and started to tidy it up. A last drop of Pnin's Punch glistened in its beautiful bowl. Joan had crooked a lipstick-stained cigarette butt in her saucer; Betty had left no trace and had taken all the glasses back to the kitchen. Mrs. Thayer had forgotten a booklet of pretty multicolored matches on her plate; it lay next to a bit of nougat. Mr. Thayer had crumpled into all kinds of weird shapes half a dozen paper napkins. Hagen had quenched a messy cigar in an uneaten bunchlet of grapes.

In the kitchen, Pnin prepared to wash up the dishes. He removed his silk coat, his tie, and his dentures. To protect his shirt front and tuxedo trousers, he donned a soubrette's dappled apron. He scraped various tidbits off the plates into a brown-paper bag, to be given eventually to a mangy little white dog, with pink patches on its back, that visited him sometimes in the afternoon—there was no reason a human's misfortune should interfere with a canine's pleasure.

He prepared a bubble bath in the sink for the crockery, glass, and silverware, and with infinite care lowered the aquamarine bowl into the tepid foam. Its resonant flint glass emitted a sound full of muffled mellowness as it settled down to soak. He rinsed the amber goblets and the silverware under the tap and submerged them in the same foam. Then he fished out the knives, forks, and spoons, rinsed them, and began to wipe them. He worked very slowly, with a certain vagueness of manner, which might have been taken, in a less methodical man, for a mist of abstraction. He gathered the wiped spoons into a posy, placed them in a pitcher, which he had washed but not dried, and then took them out one by one and wiped them all over again. He groped under the bubbles, around the goblets and under the melodious bowl, for any piece of forgotten silver, and retrieved a nutcracker. Fastidious Pnin rinsed it, and was wiping it, when the leggy thing somehow slipped out of the towel and fell like a man from a roof. He almost caught it—his fingertips actually came into contact with it in midair, but this only helped to propel it into the treasure-concealing foam of the sink, where an excruciating crack of broken glass followed upon the plunge.

Pnin hurled the towel into a corner and, turning away, stood for a moment staring at the blackness beyond the threshold of the open back door. A quiet, lacy-winged little green insect circled in the glare of a naked lamp above Pnin's glossy bald head. He looked very old, with his toothless mouth half open and a film of tears dimming his blank, unblinking eyes. Then, with a moan of anguished anticipation, he went back to the sink and, bracing himself, dipped his hand deep into the foam. A jagger of glass stung him. Gently he removed a broken goblet. Victor's beautiful bowl was intact.

Pnin rubbed it dry with a fresh towel, working the cloth very tenderly over the recurrent design of the docile glass. Then, with both hands, in a statuesque gesture, he raised the bowl and placed it on a high, safe shelf. The sense of its security there communicated itself to his own state of mind, and he felt that "losing one's job" dwindled to a meaningless echo in the rich, round inner world where none could really hurt him.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

# CASSIE DRESSING

Cassie leaned toward the mirror on her dressing table and carefully drew the outline of her lips on her mouth. Her tiny pearl-handled brush moved without wavering. She studied the outline for a moment and then decided it was too passionate. Cassie was nineteen, a junior at Radcliffe. She was wearing a virulent-purple bathrobe her favorite cousin, a would-be actor named Vergil, had given her when she was sixteen. It was, as Cassie said, a woman of the world's bathrobe, even though by now it was a little faded and stained. In the cleft of the bathrobe was the lacy top of a black slip. Cassie's brush hovered over the points of her lips. Innocence, she thought—a sort of ripe innocence, for a Chestnut Hill White. Now, how the hell do you design ripe innocence? Cassie's more familiar mouths wouldn't do at all—the one she called "sullen juvenilia," for instance, or "it's springtime and time to laugh." Henry White was taking her home to meet his mother, and even though Cassie had no intention of becoming engaged, still Henry was rich enough that she might change her mind. It would make her mother very happy. Her mother would say gravely, "Cassie, I hope you'll be very happy." But if she became engaged to Andrew, whose father was a doorman, her mother would cry softly and say, "Cassie, how could you?" It wasn't that her mother was a conscious snob; as far as Cassie knew, her mother wasn't conscious of anything much. It was just a matter of playing by pitch; some things sounded right to Mama, and some things didn't. Cassie had a tendency toward the somethings that didn't, and so she was forced to think of herself as a rather racy young girl.

She raised her upper lip and painted a faint lurking smile at the corners. There, she thought, I'm good-natured. With her eyebrow pencil she drew a line on the rim of her eyelids, to darken her eyelashes, which were already black. Her black hair was cut short and fluffy around her head. She pushed at her hair and moved it around. The face in the mirror smiled at her wanly. Cassie's nose was large, her lips full, her dark eyes kind and shining. When she looked in the mirror, she invariably dilated her eyes and pulled in her lips, and so she thought she had a blank, polite face. But she was wrong. She had an asymmetrical face, a strangely dignified, knowing girl's face, bright with a peculiar dazzle, perhaps of health, perhaps of carelessness.

*The trouble was, she thought, that if* you married someone poor, it was obviously lechery. But if you married someone rich, everyone congratulated you as if you had performed some act of unusually intricate virtue. Even liberals. Cassie rose from the mirror, and the minute she did so, her face flowed back to its normal expression, brighter and more wary. Of course, if you were enclosed in the sort of physical envelope she was, people thought of you as lecherous anyway, no matter what you did, Cassie thought hopefully. Men fell in love with you, older men, younger men, little boys.

She took off her bathrobe and backed up to the mirror on her closet door. Her back was straight, her rear ample (too ample; with sudden savagery, she swatted it), her legs acceptable. She slid into a daydream where she was a musical-comedy star who made lots of money and didn't have to marry. Cassie gave an exploratory bump and grind, and then burst out laughing at herself. It had been such a very dignified bump and grind. With one hand on her stomach and the other gyrating in space, she closed her eyes and tried to do better.

Her roommate, Carey, came in. "Cassie, what the hell you doing?"

"Shaking my tail. It's good for the waistline. You ought to try it. You're a little thick in the middle."

Carey was a tall, flat-chested, athletic girl with protruding teeth, who loved horses. She frowned. "You're not very witty," she said. "You're not even funny."

Cassie opened her closet door and looked at her dresses. Carey opened a drawer, made a few angry noises, and then left the room. Cassie relaxed. She began to lift dresses out of the closet and hold them in front of her. Then, suddenly, she felt like crying. After all, tonight might be the night when she became engaged, when she pledged her honor to marry a man, and in her family the women stayed married. She would be obliged to spend an entire lifetime with this one man. . . . She quickly grabbed another dress and held it up. It was brown silk, with tiny black figures on it, and it had sleeves that went only to the middle of her forearm. It was her sophisticated dress (Cassie, defenseless and alone, puckered her lower lip and pressed the dress against her body); her mind swam with memories. In that dress she had sipped her first Martini. . . . At the Plaza, too. It was with Roy Delbert and his father and his father's third wife. The men had leaned across the table and lit her cigarettes, and Mrs. Delbert had persistently, *gallantly*, asked her questions about her college courses. But nothing could have turned Cassie back into a mere college girl that day, nothing could touch her. She remembered clearly only the beating of her heart . . . and slipping her shoes off under the table, her new high heels, green I. Millers with pointed, uncomfortable toes. Roy's face was a blur. Though he'd been the one who cried . . . Cassie flung her dress on her bed and fell down beside it. How could he expect her to promise to marry him? She had been seventeen at the time. He had called her a cruel bitch. Cassie ran her hands wonderingly over her face. Was she a bitch? Was she coarse and cruel? It was terribly important to know. But Cassie's mind refused to enter into a discussion. She felt sick and unhappy, but her mind did nothing. She would be late; she would make Henry White wait and wait and wait. She lit a cigarette.

The first time she'd ever been called a bitch was at practically her very first dance. It was her first *big* dance. In Philadelphia. She'd gone down from New York on the train to her cousin Phyllis's. Phyllis had an expensive formal of white tulle; it was someone's coming-out party. Cassie had a rather bargain-type dress, calico and proper, from Best's. What her mother called reasonable and what Cassie called cheap. Fourteen ninety-five and with plenty of material at the seams. She'd been pudgy then, but her skin had the healthy glaze that comes from sunshine and ten hours of sleep a night. She had always hoped she would be attractive, and it was very likely she would find out that night. Phyllis had been hateful from the moment they started dressing for the party. She said Cassie's whistling got on her nerves. She said Cassie hogged the mirror. And when the boys had arrived and Phyllis and Cassie were about to start downstairs, Cassie took one last hopeful look at herself in the mirror and then she threw her head back and laughed with delight. Phyllis grabbed her by the arm and yanked her toward the head of the stairs. Phyllis was seventeen then, two years older than Cassie, and thin; she looked well in suits. "You fat little bitch!" she muttered as they went down.

Cassie sat up. She had been pretty bad at that party. She'd tucked her bodice a little lower than it had been at Best's. And the boys. Cassie, on her bed, in her college room, shivered with delight. She'd been stared at and pleaded with and cut in on and kissed. . . . "Oh, goodness me!" Cassie said aloud. "I certainly liked that," she whispered to herself. "And the flowers. So many boys sent me flowers that weekend, and I promised to write them all, and I never wrote a single one."

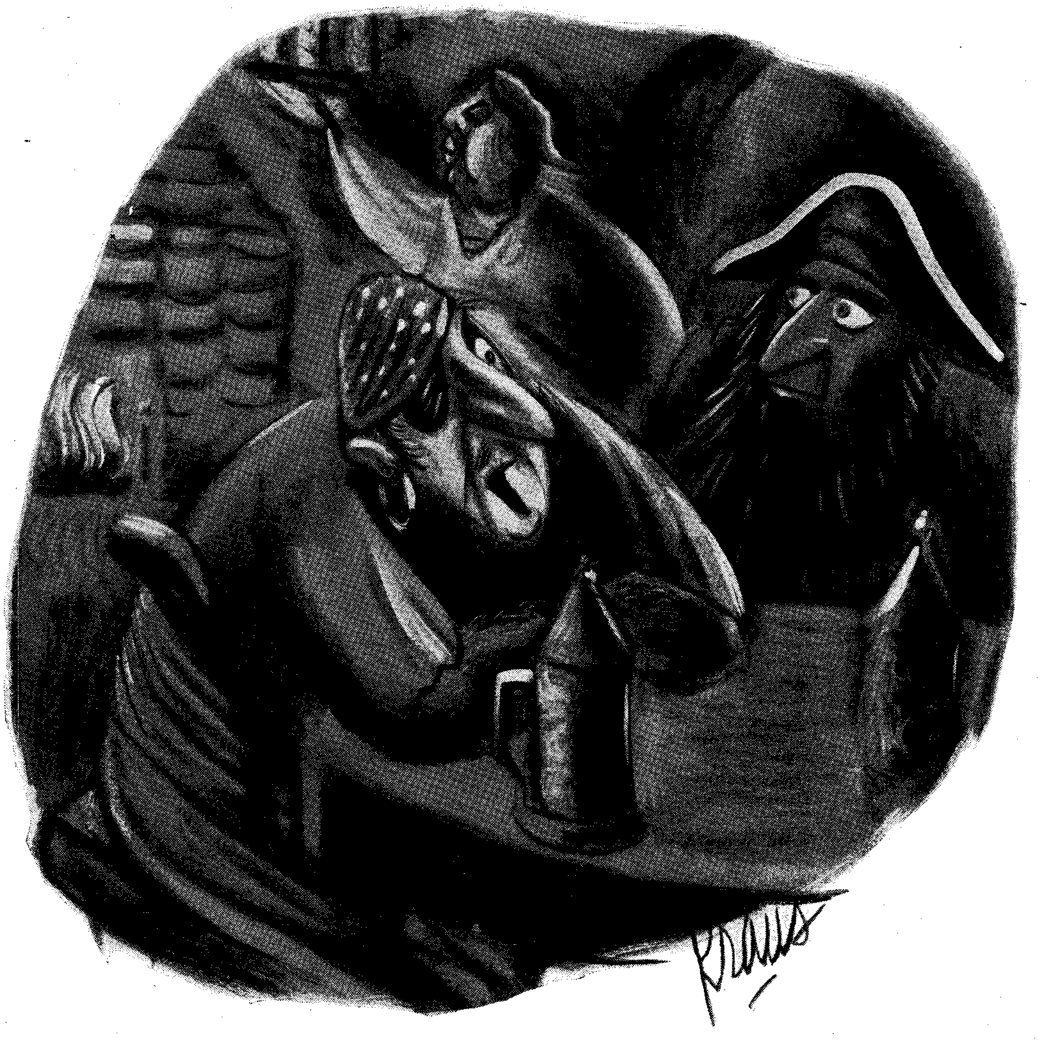
THE buzzer sounded in the hall: three longs and a short. Cassie went to the doorway of her room, frowned, and then slowly, graciously, sauntered down the hall to the telephone. It was Henry. Cassie told him she wasn't nearly dressed. Maybe he'd better go have coffee and come back in twenty minutes.

"But Mother's waiting for us!" Henry said.

Cassie stared coldly into the telephone. "This speaks ill for the future," she said; she felt herself becoming more and more of a great lady. She said soothingly, "Now, Henry . . . Well, if you must know, the showers were crowded."

She wandered back to her room, her eyes blank. Andrew, who was tall and serious and in the third year of law school, would never have put up with that. He would have slammed the phone in her ear. His name was Borodin. His father was a broken-down refugee biology professor who hadn't the heart to learn English. He had been a doorman for three years, until Andrew's older brother was old enough to go to work. Cassie had never known anyone who studied with the ferocity Andrew did. He could even cross his legs ferociously when he was reading. Andrew counted so much on the future that when Cassie was with him, she could feel it, those hours of getting ahead, those days, and years, glittering like gold.

"What kind of name is Borodin?" her mother had asked. Sweetly. "From somewhere in Eastern Europe?" That meant that Andrew had little value. He was no catch, no treasure. And truthfully, Cassie had to admit, his manners were poor; he was sulky at the drop of a hat; he was easily hurt. He could be very, very foolish. And what was worse, any girl could get him: She had only to be nice, to be a little tender, and a little curious about the law.



*"And when we finally do get our hands on some treasure, what happens? We bury it."*

Cassie surrendered. She decided to wear her pale-blue dress for Henry; it was innocent, to go with her lips. She took the dress out of her closet and began to slip it over her head. The strange thing was how few men had cut in on her at the law-school dance. Perhaps Andrew had been fierce-looking and scared the other men off. Or perhaps, with Andrew, she hadn't been so eager to attract all the men; maybe it was something you turned off and on, being a bitch. . . .

Cassie threw her head back, her blue dress still unfastened. What in hell were you supposed to do with your beauty? Collect just one man, very rich, with a number of houses, and have everyone look up to you? Be a good girl, date nice boys, not say mean things to the Careys and Phyllises, not make the Roy Delberts cry?

She zipped up her dress savagely. No: she'd rather be mean and bad and have a foul character. She'd sleep with Andrew. Her mother could go to hell.

She savagely unzipped her dress and pulled it over her head. She threw it on the floor, where it would irritate Carey, who didn't have a date. She reached into the closet and pulled out her new black dress. Her mother had said she was too young for black. Cassie laughed, showing her teeth. She wasn't going to wear a girdle, either. Her behind was going to shake its heart out. The dress fit very well. Cassie sighed and patted her hair, pushing one strand over her forehead. Then with a Kleenex she wiped the curve off the corner of her lips. Sullen juvenilia, that was her. Bad world. Bad Cassie.

—HAROLD BRODKEY

•

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The way I take is superhigh,
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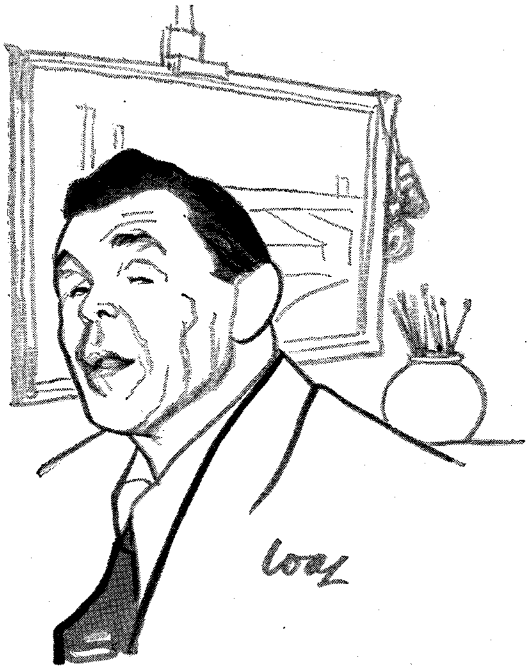
Super-super-superwho?

—JOHN UPDIKE

# PROFILES

## GLOVE AND PALETTE



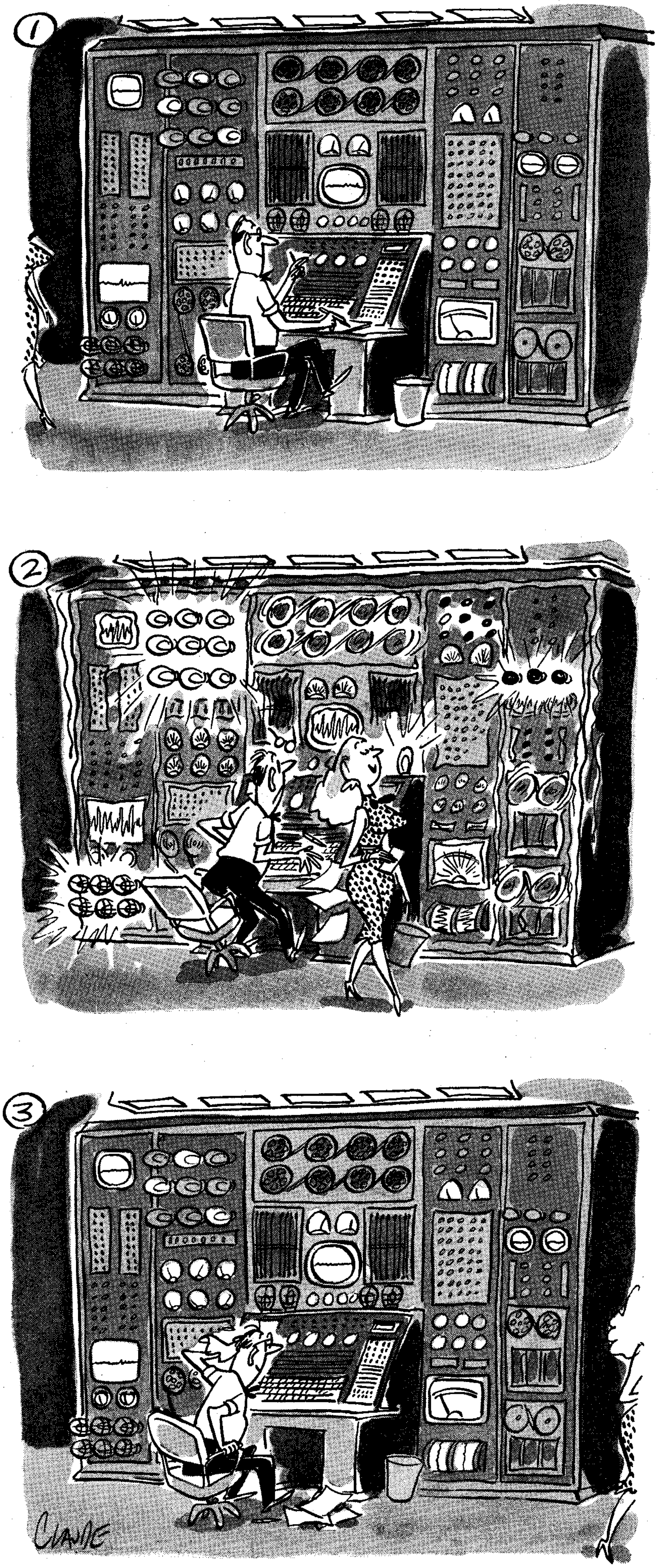
*Mickey Walker*

MICKEY WALKER, who at different times held both the welterweight and the middleweight prizefighting championships of the world and who was possibly the toughest man for his weight in ring history, is often uneasy in his present career as a painter. "Used to be I could solve a professional problem with a nice, clean left hook, but sometimes now I can't seem to lay a glove on the opponent," he says. Walker's most recent one-man show, held at the Associated American Artists Galleries, at 711 Fifth Avenue, attracted one of the largest crowds the establishment has had, and it drew admiring comments from many critics, who used expressions like "stimulating," "interesting," and "a true American primitive." The director of the gallery, George Fortson, feels that Walker has struck a fresh note in primitive art by presenting unusually emotional ideas in flat perspective and bold primary colors. Six of the canvases were sold, at prices ranging from seventy-five dollars to nearly a thousand.

Walker is a fun-loving man, and he enjoys looking back on his first one-man show, which was arranged mostly by Bill Corum, the sportswriter, financed by *Click* magazine, and held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, following a reverberating publicity buildup. The year was 1944—not long after he had sold his interest in an Eighth Avenue saloon that had become known affectionately as the Tavern of the Bite, in deference to the unique amount of worthless IOUs collected during each day's business. When Walker's former devoted clientele—fighters, Tenth Avenue dock-wallopers, Broadway characters, con men, jockeys, shills, and miscellaneous indigents—heard that their old pal was squaring off in a new medium, they agreed to turn out in large numbers. Moreover, they left nothing undone to give the delegation class. Many borrowed or stole tuxedos, cutaways, Prince Alberts, or other formal wear, and silk hats were not uncommon, sometimes in combination with sports jackets or turtleneck sweaters. Park Avenue also showed up, though not as well dressed, and there was free whiskey, beer, and champagne. Walker is pretty sure that few of the saloon group had ever before tasted champagne. It was natural, therefore, that its members at first took a mincing view of the occasion, especially when they sensed a withdrawn attitude on the part of the refined patrons across the room. "Dahling!" a derbied shill would exclaim to a peevish-looking jockey while holding a champagne glass affectedly by the stem. "Isn't this too divine? I'm *so* glad you could get ovah!" When it came time to scrutinize the pictures, the conversation continued in the same vein. But a poet once observed that one touch of liquor makes the whole world kin, and soon the two factions started to mingle with overt affection. Unquestionably, the pièce de résistance of the affair was a newsreel statement made by the New Jersey heavyweight Tony Galento, who has been referred to as "the human beer barrel." Wearing a monocle on a black velvet ribbon while Walker, in beret and holding a palette, stood attentively alongside, Galento delivered the following prepared opinion, after eight pauses for refreshment necessitated by his last-minute efforts to weed out unsuitable Anglo-Saxonisms: "The perspective is distorted and the subordination of technique to composition is indubitably fatuous." Shortly afterward, the party broke up, with a heart-warming fusion of the social elements. Crooked Dollar Mush, one of Walker's staunchest West Side supporters, left with a famous hyphenated-name hostess to aid at a charity tea, and Nick the Bum, also of the saloon clique, joined a party that was headed for the Metropolitan Opera.

Walker's friends are by no means drawn entirely from the boxing and Broadway worlds. In his fighting days, which ended in 1935, he was wealthy; he owned a mansion in fashionable Rumson, New Jersey, entertained with lavishness, and golfed with the country-club set. Part of Walker's fame as a fighter derived from his custom of taking on anyone who would climb into a ring with him, regardless of weight. Thus, besides the smaller men, he fought Jack Sharkey, Max Schmeling, and other leading heavyweights, and attracted some of the richest gates ever known in his profession. He was generous to the point of absurdity. The fact is that his contemptuous attitude toward money became a byword in an era of opulence. Not long ago, working artistically in pencil on the back of a menu in Jack Dempsey's Restaurant, he calculated that, all told, he had squandered slightly in excess of three and a half million dollars before 1940. Modestly, he feels that this was done with unusual finesse. At one time during his years in Rumson—or what might be called his black-and-blue period, for he took some terrible poundings in addition to winning a great many fights—he had a million dollars in cash, which he kept in thousand-dollar bills in a safe-deposit box.

Thinking over this gleaming predicament—a flowering of the American dream—Walker is able to say quite happily that while the cupboard is now comparatively bare, he regrets not one nickel of his lost fortune. "I had a good time," he observes, in what must be rated one of the most movingly eloquent understatements on record. Walker at full tilt through the twenties, and into the economic jungle of the thirties, was a sight to gladden cabaret dwellers. His standard tip to waiters was a hundred-dollar bill, and his tipple was vintage champagne, which he generally ordered in magnums, unless jeroboams were available. During his best earning years, he was managed by Jack—or Doc—Kearns, who had managed Jack Dempsey until the two had a row that temporarily ended their friendship. It was Kearns who introduced Walker to the expensive sport of check-grabbing. In his cups, Kearns took it as a personal affront if someone tried to collar a tab. On other occasions, though, with fatherly indulgence, he permitted his fighters to pay restaurant bills. Walker remembers with wry amusement one evening's frolic in Texas Guinan's night club, which jealously guarded its reputation of providing less for the money than any other such establishment in the world. Walker and Kearns hit the place at a late hour, after a moist sojourn in five or six rival Broadway spots. Among the customers was a celebrated gambler of the era, Fred Perry, who commuted to New York from Cuba. He was entertaining a large and raucous party, and as the night wore on, he insisted that the Walker-Kearns faction join his table. A festive Fourth of July atmosphere, with corks popping and glasses crashing, prevailed for hours afterward. Eventually, the wassail dissolved, and Walker insisted on paying the combined check. To bolster his decision, he sportingly offered to fight anybody who demurred. When a waiter arrived with an itemized account, which seemed lengthy and, as somebody said, looked like a railroad ticket to Siam, Walker glanced carelessly at the total and tossed out a five-hundred-dollar bill, crying, "Keep the change!" He was taken aback when the waiter coughed apologetically and replied, "I'm sorry, sir. It isn't four hundred—it's four *thousand* dollars." The Perry group, stimulated by the lights and high buildings after Cuba, had been in the club for three days.



A GREAT many sages, most of them pacific, have tried to probe the elements of heredity and environment that go to make a fighter. Walker, whose opinion on the subject may safely be taken as expert, feels that the formula is simple: Fighters are made by fighting. An uncomplicated analogy is possible. If a hundred children are put to the fiddle and another hundred are made to mix it, the first group will inevitably produce several able musicians, along with a number of pests, while the second group will turn out some unusual bruisers. Walker is himself a choice illustration of this theory. He grew up (as Edward Patrick Walker) in the Keighry Head section of Elizabeth, New Jersey, a joyous Irish community where skull-cracking was the favorite sidewalk sport, as hopscotch held sway in other areas, and where infants normally teethed on shillelaghs. At Walker's birth, in 1901, it was conceded in the neighborhood that he was marked for stardom; specifically, he was marked with a black eye, the gift of an overzealous doctor who believed in spanking new babies into life with vigor. "The boy will go far" was the verdict of several ancients, rich in Irish lore, who dropped in to view the phenomenon. Walker's father, Michael, a bricklayer, had moved to Elizabeth from Massachusetts, where he had won distinction as an occasional sparring partner of the hallowed John L. Sullivan. However, it is from his mother, the former Elizabeth Higgins, of Elizabeth, that Walker believes he got his fighting spirit. As evidence, he points to her extraordinary conduct at the time of his first for-

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mal match, a local disturbance held in the Foresters' Club, which occupied a building that had a skylight directly over the ring. Women were barred, so Mrs. Walker, undaunted by discrimination, clambered up onto the roof and set up a noisy one-woman claque, but she had the misfortune to slip and fall through the skylight in the middle of the second round.

Walker's father, possibly having gained a distorted view of fighting from his experiences with Sullivan, was a great discourager of belligerence. Not unreasonably, he said he wanted his children to grow up intact. Realizing that he had a tartar on his hands in Mickey, he dressed the boy in Fauntleroy clothes and kept his hair in curls, under the impression that these steps would render the child immune to mayhem. He could hardly have been more bemused. Every time the manicured dandy emerged from the house, somebody hit him in the nose. Small fry all over Elizabeth were outraged at his appearance, but they were usually more outraged after their assault, for even as an infant Walker was a shifty and willing scrapper. At length, he simply blended into the Keighry Head scene as a fit, if eccentrically garbed, native son. He began smoking at the age of seven; elderly Elizabethans say that visually the child was an anomaly as, with velveteen collar immaculate, curls well arranged, and a cigarette dangling from his lips, he loafed in front of a saloon on Cooper's Corner. But his contemporaries learned to leave him alone, and his career moved on apace.

At the Sacred Heart Grammar School, where Walker was soon installed, he sturdily resisted the sisters for nearly eight years and then was ejected for good. In an informal advisory to the boy's father, a member of the staff stated that Mickey might well try the patience of a saint, and since there were no working saints at Sacred Heart, the job was considered hopeless. Mickey was elated, but his spirits fell when his father gave him an artistic whaling and said, "All right, then, you can earn a living." A wealthy New York relative of the family placed the boy in the architectural office of George B. Post & Co., under the impression that if he was brought along slowly, and not overmatched in the early stages, he could be made an architect or an engineer. To supplement his daytime learning, he was sent, balking and kicking like a steer, to the Mechanics Institute in the evenings. "It was the lowest period of my life," Walker said

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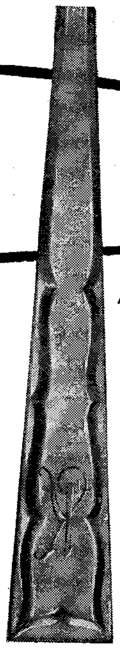

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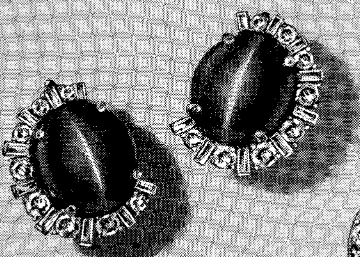

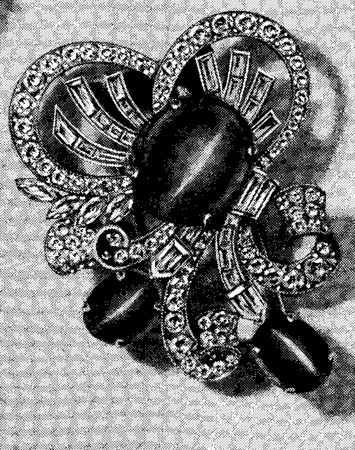

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recently. He endured it for two years and then found release. A Mr. Weinberg, the office cutup, handed the apprentice a milk bottle and ten cents and said, "Walker, trot out and get a dime's worth of radium." "Right you are, sir—be back directly," Walker replied, and left, headed for nowhere in particular. He tried a couple of drugstores, an electrical-appliance shop, and a health-food bar, and came back boiling mad. One druggist had told him he needed a prescription; the electrical man had said they didn't stock radium any more, there weren't enough calls for it; and the health-food proprietor had said they had a radium stew on the fire but it wouldn't be ready for nearly an hour. The second druggist had finally straightened the shopper out. Walker went up to Weinberg and dealt him a shrewd blow on the chin. Weinberg's name is not included in the fight-record books, but he distinguished himself, as Walker freely admits. Bouncing up from the floor, with no apparent premonition that he was facing the future welterweight and middleweight champion of the world, he knocked Walker flat. In the melee that ensued, Walker got the decision, but later he got the gate. "I'm through with that fellow," the wealthy relative told Walker's father on the phone. "He settles everything with his fists."

There followed an uneasy time for Walker—a preliminary time—while he thrashed about in one uncongenial employment after another. The United States entered the First World War, and, being too young for the Army, he went to work in a shipyard in Elizabeth, heating rivets. Presently, a bucker-up tried to steal his forge, and, naturally enough, Walker was obliged to give him a trouncing, with depressingly familiar results; the company threw the blame on Walker and handed him the sack. He removed to another shipyard, on Staten Island, and it was there, on the deck of an uncompleted tanker, that he received his call. A rigger named Eddie McGill, who was a professional fighter—a fact unknown to the sixteen-year-old Walker—decided to have a little sport with the unabashed Irish rivet heater, and was amused to hear the youth say, "You keep on and I may have to slap you into the middle of next week." McGill delightedly tossed out a careless right-hand lead, and found himself on his back, gazing up into the Staten Island sky, the victim of an extremely unamateurish left hook. This was to be Walker's great blow throughout his career. It was a gala day in the

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shipyard. An onlooker later estimated that nearly five thousand men knocked off to watch. McGill got up, and he and Walker fought for twenty-five minutes. At the end of that time, Walker was given a unanimous decision and his notice by a company official, who, glancing around at the spectators, congratulated him on his victory but added that he had impeded the progress of the war. McGill was carried off the tanker. Walker turned in his tools and went on home to break the news: He planned to get paid for pursuing a pleasant hobby; win, lose, or draw, he meant to put fighting on a business basis.

ASCENT to glory in the ring can be a slow and painful process. In the beginning stages, the rewards are principally meagre rations and scar tissue. This is especially true in the case of small men, who usually pack a lighter punch than heavyweights, thus providing less of that bloodstained damage so dear to the hearts of fight fans. Walker stood five feet six inches and weighed, in those years, a hundred and eighteen pounds, which put him in the featherweight class. "The funny thing, though, is that Mickey didn't look like a little man," says one of his former trainers, Jimmy O'Connor. "He looked like a miniature heavyweight, with a big shock of black hair, a pug nose, burly shoulders and arms, and a heavy, almost undershot jaw." A sportswriter on the New York *Mail*, in fact, soon gave Walker a descriptive nickname—the Toy Bulldog—and it stuck like plaster. Neither size nor comparisons to members of the animal kingdom inhibited the young aspirant as he buckled down to his job. First of all, he took some instruction at the local Y.M.C.A., and not long afterward, because of his spreading notoriety as a puncher, he got his first professional fight—the Foresters' Club affair, in which he met a young Italian named Dominic Orsini on February 24, 1919. Walker was to be paid ten dollars, which struck him as generous for a début appearance.

The whole episode turned out to be bizarre. Walker's father, still anti-pugilist, was not informed of the contest, but the boy's mother entered into things with high zest. So did the excitable residents of Keighry Head, who announced that one Irishman could lick five Italians and that they were organizing a small army to escort Mickey, on foot, to the arena. As for his mother, she had been reading up on health foods and had decided that raisins were the indispensable fodder for fisticuffs. One

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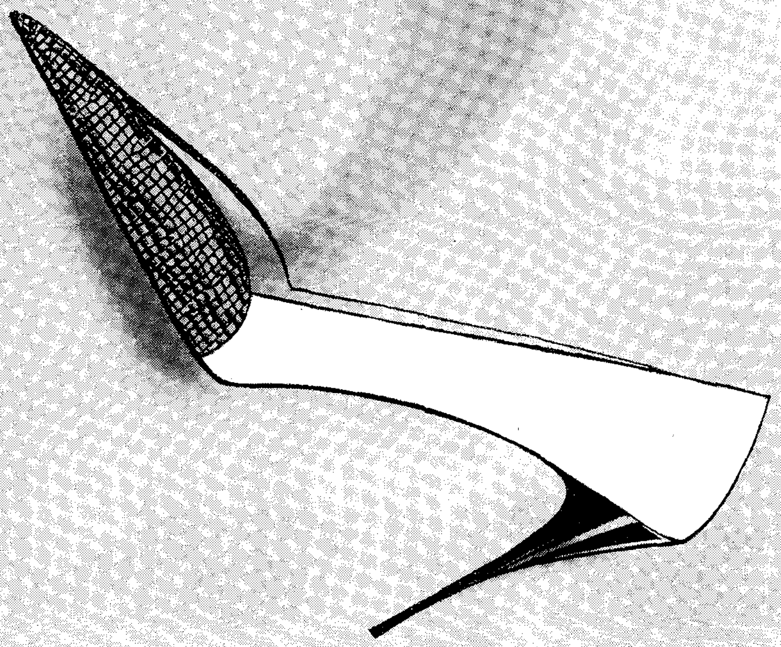
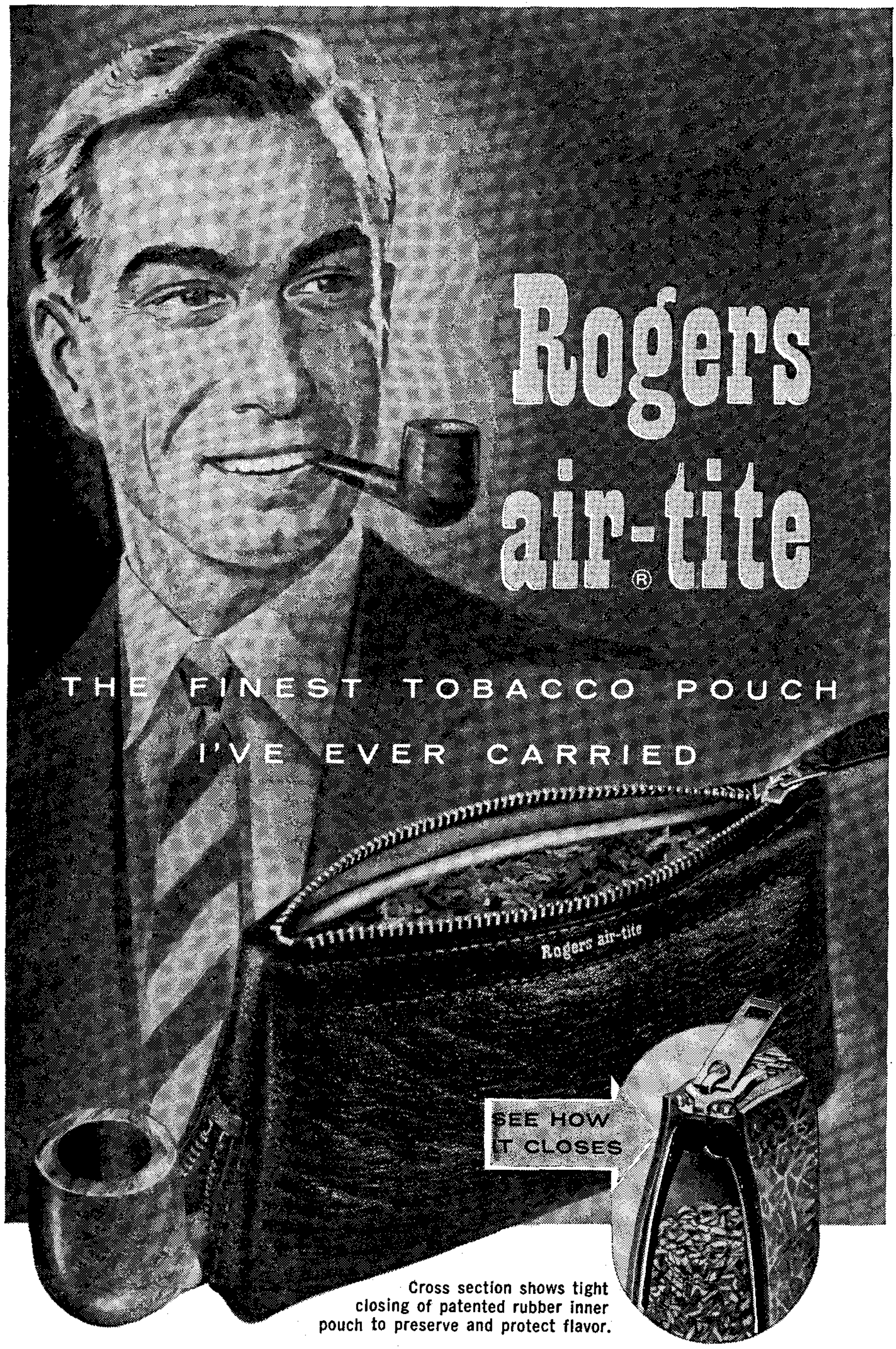


of her sources cited the case of a weakling who had stuffed up on raisins and knocked down an ox. She bought a five-pound bagful, and so, with her harassed son in the van disgustedly swallowing raisins, herself close behind shrieking encouraging cries, some of them in Gaelic, and several hundred howling Irishmen trailing out in a queue and wielding the quaint wooden arms of the old country, she started Walker toward his future. Unfortunately, the distance to the Foresters' Club was five miles, and by the time he got there, he was worn to a frazzle. Moreover, he was suffering from an acute surfeit of raisins. Inside the dressing room, while Walker's mother was climbing to the roof, a trainer had a look at him and said, "Son, the only answer to your case is horse liniment." The man poured a liberal bottleful over Walker's nether half, and the lad leaped up with a scream that rocked Elizabeth. Some of the papers, next day, described his gyrations in the ring as among the speediest examples of footwork seen in years. "I was trying to cool off," says Walker. The fight went four rounds to no decision, but it was greatly enlivened when Mrs. Walker fell through the skylight. And after the formal proceedings had ended, the Irishmen and the Italians turned in a rouser of a scrap outside. Later on, these same Italians became frenzied partisans of Walker's and, as his career gained impetus, attended all his fights in New York en masse.

Walker's first manager was Johnny Anthes, a well-known New Jersey athlete, who admired the love of combat that he recognized in the Keighry Head boy. Their association was spotty. Anthes lined up a fight with a classy—as they say in the trade—performer named Phil Delmont, who knocked Walker out quite early in the first round. Because of this and similar experiences that soon followed, Walker developed a suspicion that he was being brought along too fast. He maintained, feebly, that he ought to learn to box before he fought the top men. He and Anthes talked it over, after which the manager signed him up to fight a man who didn't knock Walker out until the third round. This meant progress, but not very much, as Walker saw it. Eventually, he became philosophical about the situation and took the matches as they came, hoping to learn to box along the way. Also, he developed a useful eccentricity in his approach to the profession: He enjoyed meeting boxers considerably larger than himself. "I always liked to punch up at a man's jaw," he says. "It gave me the



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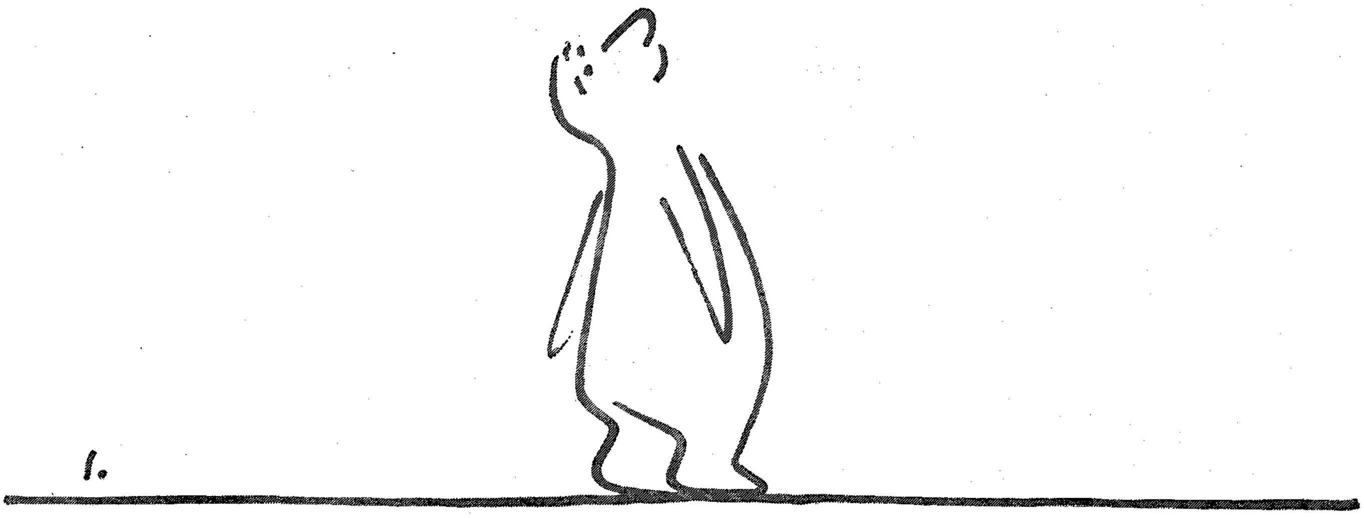

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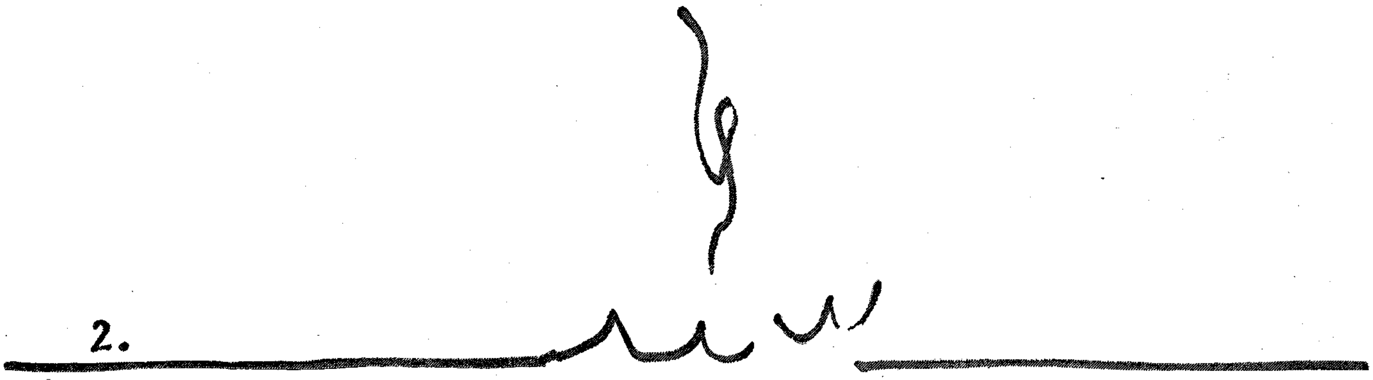

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It *can* happen here, though. If it does, enemy bombers will take many lives. How about yours?

That thorny question plagued a WJR writer so much that he wrote a radio program called "No Second Chance"—full of handy tips on survival.

WJR produced it—broadcasts it several times a week—to inform the 16,000,000 Americans in its primary coverage area of a radio-electronic system called Conelrad.

Conelrad gives you a break. "No Second Chance" tells you how Conelrad works.

That's why the Civil Defense Administration ordered that recordings of "No Second Chance" be made available to every radio station in the nation for you.

WJR is delighted to be of service.

The success of this public service program is important to advertisers, too. For Alfred Politz Research, Inc. found in a recent survey that 31 percent of all listeners in its area named WJR as most public spirited of all 197 competing stations.

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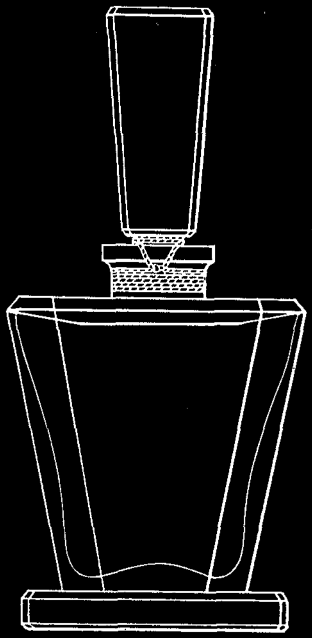

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*that women wear*
*—and men remember!*

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leverage on him." His connection with Anthes ended on an odd note. They separated because Anthes wouldn't let Walker visit his grandmother, who was sick.

"You mean I can't visit my sick grandmother?" said Walker.

"No fighter of mine leaves a training camp to visit any relation—grandmother, uncle, or cousin, sick *or* well," replied Anthes firmly.

"Johnny, you need a new fighter," said Walker, and left (to visit his grandmother).

Anthes is currently with a New Jersey Internal Revenue District, and collects his former fighter's taxes. "He's still taking a bite out of my earnings," says Walker gloomily.

On his own, the young hopeful from Keighry Head crossed the river to New York, where he visited Grupp's Gym and spoke to Tom O'Rourke, a very sharp manager of the period. "I'll be glad to take you on, Son," O'Rourke told him. "I'll get you a fight right away with Panama Joe Gans." At the moment Gans was the hottest thing in the welterweight division. Walker's reply was "Some other year," and he lit out straightway for home. In a few weeks, he teamed up with Jack Bulger, a New Jersey manager of scruple and restraint, and began meeting men whom Bulger had seeded with care. By 1921, grown to be a welterweight, Walker was in the contender class, and the next year, when he was twenty-one years old, he took the welterweight title from Jack Britton in Madison Square Garden. Curiously, he remembers the let-down feeling he experienced afterward better than the fight itself. There had been happy shouts and back-pounding in his dressing room, but he found himself going home on the train by himself, and it was then, a valuable moment in his life, that he acquired a certain enduring cynicism about the fidelity of the sporting public. In some seats behind him were a number of Elizabeth fans, whose theme, loudly spoken, seemed to be "Boy, that Mickey! What a lucky bum! Why, there's half a dozen kids in the neighborhood could murder him." Just turned champion of the world, Walker, a sensitive fellow, was seriously considering getting out of his profession, for which he felt he was clearly unsuited, and buying a filling station when the train stopped at Elizabeth and his fellow-riders spotted him. To his amazement, they began to shout with passionate enthusiasm, crying such endearments as "Mickey, you're the greatest welterweight in history!" Then,

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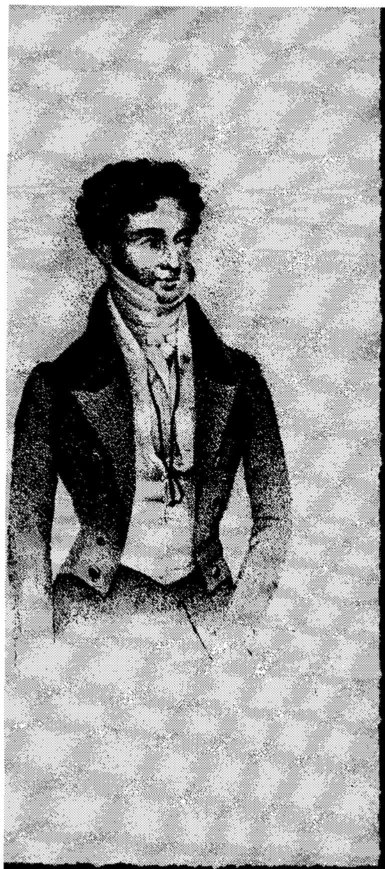
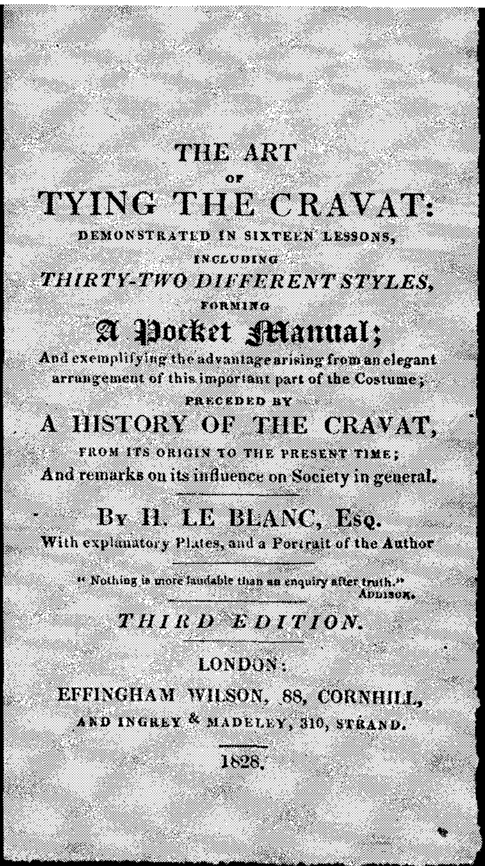


H. Le Blanc, Esq., a contemporary Brummell, and the authority on the nce of the Cravat in Society.



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*THIRD EDITION.*

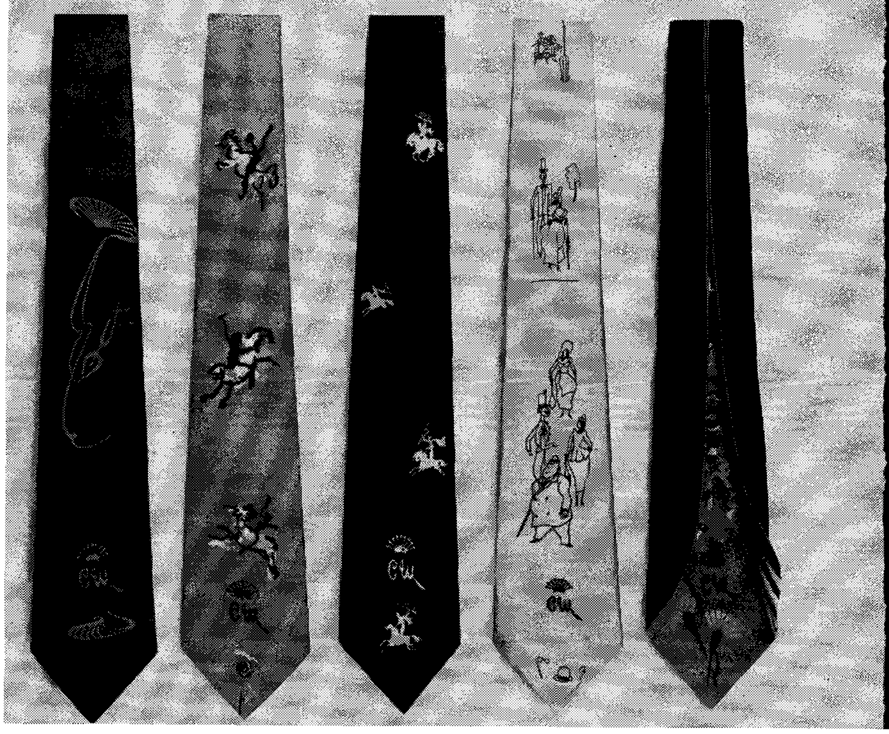
LONDON:
EFFINGHAM WILSON, 88, CORNHILL,
AND INGREY & MADELEY, 310, STRAND.
1828.

This is the title page of his treatise "The Art of Tying the Cravat." Published in England in 1828, it set the style of the day.

### *On the Importance of the Cravat in Society*

When a man of rank makes his entree into a circle distinguished for elegance, he will discover that the most critical examination will be made on the *set* of his Cravat. Should this not be correctly put on —no further notice will be taken of him. But if his Cravat is *savamment* and elegantly formed—the delighted eyes of all will be fixed on that part of his person which separates the shoulders from the chin—let him speak downright nonsense he will be applauded to the skies.

Yesterday's edict becomes today's cue for the well-groomed who are wise to heed the advice in M. Le Blanc's book!



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**The Diary of Anne Frank**
Dramatized by
FRANCES GOODRICH & ALBERT HACKETT
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hoisting him onto their shoulders, they carried him off down the street.

THE tenor of Walker's life altered drastically when Bulger died, a year or so after the Britton fight, and Kearns became his manager. A good many people feel that Kearns (who is still actively in business, as manager of Joey Maxim) is fighting's all-time most colorful figure, exceeding in antic charm even the late, celebrated Tex Rickard. Kearns' stewardship of Dempsey had collapsed for a variety of reasons; among other things, he secretly felt that he could whip Dempsey. When he became Walker's manager, he also felt that he could whip Walker, and he insisted on acting as his sparring partner on the side. By exercising great caution, Walker avoided killing him. The Walker training camp, after the advent of Kearns, took on a kind of late-Roman flavor; quite possibly there has never been another like it. Boiled down, Kearns' training credo was: Do a lot of everything. For example, he saw nothing wrong with alcohol as a source of nourishment for growing fighters, and he kept a whopping supply on hand. Customarily, Walker slept until around ten, when he arose, swallowed either tomato juice or Bromo-Seltzer, and did his roadwork, often still in his tuxedo from the previous evening's toot. As for the actual running, he might jog painfully down the pike to the nearest speakeasy, where he would drink several bottles of beer, and then sprint for a while like a fire horse heading back to the stable. In the matter of sparring, Kearns was harsh. His system was to hire the very best contenders in the class—men whom Walker might later fight for the title—and tersely instruct them, "Kill him." These orders made the afternoons hideous for Walker; once again, he began to think of changing his means of livelihood. In substance, he fought a tough championship fight every day. It was a great relief for him to knock off around five-thirty for the cocktail hour.

Having lost Dempsey, Kearns aspired to develop another heavyweight champion. He was pretty sure he could create one out of the hundred-and-forty-seven-pound Walker; on the other hand, Walker, though game, felt confident of being hopelessly damaged in the process. For the next nine years, the two travelled over America and Europe as Walker took on the best men in every class from welterweight upward. It would be difficult to say whether the fighter and his manager left a deeper mark on the ring or on the cabarets

2 BIG BROADWAY MUSICALS

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—McCLAIN, JRL.-AMER.

**GWEN VERDON** in
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**"damn yankees"**
STEPHEN DOUGLASS starring RAY WALSTON

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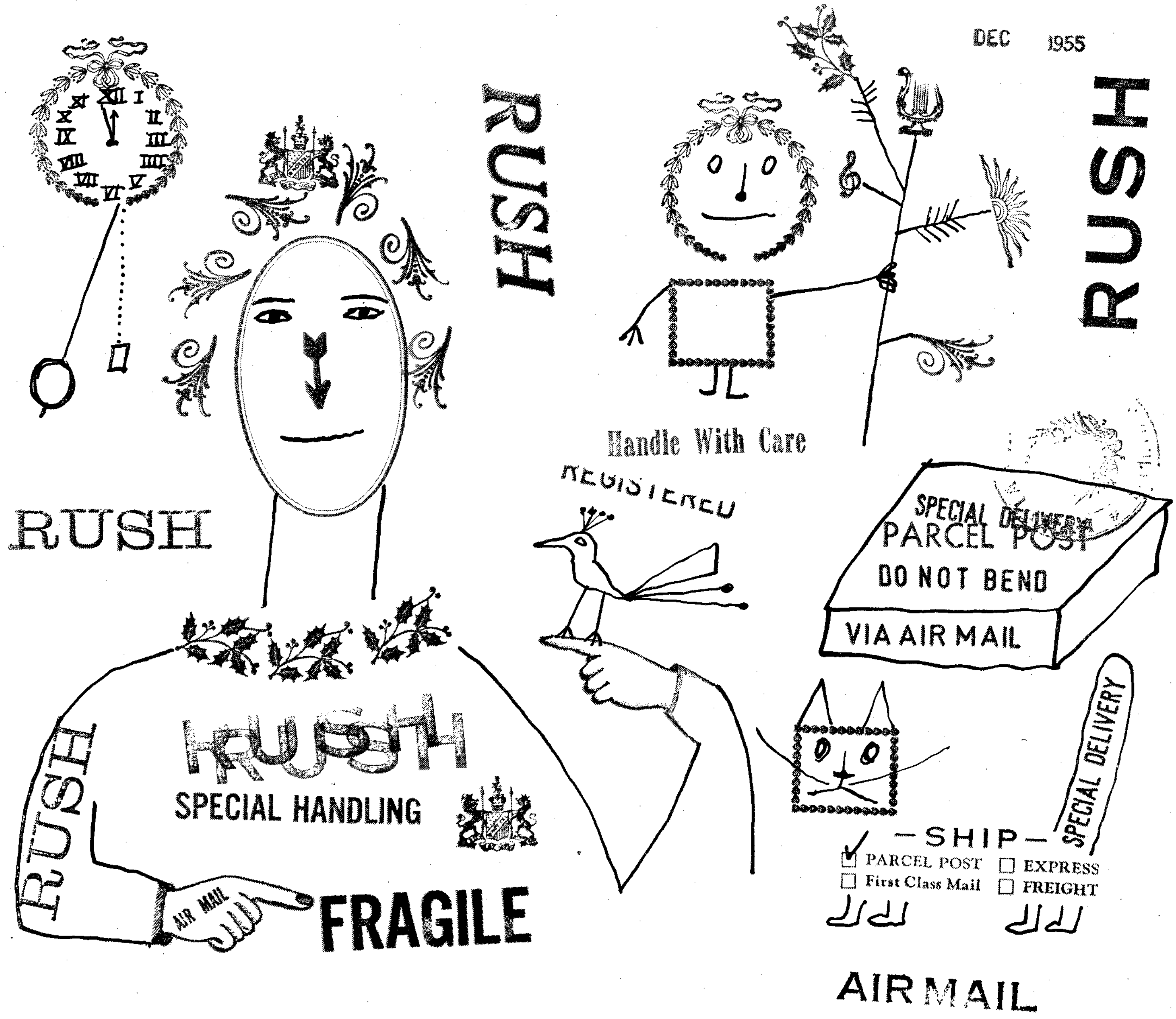
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AIR MAIL

## AND SHE DID IT ALL BY HERSELF

Once there was a woman and she had the Christmas spirit. In fact, she had so *much* Christmas spirit, that her gift list grew longer and longer every year. Unfortunately, her bank balance didn't grow along *with* it.

She started her shopping earlier. She walked and she looked and she stopped and she thought. Then she sat down to rest. And there on the counter before her, was the key to her Christmas problem. Of all things, it was a large Simplicity Pattern Catalog.

She thumbed through the pages, she went down her list. There was a handsome robe for Dad, adorable doll clothes for Mimi, aprons galore for the "Aunts", even stuffed toys for the babies. She heaved a sigh of relief, bought three printed patterns, and fabric to match, and headed straight for home. That was how it began.

She hemmed and she pinked and she nodded. And as Christmas drew nearer, her pile of packages grew larger, and the spirit lived in her heart. What a wonderful thing, she thought, to put part of *yourself* in a gift... your work, your time, the touch of your hands. She'd *never* had so much fun!

And then it was Christmas morning--with gifts for all on her list. They Oh'd and they Ah'd and they kissed her. And she almost burst with pride. It was the merriest Christmas *any* of them ever had . . . because, you see, she did it all by herself -- with the help of Simplicity Printed Patterns.

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"THE FIRST PLAY OF THE SEASON YOU WILL WANT TO GO BACK AND SEE AGAIN." Hewes, Sat. Review
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A New Play by ENID BAGNOLD
with
PERCY WARAM
FRITZ WEAVER
MARIAN SELDES
and
BETSY von FURSTENBERG
Staged by ALBERT MARRE
Scenery & Costumes by CECIL BEATON
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in the new musical comedy
"silk stockings"
music and lyrics by
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imperial theatre, 45 st. w. of b'way.

"Sex on-the-Rocks!" —Time Mag.
GEORGE AXELROD'S New Comedy
"WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?"
BELASCO THEA., 44 St. E. of B'y. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

along their route. Kearns was a fountainhead of managerial comfort as he worked in Walker's corner, equipped with an ammonia bottle full of whiskey. Between rounds, if Walker appeared droopy, Kearns would administer a husky charge of hooch, and his boy would respond with tigerish flurries. Career people of all kinds like to store up memories, and Walker recalls that in the Kearns era he often had to buy a morning paper to find out whom he had whipped the night before. "I abused the fight game," he sometimes observes, in a reminiscent vein. "But it didn't do anything to me." Recalling one match he had during the odyssey, he said recently, "In line with his plan to go after the heavyweights, Doc had dug up this fellow, which he was six feet three and weighed two hundred and five pounds. It started to pour down rain right before the fight, and the promoter said he's putting it off till the next day. Naturally, Doc and I headed for a bar to fill in the time. We had worked along pretty far, and Doc was telling a string of lies, with everybody standing around with their mouths open, and all of a sudden this skinny little guy comes running in yelling, 'The fight's on! The fight's on! The rain's stopped and everything's dried up.' Doc and I started for the arena, but we couldn't find it right off like that. Then the next thing I remember was being kind of down on my knees on a piece of canvas—they later said it was in the first round—and Doc cursing me from a corner. According to newspaper accounts, which I have no reason to disbelieve them, I got up some time after that and gave this fellow a beating, but when I think it over, it wasn't any proper way to conduct a prizefight."

Sluggishly fat from riotous living, Walker lost his welterweight title to Pete Latzo in 1926, but then he went on a Spartan program and whipped Tiger Flowers for the middleweight championship later in the year. Walker was at this time in mid-career—a brawling hurricane of a fighter, anxious to bore in and take any number of blows in order to land one or two himself. His most damaging punch was the left hook, which shot out in a quick, short arc from his side and rocked all the giants of his age, but his genius was based on courage. He was, in a word, tough. The day after he had undergone a complicated piece of surgery on his neck to clear up an infection, he fought and beat the well-known heavyweight, Paolino Uzcudun. It never occurred to Walker to call the fight off. He was assisted from

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ELI WALLACH • JOHN BEAL
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The Smash Comedy Hit
JOHN PATRICK
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MELVYN DOUGLAS
in "INHERIT THE WIND"
by JEROME LAWRENCE and ROBERT E. LEE
with ED BEGLEY
TONY RANDALL
MURIEL KIRKLAND • BETHEL LESLIE
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2nd SMASH YEAR
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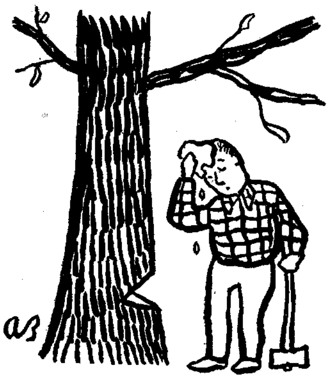
the hospital to his training camp, he rested up, he came into town, wearing his surgical dressing, and he beat Uzcudun. The scar, a jagged line four or five inches long at the back of his neck, is still visible just above his collar line.

Altogether, Walker fought so many fights—over two hundred, according to his estimate—that his recollection of them is jumbled. The record book credits him with fifty-two knockouts in the hundred and forty fights it lists for him. Over the years, he fought thirteen world champions, from welterweights up, and beat five of them. He knocked out the former light-heavyweight champion Mike McTigue in one round, successfully defended his middleweight title against Ace Hudkins twice, and then, inching slowly toward Kearns' dream, met Tommy Loughran for the light-heavyweight championship. Walker lost, in a close decision. However, the optimistic Kearns was not deterred from going on after the profession's grand prize, the heavyweight crown. It was 1931, Max Schmeling was the champion, and Jack Sharkey was his leading challenger. Owing to Kearns' nimble managerial footwork, Walker was signed to meet Sharkey at Ebbets Field, the winner to get a shot at Schmeling. "It's a wonderful opportunity," said Kearns. Thinking over this bland announcement, Walker failed to appraise it as much of a bargain. He'd been, he told Kearns, perfectly happy with the middleweight title, which seemed to fit, representing his own poundage with accuracy. Nevertheless, he applied himself to his training fairly cheerfully and then waded into a man who outweighed him thirty pounds. To the amazement of everybody, including himself, he fought Sharkey to a draw, and there were many who thought he had won. To Kearns, the road ahead lay clear. "The heavyweight title's in the bag," he said. "The rest is a mere formality." As had happened many times before, his conclusion was premature. Despite Walker's much



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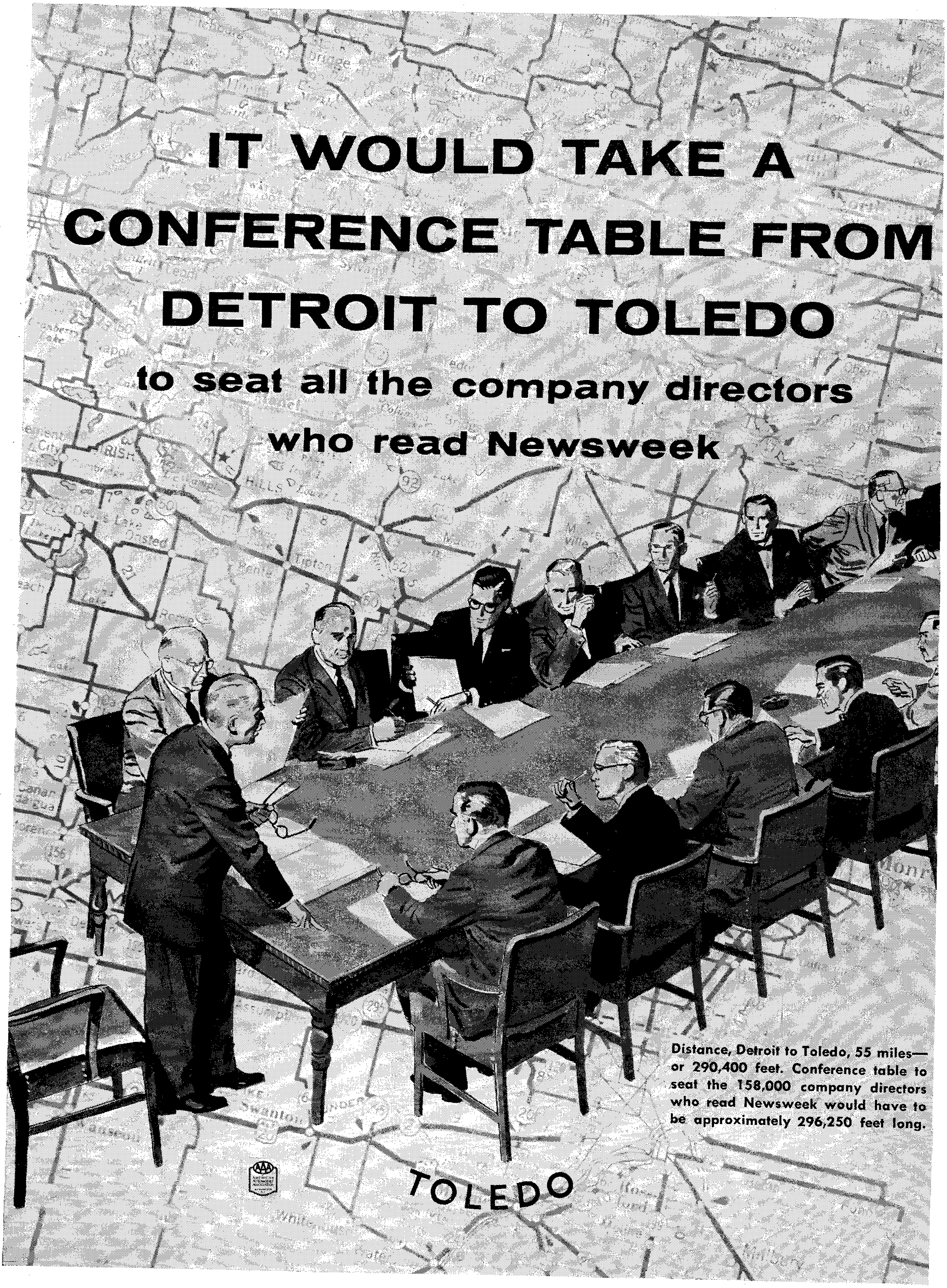

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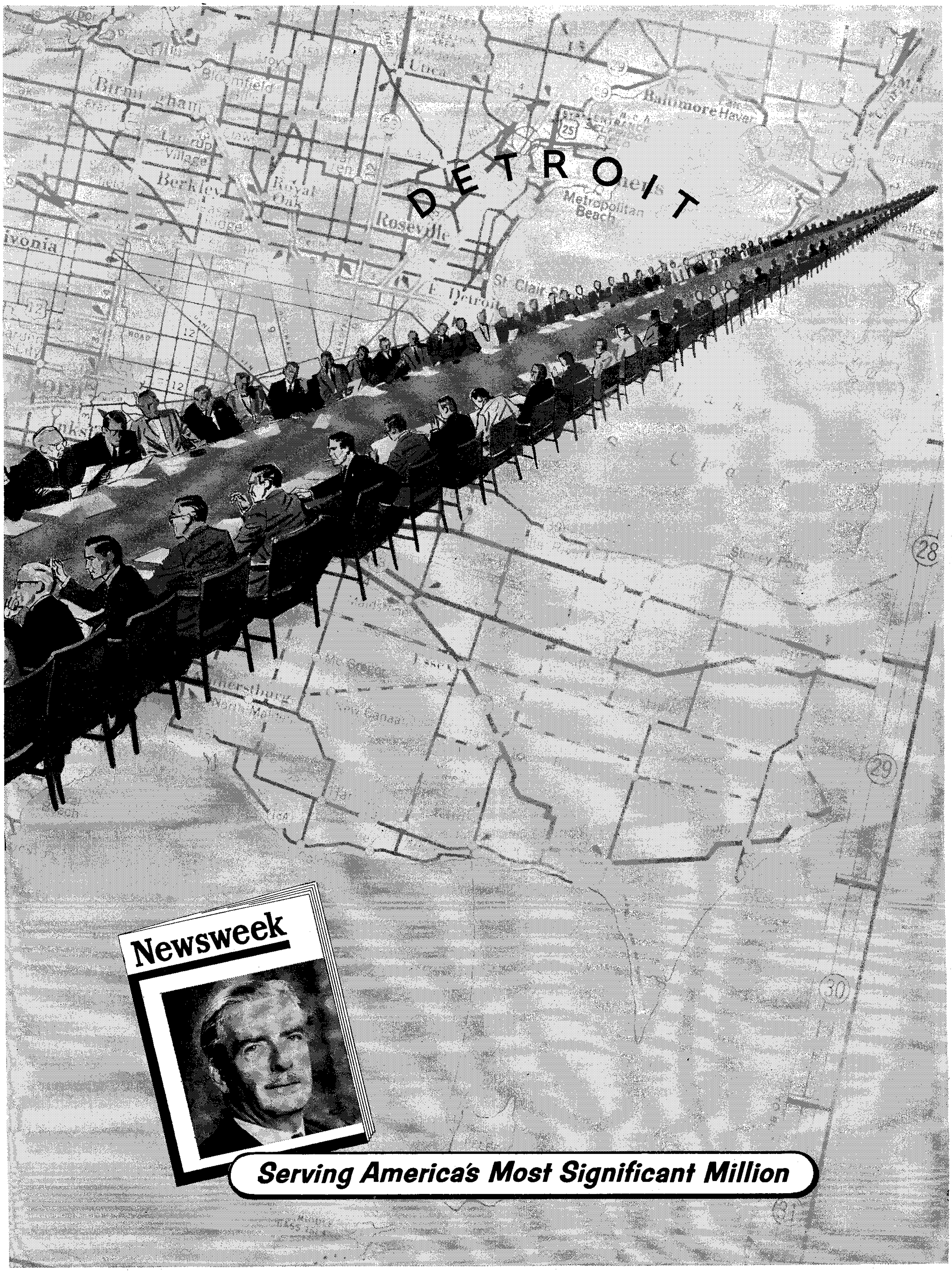
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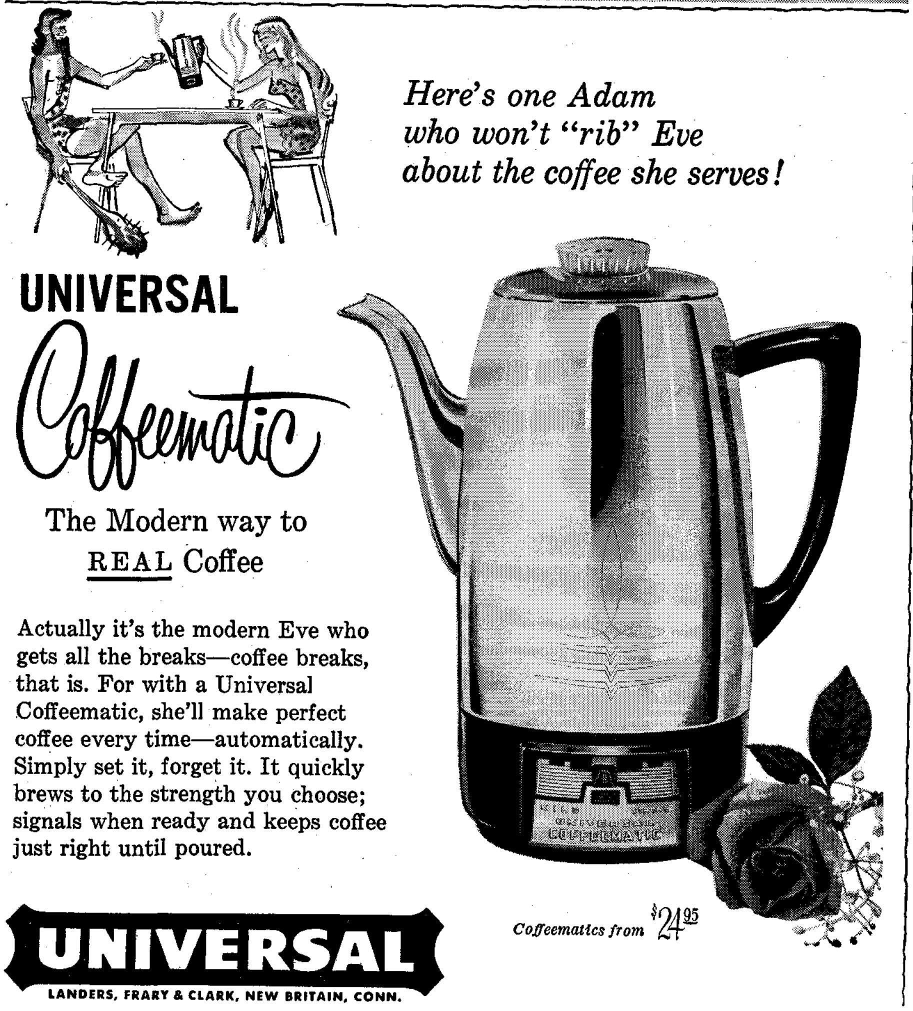
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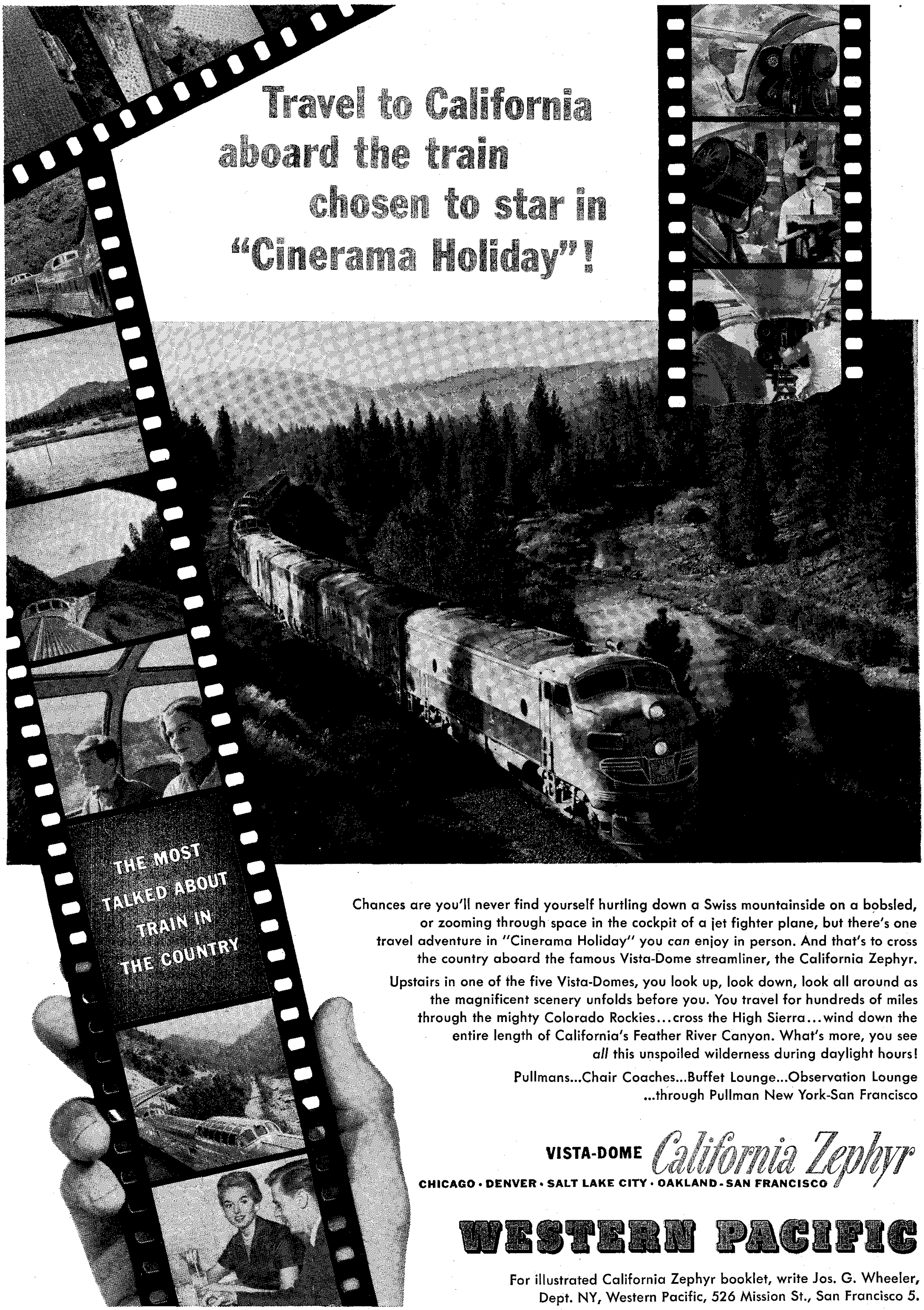
discussed showing, Sharkey, the bigger man, got the fight with Schmeling, and he won the championship easily. Walker was left with the necessity of beating the deposed Schmeling before taking on the new champion. And it was at this point—the incalculable extra hurdle—that Kearns' dream tumbled down in fragments. Walker, meeting an aroused Schmeling, had an off night and was knocked out in the eighth round. Unhappy circumstance, the persevering nemesis of career people, had prevented him from being the heavyweight king instead of Sharkey, whom he had swarmed over in the controversial draw. "I would have been the first hundred-and-fifty-pound heavyweight champeen in history," Walker says. "In a way, it seems a pity."

NOTWITHSTANDING the fights with Schmeling, Sharkey, Uzcudun, and such other heavyweights as Leo Lomski, King Levinsky, Jimmy Mahoney, and Armand Emanuel, Walker today has little hesitation in saying that he received the worst jolts of his career in his two fights with Harry Greb. His statement is puzzling, if for no other reason than that Greb was only a middleweight. Walker talks freely about his first battle with Greb, which was held in the Polo Grounds in 1925; he mentions the second, which occurred shortly afterward in front of a midtown speakeasy, only when in a confidential mood. Walker and a girl friend and Kearns arrived at the Polo Grounds a little late. Walker went in by a rear gate while Kearns, who was, at the moment, banned from the Polo Grounds for some trifling breach of etiquette, magnanimously consented to look after the girl. "I was real grouchy and nervous on fight nights," Walker says. "I was like Dempsey. You couldn't get near him. He was apt to tear your head off." Pacing across the greensward toward the dressing room, his head filled with assault and battery, Walker was spotted by somebody in the stands and there arose a variety of boos, along with such tokens of admiration as pop bottles and bits of frankfurter. Somewhat mystified, he later found out that the preliminaries had finished early, leaving the customers with a good deal of time on their hands, and word had got around that Walker had run out.

Experts now agree that the Walker-Greb bout was one of the greatest ever seen. The two men were genuinely bitter antagonists. Walker had the uneasy suspicion that Greb could outdrink him, and Greb was sick of Walker's reputa-



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tion for roughness. At the opening bell, Walker feinted with his deadly left hand, then caught Greb with a straight head to the chin. From that point on, all rules of good behavior were junked. The action was so fast that the referee was unable to catch the fighters to call fouls. Walker relied heavily on rabbit punches, kidney blows, and butts, while Greb placed his confidence in gouging. In the fourteenth round, Greb, all but knocked out, rallied with a looping right hand that deposited a thumb squarely in Walker's eye. "I couldn't see a thing for the rest of the fight," Walker says. "They gave him the decision. My only regret is I wish I'd caught him in the eye first."

Scalpers had collected upward of a hundred dollars each for ringside seats at the first Walker-Greb fight; for the second, held a few hours later, nobody paid a dime. After getting dressed, Walker hurried downtown to a tavern on West Forty-eighth Street, where he was to meet his girl and Kearns, but Kearns had remembered a conflicting engagement and had decamped, taking the girl with him. Philosophically, Walker started to leave, but then he encountered Greb and a party at a table near the entrance. "Sit down, Mick, and have a beer!" Greb called out, his face friendly and relaxed. A little cautiously, Walker drew up a chair. Their conversation was general, unrelated to pugilism, until they went outside in search of taxis. "You know, Harry, I'd have whipped hell out of you if you hadn't stuck your thumb in my eye," Walker remarked, in an analytical vein. Greb's answer was "Mickey, you couldn't whip me if I didn't have any arms." The discussion continued crescendo, and Greb began peeling off his coat. "That was where I socked him," says Walker. "I hauled off and let him have it just as his arms were tied up. You might have killed Harry with an axe, but I don't know any other way. We'd be fighting yet if a giant Irish cop named Pat Casey hadn't pulled us apart and stuck us in separate cabs. I always figured I won that one."

The next day, Tex Rickard called the belligerents to his office and offered them each a hundred thousand dollars for a return match. Considerably disfigured, Walker and Greb eyed each other warily. Finally, Greb said, with a sigh, "Mickey, there's too many easy guys around for us to keep on killing each other." "That suits me exactly," Walker replied. "Let's step out and have a drink."

"Harry was a great man," Walker

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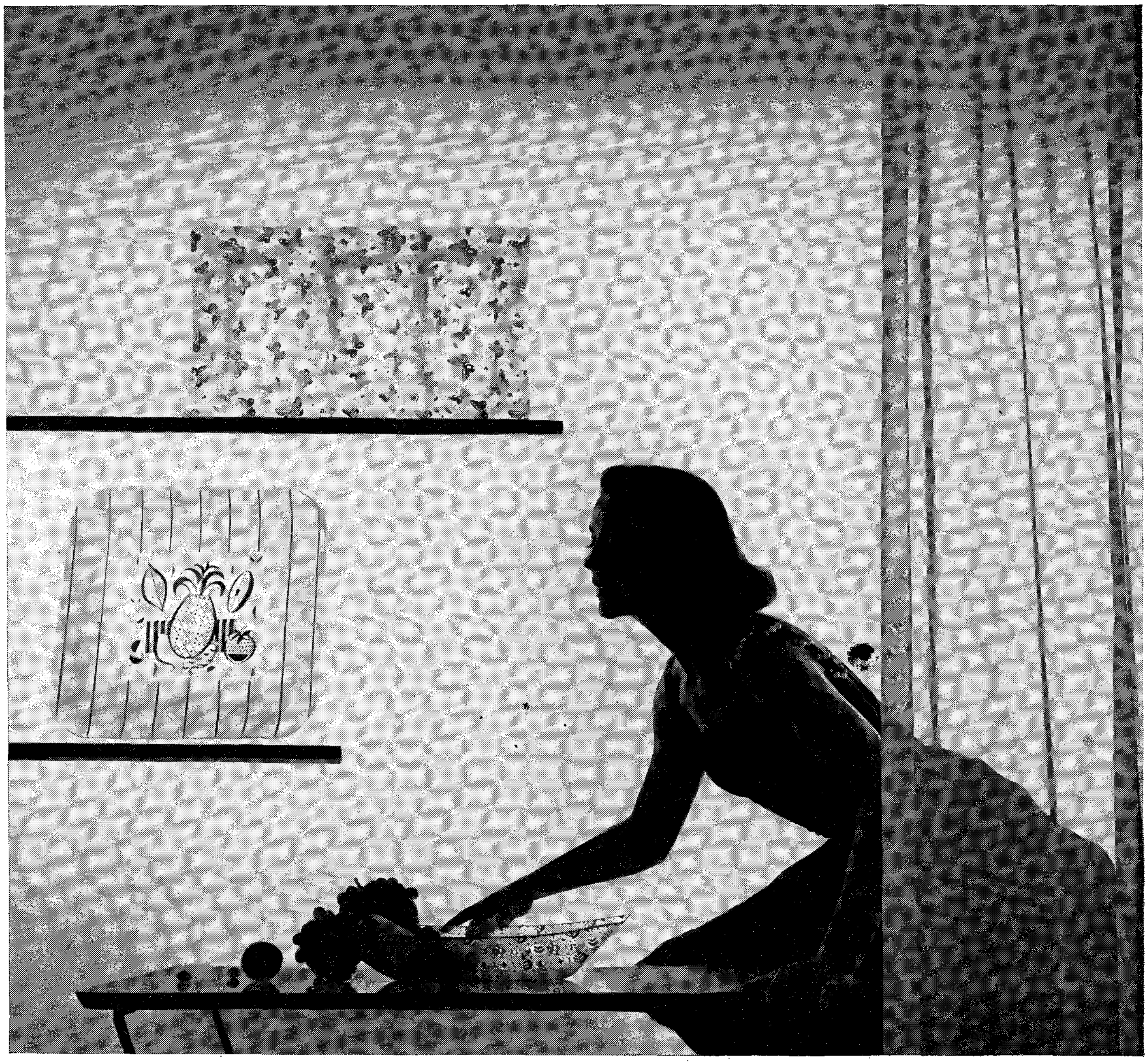

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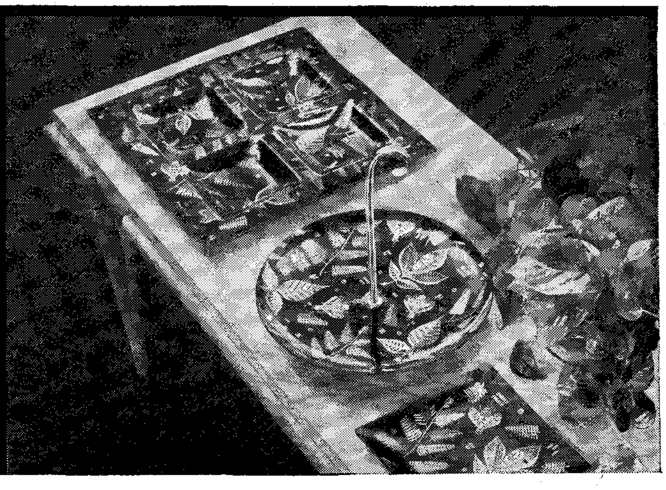
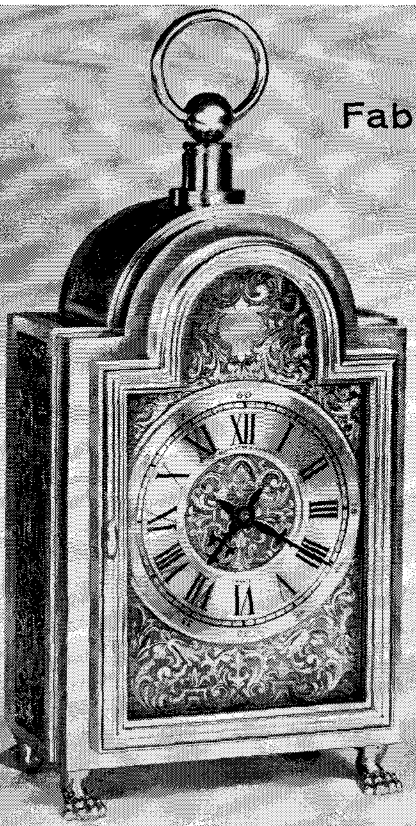


says today. "I think the only time I ever cried in my life was when he died."

During those free-swinging years of Walker's, when offers like Rickard's were not uncommon, the tide of his financial fortunes ebbed and flowed. He would be immensely rich one month and a comparative pauper the next. A case in point was his fight, in London in 1927, with the Englishman Tommy Milligan, who was heavily favored in the betting. Two weeks before sailing time, Walker and Kearns, dining with some titled Britishers in New York, gaily consented to stake their end of the purse—a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars—at odds of one to four. In the course of the ten-round match, Milligan came very close to being destroyed by what Sir Hall Caine, the novelist, wrathfully described in a London newspaper as "a debauch of brutality," after which Walker and Kearns collected their six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Then they crossed the Channel and set out to see Continental Europe. As it developed, they got a very specialized view, nocturnal in aspect. Walker believes that they hit all the principal night clubs from Paris to Istanbul; their conduct was a tribute to the profligacy of American tourists. When they arrived home, they had disposed of five hundred thousand dollars.

LOOKING back, Walker frankly admits that his marital life has been both singular and full. He has had three wives, but he has been married a total of five times. His first was Miss Maude Kelly, a Brooklyn girl, whom he married in 1925. They were divorced, and he married Miss Clara Hellmers, a New Jersey girl. They were divorced, and he married another New Jersey girl, Miss Eleanor Marvel. Walker and Miss Marvel were divorced, and he remarried Miss Hellmers. Then he and Miss Hellmers were divorced again, and he remarried Miss Kelly. Thus, after the round trip, Walker is back where he started, domestically speaking. By one or another of the three wives he has fathered a daughter, Patricia, who is a public-relations officer of the Prudential Insurance Company, and three sons: Michael, a Cornell graduate, who is now an architect in Los Angeles; James, a former football star at the University of Miami and currently a salesman of aluminum windows; and Kerry, who is still in high school. Walker's principal home is in Spotswood, New Jersey, but he also keeps a room at the Hotel Belvedere, on West Forty-eighth Street, a



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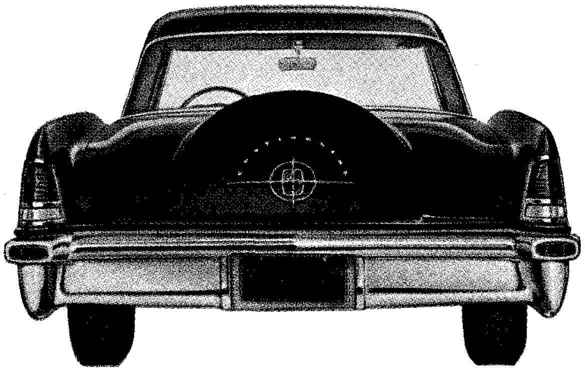

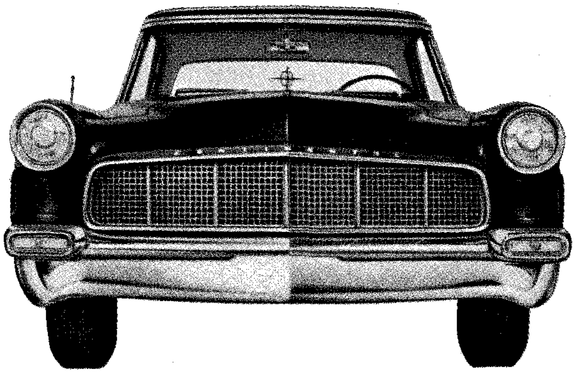

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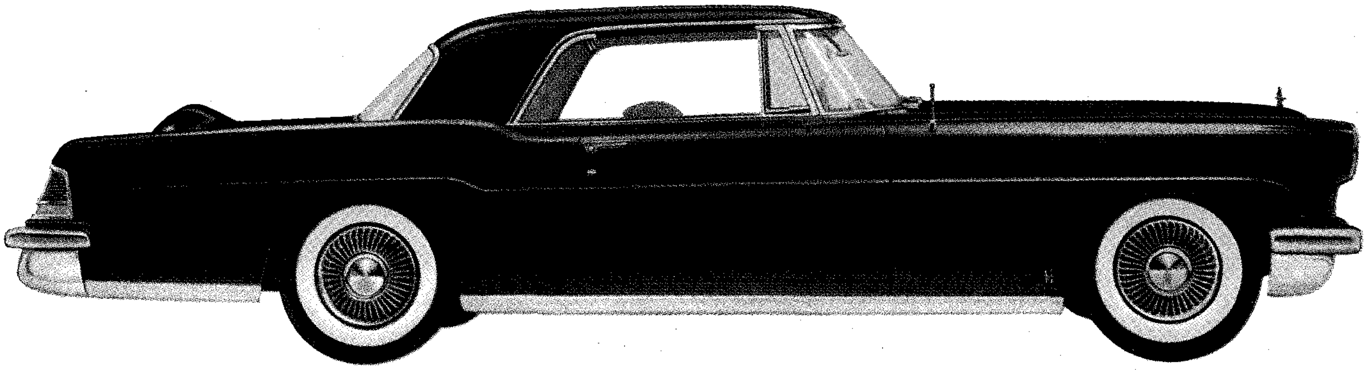

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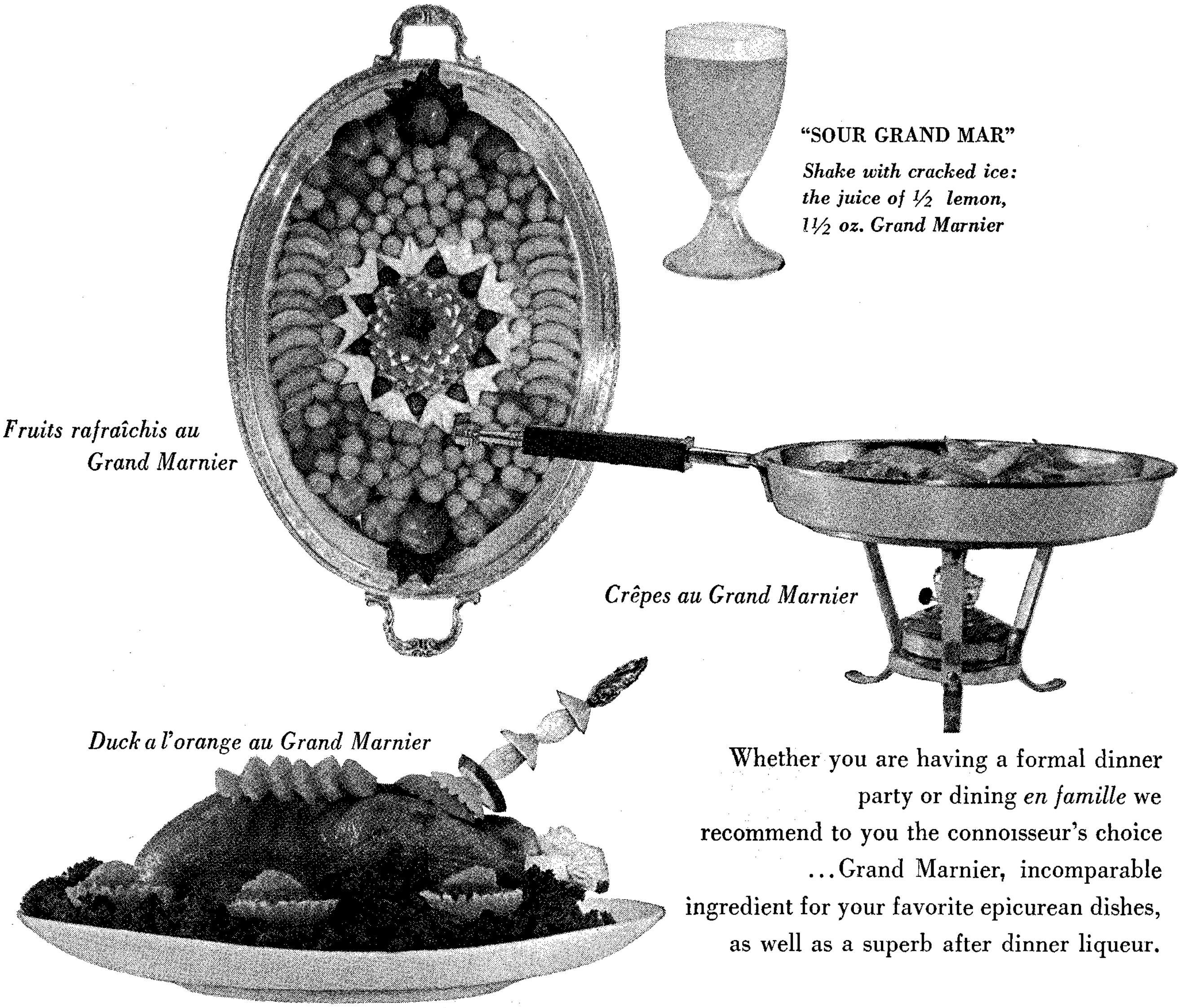

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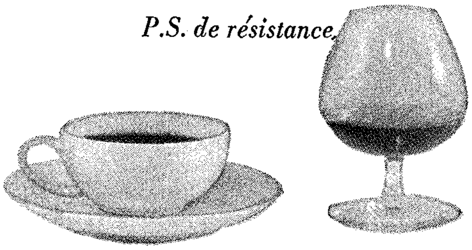

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headquarters for sporting people. Patricia, who, her father believes, has inherited a large measure of his fighting spirit, has written a book about him, entitled "The Toy Bulldog," which will soon be made into a movie. In it she dwells with natural pride on a quick knockout scored by Walker that was as extraordinary as any of his victories in the ring—his repudiation of the demon rum.

Kearns feels that Walker has never been able to do anything without dramatic flourish, and he cites the farewell to spirits, which took place in 1939, as an example. Walker says that he quit drinking mostly because of a surfeit of conversation about tin cans. He had been on a party with a number of wealthy New Yorkers, among them a high executive of the American Can Company who, with the passing of time, reverted more and more to his specialty. Walker is one of those eccentrics who believe that tin cans have their limits, in a cultural way, and as the evening wore on, he was aghast to perceive that he was the sole remaining audience of the gabby tycoon. Summoning up the kind of courage that made him so deadly with the gloves, he said, "Look here, you want to see some tin cans? You just follow me." They climbed into the executive's limousine, which was waiting outside, and Walker told the chauffeur where to drive. They crossed over to New Jersey, where the country soon thinned out, changing complexion mile after mile, but the businessman took no notice and merely continued to drone, "And then after we get our tin from Bolivia, we process it, and then we produce an amalgam of zinc . . ." And so on. Walker kept pointing out the way, rather bumpy now, and at length the wheels spun without traction as the chauffeur called back, "I can't make it go any farther. We're stuck. What is this place, anyhow?" "The Elizabeth city dump," said Walker, climbing out. "Look at all those tin cans." With the businessman in tow, he made his way on foot to a tavern of his acquaintance, but suddenly, standing at the bar, he felt a Gargantuan revulsion. "Bartender!" he said. "See what everybody wants. I'm having my last drink as long as I live." In all the years since then, perhaps characteristically for a medium-sized fellow who liked to fight heavyweights, he has not tasted so much as a glass of beer.

THE road down from the top is often a terrible period for a fighter. Walker accepted the waning of his

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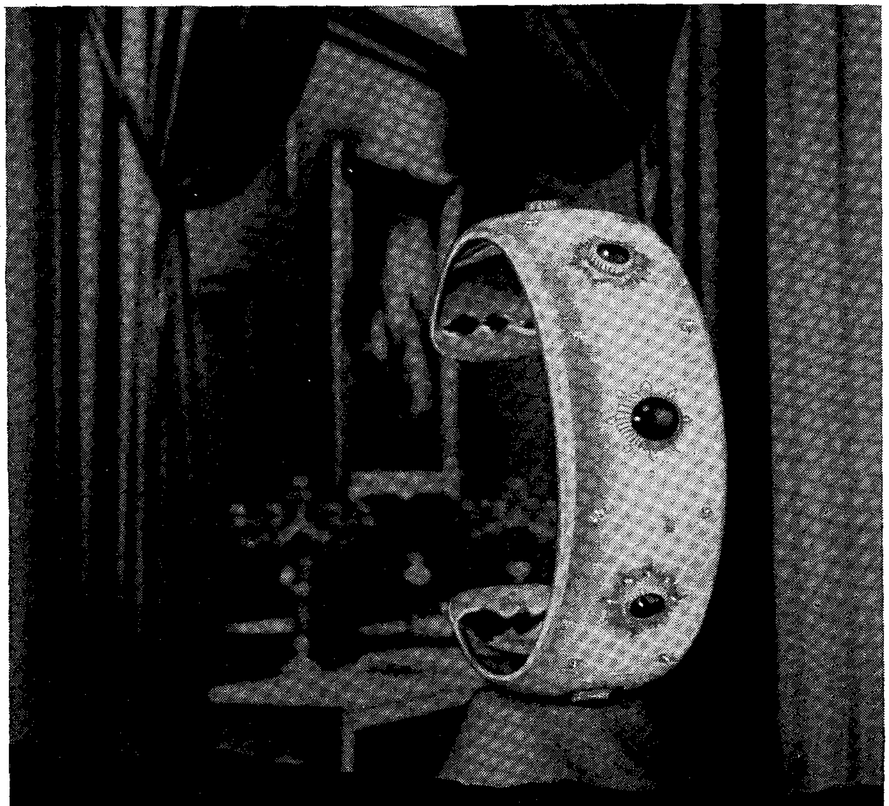

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combative powers with amused good humor. So ferocious were his reputation and his attack, even toward the end, that he somehow avoided that curse of the washed-up pugilist—fuzzy wits, which give him a dumb yearning to recover his place in the sun. At fifty-four, Walker is mentally and physically intact—a man of poise and sensitivity, a slight, graceful figure with a catlike tread, his jaw line less severe than formerly and his black hair graying, all modifying the bulldog look that long ago gave him his nickname. His last fight was with an unimposing toiler named Eric Seelig, who knocked him out at St. Nicholas Arena in 1935. "That's enough," Walker said cheerfully when he came to. "I'll be one that knows when he's through." His trainer of the moment, Jimmy O'Connor, agreed wholeheartedly. Walker then presented O'Connor with his last pair of gloves, and they shook hands solemnly in the dingy locker room to signal the end of a historic career. They still see each other around town—at Dempsey's restaurant, at Stillman's Gym, and at other places that Walker drops into to talk boxing. O'Connor likes to recall a rustic decathlon they held during their final few months together, a sporting event that he thinks sums up Walker's competitive life force. It took place at three in the morning on an upstate mountainside. The two men—fighter and trainer—were returning in a fancy Pierce-Arrow roadster from a bout in Schenectady, and had argued the general subject of athletics all the way down. O'Connor, who was once a distinguished track star, declined to admit that Walker could outperform him. "We'd better settle it then," said Walker, and he stopped the car. Stripping down to their shorts, they organized a multi-event meet, which included an uphill sprint, a jumping contest, a telephone-pole climb, a swim across a nearby river, and putting the shot, or rock. It all turned out badly for Walker. First off, he was more or less left standing as O'Connor, with a flash of his old Millrose Games form, loped up the winding road ahead of him. Although half dead after the prizefight and the sprint, Walker rallied for the running broad jump, but he sailed into a ditch in the moonlight and came within an ace of breaking his leg. He did much better at the pole climb, getting ten or twelve feet up the one he had selected before O'Connor called down from the top of another nearby. But it was in the matter of the river swim that Walker had his worst luck. The cur-

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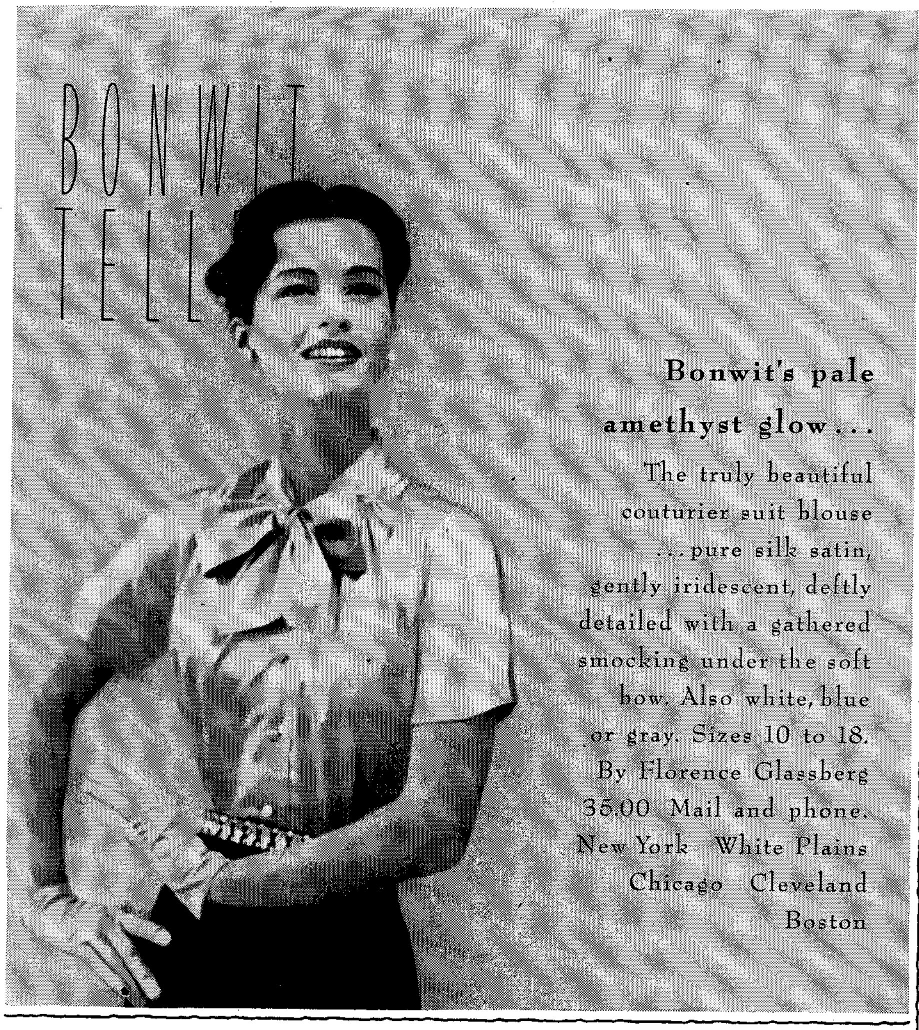

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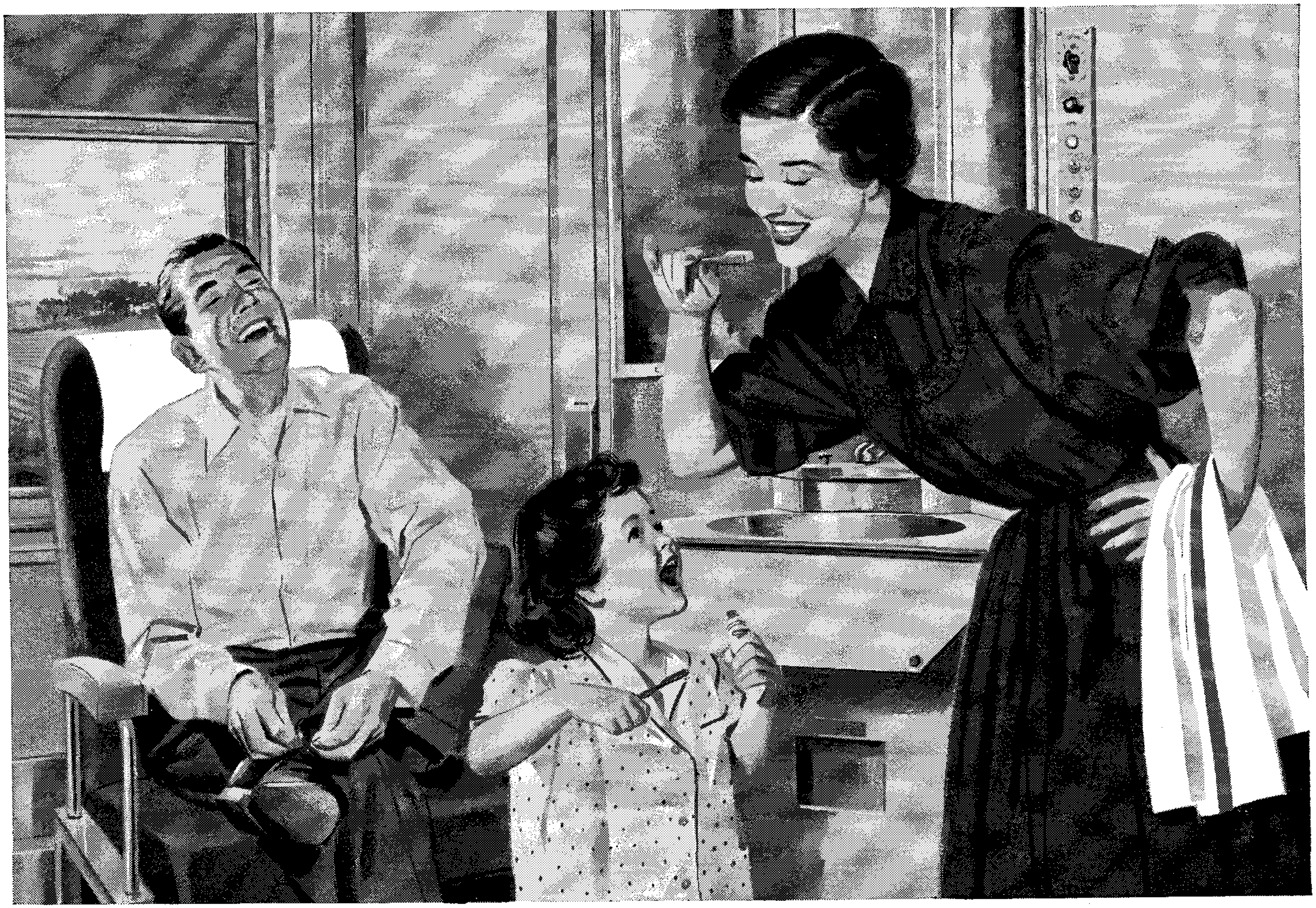
rent being uncommonly brisk, he was tumbled off his feet, swept against some rocks, and then dumped over a waterfall. By the time O'Connor could reach him, he was quite some little distance down the mountain. "But he wasn't finished yet, not by a long score," O'Connor says. "He raised up and said, 'O.K., there's only one thing left.' I figured I was in for a hell of a beating, but when we got squared off, he broke into a grin and said, 'Jimmy, if I ever act like this again, take a club and hit me over the head.' "

It was with comparable gusto that Walker pitched into a variety of ventures after his retirement. For several years, with William Duffy, who had managed him briefly, he operated the Toy Bulldog Tavern, on Eighth Avenue. Walker believes that he and Duffy took in some cash now and then, but he cannot recall any specific occasions when they did so. The establishment's custom degenerated, in fact, to a sort of barter system. Red Ryan, a theatre-ticket broker, would drop over and trade Walker a fistful of passes for a nightcap, and merchants in the district would similarly swap their wares. The good-fellowship in the saloon finally got so burdensome that Walker left it and opened another, in Fort Montgomery, New York—a town that he considered comfortably removed from Broadway. Later, he transferred his base of operations to Kingston, and then to Poughkeepsie, where he also conducted a half-hour sports program for the local radio station. In 1946, with perfect aplomb, he opened in a Broadway show called "Walk Hard," an adaptation of Len Zinberg's novel "Walk Hard—Talk Loud." Of Walker, the *Times* critic wrote, "The Toy Bulldog, retired from the ring and presently an artist, has a pleasant time as a boxing friend of the young Negro. Actor Walker boasts a faintly cauli-



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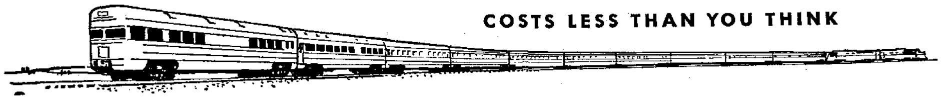

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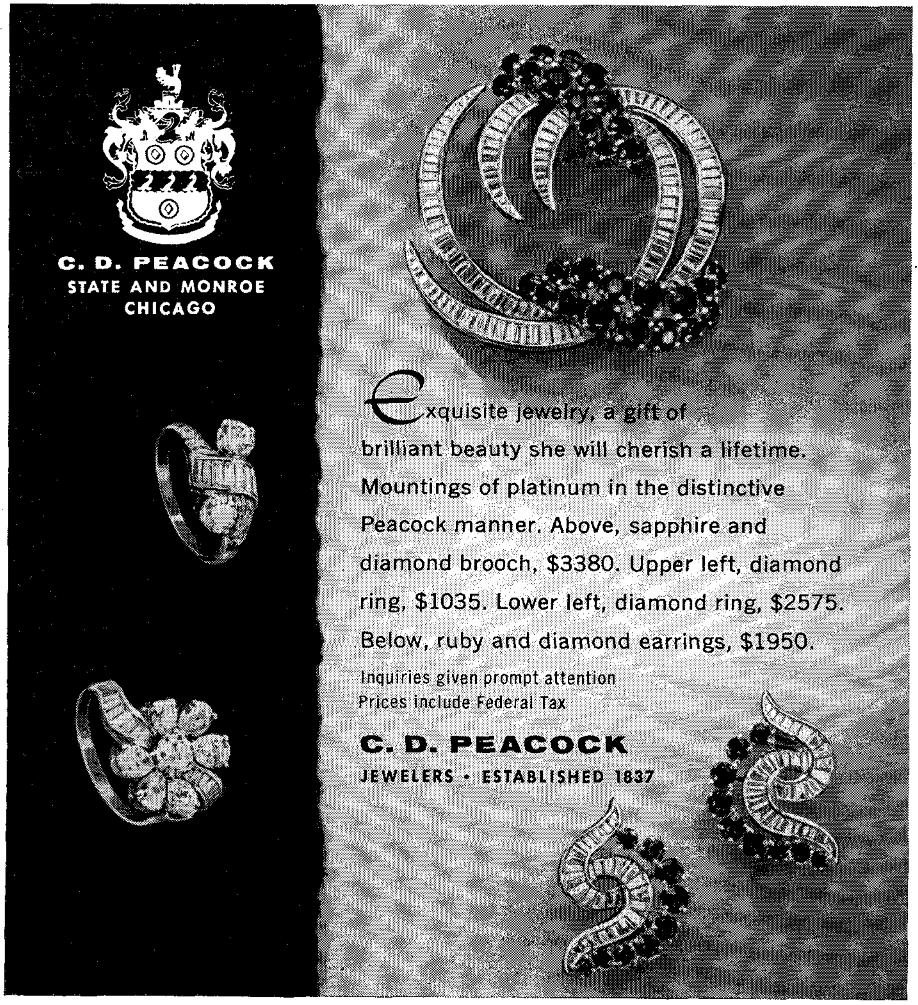

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flower voice, the easy grace which ring alumni bring to the stage, and as cheerful a manner as though he were playing for the title."

THE seeds of Walker's painting career were sown in a curious way. During a trip to Paris in 1927, he passed an art shop and noticed a large painting of a schooner in the window. "It wasn't sailing right," he says. "I went around the block four or five times to get some more looks at it. Finally, I bought it for five hundred dollars and shipped it back to America, just on a hunch." He hung it in his Rumson home and continued to regard it with suspicion until 1938, when it occurred to him that the ship's wake was in front rather than astern. Now hep to art, Walker realizes that, as Parisian painting of the period went, he was lucky the ship wasn't sailing across the Alps with a grand piano suspended from its mast. But at the time he simply exclaimed aloud, "That thing's fixable!" From his cellar he got a can of white lead and a brush, and while his wife was off shopping, he set to work. As it happened, he ruined the picture, somehow leaving the ship elevated in the sky, but he had found a new career. By a stunning coincidence, that night he happened to pick up "The Moon and Sixpence," Somerset Maugham's novel based on Gauguin's life in Tahiti. Reading along, Walker heard the clarion summons to Art, as distinct as his previous call to the ring. The next day, he bought two hundred dollars' worth of artists' supplies, including a primer on oil painting, and, withdrawing from the public view, bottled himself up for two years. His third wife, the former Miss Marvel, obtaining a divorce in the mid-forties, gave as her reason, "Art is now Mickey's only love."

Walker does most of his painting in his New Jersey home, where he has a well-appointed studio on the top floor. It is his whim to paint while in full artist rig—floppy beret, smock, and the like. Not far from his house is a saloon that he patronized bountifully in the old days, and he may drop in for a milk booster after an exhausting tussle with the canvas. In these moods, he is absent-minded, and he seldom takes off the costume of his guild; even so, the patrons, no matter how deep in drink, delicately refrain from indulging themselves in that caustic ribaldry which gives so many saloons tone. Mickey is known in the neighborhood, and a great variety of bent noses and absent teeth suggest his willingness to exchange banter. It is when he shoots on location, or takes to the country with brush and easel, that he must endure the gibes of passing bumpkins. "Look at the artist with the sissy hat," they will cry, and Walker only smiles in an understanding way. The jokesters have no means of knowing that they're prodding perhaps the roughest man who ever stepped into a prize ring, and Walker rolls with the punch. Seeking bucolic subject matter, he likes to set up beside a barn or a bridge or a waterfall, and to complete one of these jobs he takes the better part of a day, criticizing himself savagely (and out loud) as he works, using a sprinkling of phrases from the ring period. "That's not it," he will say. "Too faint. Wade right in and sock it." At his room in the Belvedere, he paints while perched out on a little balcony; there, at the moment, he is attempting to capture the imprisoned look in the eye of a canary whose cage one of his neighbors sets out in the sun each morning. When he finishes a picture, he keeps it on hand for a few weeks, stalking it watchfully, stepping back and forth before it as cautiously as if it were apt to break out with a flurry of left jabs and right crosses, and searching it for flaws. Then he sends it to Fortson, at the Associated American Artists Galleries, where it is added to Walker's periodic exhibitions.

Walker's pictures have been described as uncannily searching. In addition to doing landscapes and still-lifes, he likes to paint figures. A study he did of his family group has a kind of X-ray quality; each individual stares out with almost star-chamber intensity. A man who nearly bought it at an exhibit finally took another instead. "Looking into all those wide-open eyes, I could see they knew I was guilty," he explained. "I began to spill cigarette ashes and drop bric-a-brac." An odd facet of Walker's gift is that he feels an urge to do very large canvases, in the style of Rembrandt, who is his favorite artist. This, he admits, is perhaps a harkback to the middleweight who wanted to be king of the heavyweights. Despite the boxing background, he has done only one painting connected with the ring—a striking reminiscence of his less successful bouts, showing a fighter flat on his back and entitled "Ten and Out." The work is now the property of Bill Corum. Walker has put on six one-man shows and the critics have generally been kind, although occasionally he has been saddened to note an element of spoofery

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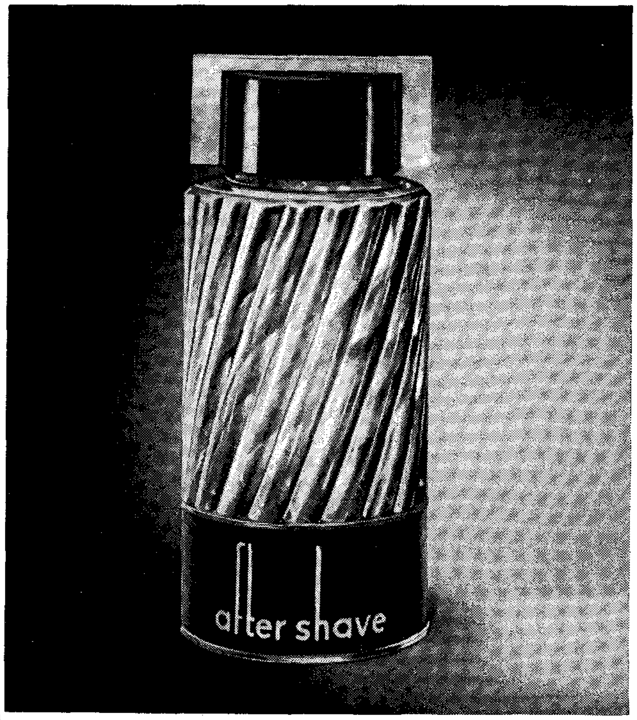

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creeping into their reviews. The *Herald Tribune* reported a conversation between Walker and a group of connoisseurs at a recent show as follows:

> Walker: "I don't think any artist will live long enough to clarify exactly what it is that he's trying to express."
> Group: "I like Olson because Maxim stays in his shell."
> Walker: "If I handle colors boldly, it may be the sensational in me trying to come out."
> Group: "He can hurt you, but if you stand up to him he quits."

Bucking this sort of thing can be irksome to the artistic temperament, but Walker continues indomitably on his way. Not long ago, he opened a new Broadway restaurant and bar called the Glove and Palette and briskly decorated with his pictures—a retreat where he has bright hopes of seeing the worlds of art and fighting meet in happy embrace.

"It isn't so very easy, though," Walker said the other evening to Crooked Dollar Mush. "People mostly figure once a fighter, always a mug."

"You keep punching, Mickey," said Crooked Dollar Mush. "You put in a little more roadwork and you'll make this Rembrandt look like a preliminary boy. Mark my words, in two, three years the bum won't be able to catch you with a bicycle."

—Robert Lewis Taylor

•

Tokio, Oct. 13 (UP)—Police today arrested Noboru Higasa on suspicion of smuggling watches into Japan.

Higasa is president of a local crime prevention society.

Sato is a fireman.—*Washington News.*

Don't give us that!

•

The exact cause of myasthenia gravis is unknown, though it often seems to be associated with toxic goitre (disease of the thyroid gland), and also with persistence of the thymus gland. (The thymus gland is in the center of the chest which, normally, disappears early in life.)—*Westport (Conn.) Town Crier.*

Good riddance.

•

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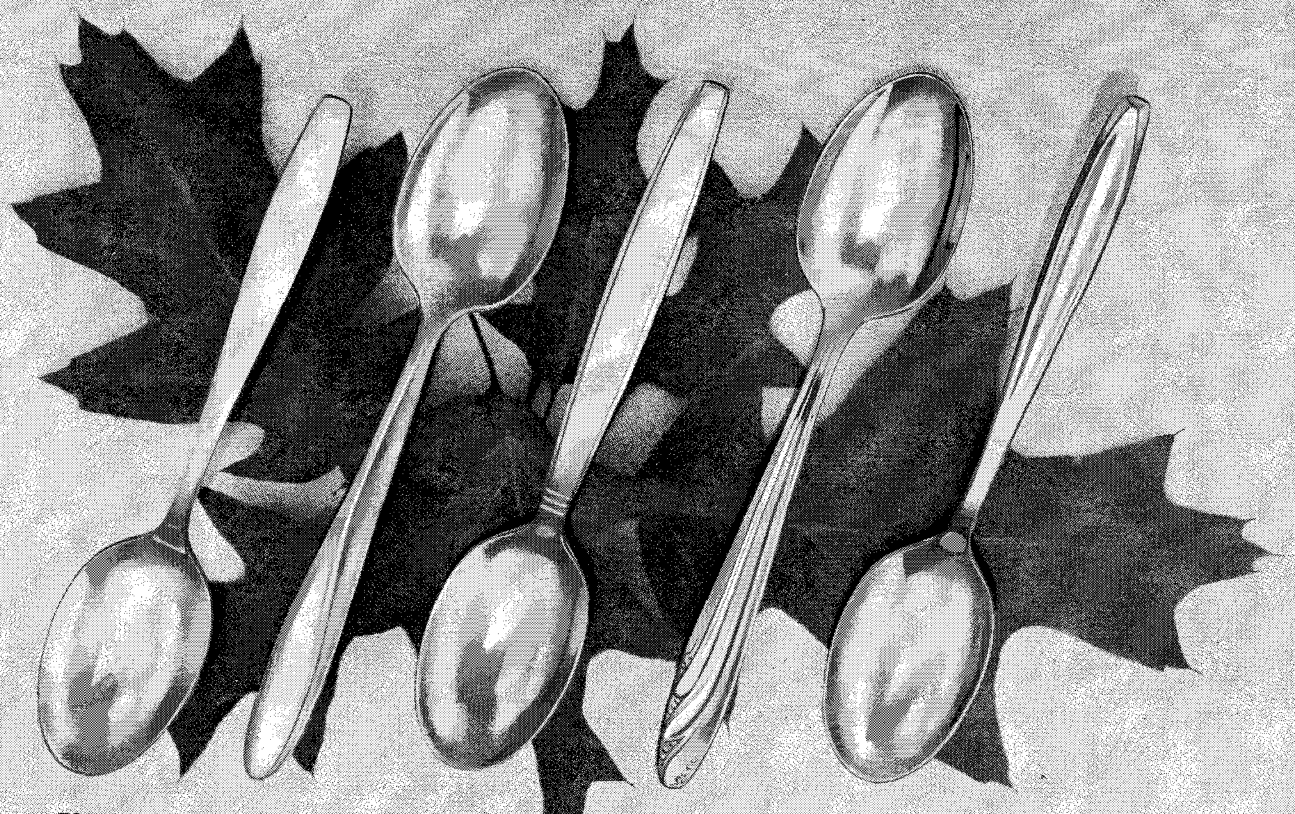

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# THE THEATRE

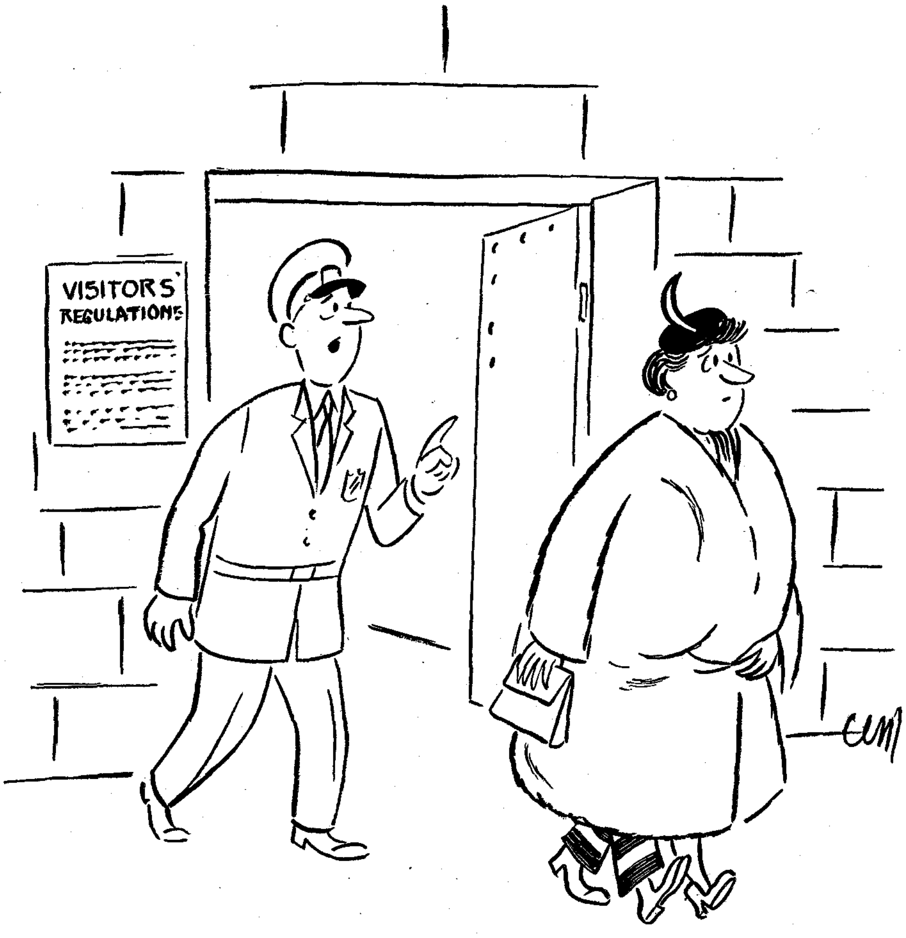
## A FUNNY RACE

THE French are inclined to take an obsessive view of sex. This means that in their opinion it is practically impossible for a playwright to miss if he focusses on a group of people whose attention is devoted to that topic to the exclusion of almost everything else in the world. This brings us to "The Heavenly Twins," a species of farce by Albert Husson, from which the translator has withdrawn his name, for reasons best known to himself. M. Husson's play, which opened last week at the Booth, contained very nearly all the ingredients that have never failed to titillate our friends across the sea, and I should say that, in its remorselessly arch fashion, it was as tedious as anything you are likely to be afflicted with this season. The action began with Faye Emerson, whose teeth and shoulders have seldom flashed more impressively, popping a tiny revolver at Jean Pierre Aumont, whose accent isn't really much of a nuisance once you get used to it. She was doing this because he represented her husband and the talk was that he had been unfaithful to her with practically every woman in Paris. The point was discussed at considerable length, but owing to the fact that I have lost the program on which I noted down a few sample jokes, you will just have to take my word for it that this conversation boded little good for everything that was to come.

Well, as it happened, there were only blanks in the gun, so M. Aumont wasn't actually killed. The chances, however, seemed excellent that she would get him the next time round, and since a representative of the Devil was conveniently at hand, an arrangement was concluded by the terms of which M. Aumont assumed the shape of a grandfather's clock. This transformation had the additional advantage of permitting him to observe what went on on the couch in the center of the stage, and that was plenty, though not especially stimulating. At this point, the plotting got a bit congested, and I don't have much hope of making its course clear to you. The main thing is that M. Aumont had a son by a previous marriage who resembled him to such an extent that the same actor played both parts. For some reason, this young man and his bride came to live with the hypothetical widow, and presently her relationship with her stepson took on a very Gallic complexion. I'm afraid I wasn't attentive enough, because I didn't catch precisely how old M. Aumont was supposed to be in either of his incarnations. The whole thing, however, seemed rather unsuitable to me, and I was relieved when it all turned out to be some kind of fantasy in the end. While it lasted, though, the situation was further complicated by the presence of a suitor for Miss Emerson's hand, who looked like a fairly agreeable goat and clearly wasn't intended to be taken seriously, and by the behavior of the young wife, who obviously didn't care for the setup any more than I did. The other characters were a French maid, who characteristically took a liberal view of adultery, and a policeman, who was very tired of being waked up by telephone calls from ladies who were under the impression that they had killed their husbands. M. Husson may have overlooked one or two staples of this type of entertainment, but I certainly can't name them offhand.

In addition to Miss Emerson and M. Aumont, whose performances can probably best be described as picturesque, the cast included Gaby Rodgers, Marcel Hillaire, Earl Montgomery, Drew Thompson, and Lucille Patton. I thought they were surprisingly good under the numbing circumstances, and Cyril Ritchards' direction had a kind of dogged heroism, too. The set, designed by Eldon Elder, suggested that every door led into a bedroom, which is, I suppose, the way things ought to be.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



*"Just a moment, Madam."*

•

When you hook onto a heavily-loaded trailer and start off down the road, don't expect to get your usual number of miles per gallon. I know, because I tried it once and was I surprised. I found out that the heavier the load, the more power is required to move it.—*From a booklet on fuel economy issued by the Chrysler Corporation.*

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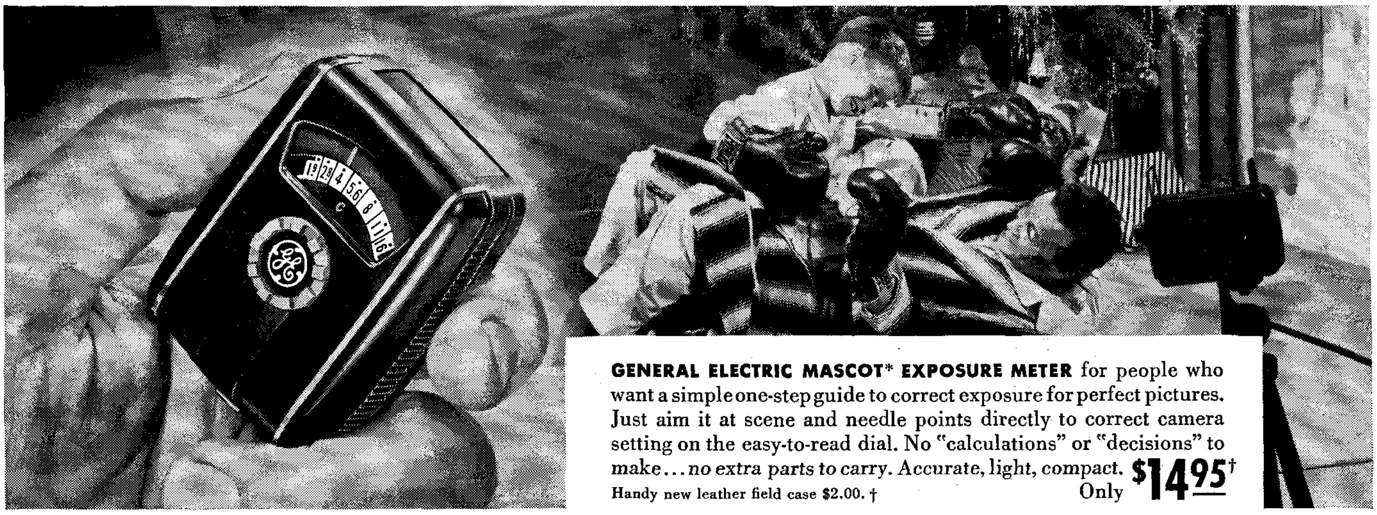

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# FOOTBALL

## *Every Underdog Has His Day*

LAST spring, falling in line with what is getting to be an established custom, half a dozen more institutions of learning decided to give up football, and last Saturday the teams of Connecticut and Northeastern gathered together for an afternoon of sport on a wind-swept and rain-soaked New England moor (moors of this nature are also getting to be an established custom), and decided to give up football, too, at least until a better day, if any, happens along. The rest of the teams went bravely on, top dog and underdog alike, and some rather jovial surprises popped to the surface in their wakes—a word that offers a fair enough hint of the conditions a number of these squads were operating under. The jolliest surprise of the lot took place in New Haven, where Army could do no better than finish a close second, or 14–12, to Yale. After all, Yale had been downed, after a tight little match, by Colgate, and Colgate had been given a good trouncing by Army. Army has blown hot and cold this year, partly because some of its principal boys turned out to be a trifle brittle, but then some of Yale's special pets have also been in damaging collisions. Army has one more Ivy League underdog to play—Pennsylvania, which hasn't won a game since 1953. Pennsylvania, a team that is used to being underdog by now, was even up, 14–14, with Notre Dame at the end of the first half on Saturday, but Notre Dame spoiled it all by collecting five touchdowns in the second half, which made it 46–14. It may be, though, that Pennsylvania, which had managed just two touchdowns in the whole month of October, feels happy about the whole thing. As for Yale vs. Army, the difference between the two was the right foot of Yale's second-string quarterback, Dick Winterbauer, whose punting has amassed quite a few admirers, including me. It was his two points after touchdown that beat Army.

There was, in addition, the case of Navy, which, though it had just suffered its practically annual defeat by Notre Dame, could still have been referred to as the pride of the East up to about four o'clock Saturday afternoon. Its startlingly inefficient day's work—Navy 7, Duke 7—came right after

Duke's disastrous encounters with Pittsburgh, which is quite a team, and Georgia Tech, which is just a so-so team in its group.

ANOTHER merry dismantling of the probabilities went on in Boston, where one of the oldest-established customs in history, Harvard vs. Princeton, was being honored. There have been bigger crowds in Harvard's stadium, which on Saturday was little more than an island in the midst of flooded meadowland and practice fields, but there have not been many better spectacles. Ten thousand owners of tickets were absent, along with a good many Harvard and Princeton players in various stages of disrepair, and those players who were able to get into the game were guilty of quite an assortment of errors of both execution and ratiocination, yet one was always aware that brave young lions were locked in battle in the arena below—young lions who fought with the occasional awkwardness of Golden Glovers in Madison Square Garden, but with unending fervor and fire. Princeton, it seemed to me, should have won the match, but as it was played, it was anybody's game, and since Harvard, whose season had been next door to dismal, was the underdog, the result—Harvard 7, Princeton 6—had poetic justice. Poetic justice, I guess you could say, was in full flower last Saturday. One could feel sorry for John Sapoch, who was at quarterback all day for Princeton, because he was heavily involved in the fumble—one of the few bobbles by either team—that gave Harvard its chance for a touchdown. And one could feel sorry for Dick Martin, Princeton's plunging back, when his attempt to kick the point after Princeton's touchdown went awry, for he had been lugging the ball through the Harvard team with fine fury again and again. One could, though, only imagine the joy in the heart of the unheard-of Joe Crehore, sent in as Harvard quarterback at a critical moment. Amid mumbles of what-is-that-guy-doing-in-there, he called the signals that resulted, three plays later, in what is to date Harvard's most treasured touchdown of 1955. —J. W. L.

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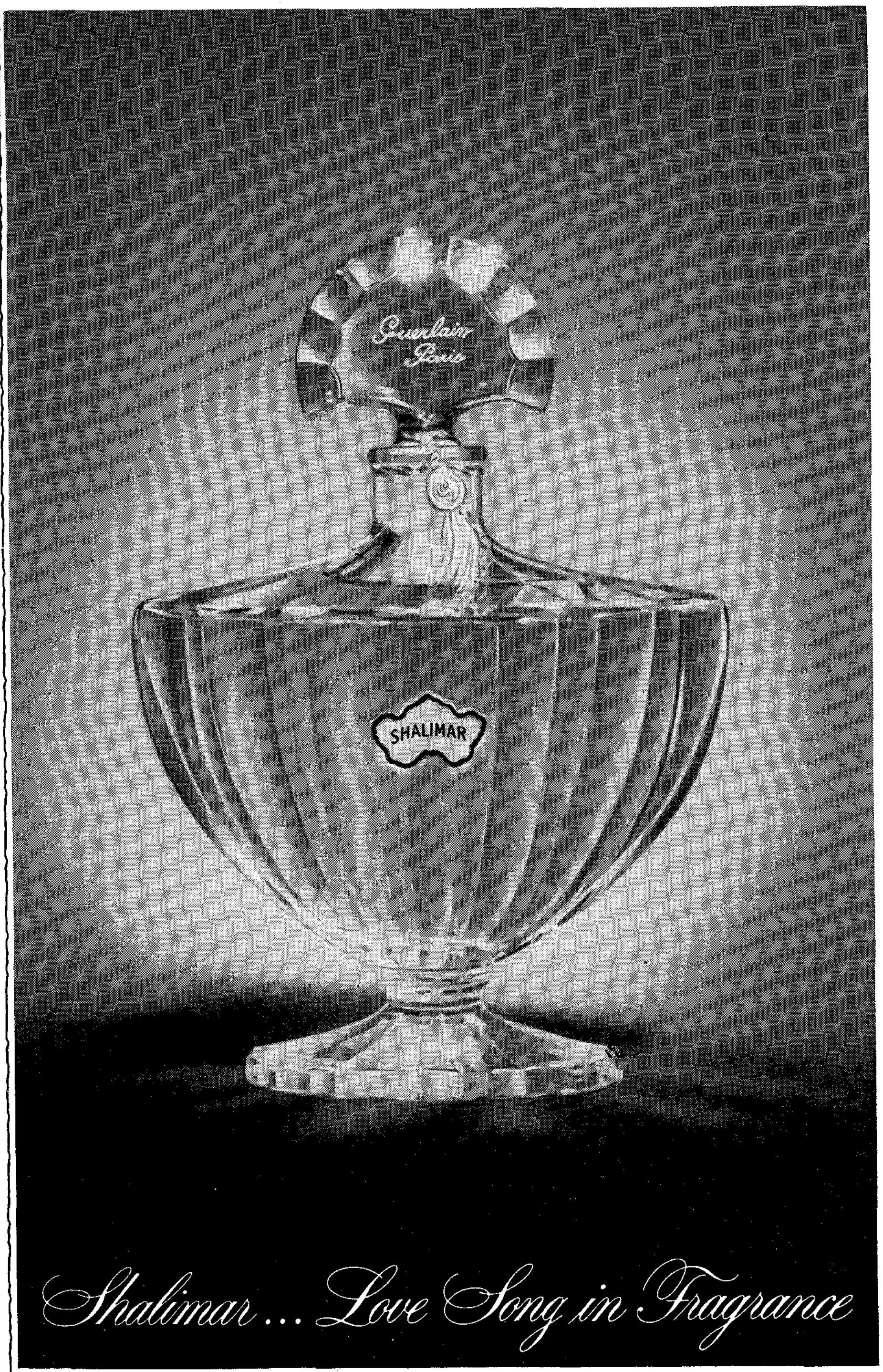
Mrs. D. G. Jarvis of Spencer road just returned from a visit in Ohio to see her mother. knows the facts of life now
—*Glen Ridge (N. J.) Paper.*

Better late than never.



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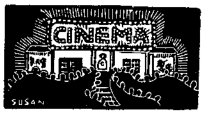
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Poor Old Man*



"UMBERTO D.," a film that Vittorio De Sica made several years ago in Italy, has now been released in this country. Mr. De Sica has announced his conviction that "Umberto D." represents his "greatest effort." If that were so, it would have to be a better piece of moviemaking than such previous De Sica creations as "The Bicycle Thief," "Shoe Shine," and "Miracle in Milan." I don't think it quite reaches that eminence. As a matter of fact, this sombre story of an aging pensioner who is trying to piece together some sort of existence on a government dole of twenty-five dollars a month never works up the head of emotional steam that has characterized other works by De Sica. While we may sympathize with the poor old man who serves as the hero, we may also find ourselves unable to suppress completely a touch of impatience with him. There is nothing intrinsically interesting about the old boy, and his life has been ineffably humdrum. After thirty years in the Civil Service, he has virtually become a human cipher. What love he has he expends on a mongrel named Flick, and as his life runs out, he is reduced to sordid squabbling with his landlady about the rent he owes on a seedy room, where he has spent most of his adult years. The landlady thinks nothing of letting his room to amorous couples in his absence, and a slavey around the place, whom he regards as an innocent country girl, scandalizes him by announcing not only that she is pregnant but that she is regrettably uncertain about the paternity of her unborn child. Umberto D. makes his forlorn way through one melancholy situation after another, often immersed in a bath of self-pity, until presently the only thing left for him seems to be suicide. The cast Mr. De Sica has assembled is headed by Carlo Battisti, who has the title role; Maria Pia Casilio, who plays the slavey; and Lina Gennari, who plays the landlady. They go through their paces with commendable competence, but Mr. De Sica, in his single-minded concentration upon Mr. Battisti and Miss Casilio, sometimes betrays himself into static situations that induce a feeling akin to claustrophobia. There is always a nice attention to realism in

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"Umberto D.," and there are moments of heartbreaking pathos. Nevertheless, it's a frailer item than we have come to expect from Mr. De Sica.

"THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD," which Philip Dunne adapted from Hamilton Basso's novel and also directed, takes us down to the magnolia belt—very pretty, as represented here—to see how things are going on the old plantation. I'm afraid they are going pretty much as usual, what with our heroine Dinah feeling low in her mind about having married beneath her, working herself into quite a state over an old boy friend, a lawyer who has just come back from the North. The old boy friend is married to a Northern girl, but that doesn't stop Dinah, and before the picture is over, it looks as if she's going to light out of Mulberry, her old ancestral home, and take up residence with the pal of her cradle days. Her husband, who has made all kinds of money from bottling a cure-all called Peppo, and has spent a lot of it on Mulberry, is naturally somewhat resentful about this mixup, but even if Dinah doesn't love him, he loves her, and for all his common blood, he turns out all right in the end. While these three are busy with their licit and illicit relationships, a mystery story is being unravelled in the background. It has to do with a case of embezzlement that Dinah's lawyer friend is looking into. The alleged victim of the embezzlement is a blood-and-guts writer who is married to a lady even more blue-blooded than Dinah. The amorous triangle and the mystery work fairly well in tandem, but the movie is so interested in keeping things going at a brisk pace that it never really rounds out its characters. But then, they're all more or less standard types anyway. In the role of Dinah we have the English actress Dana Wynter, who handles her dialect with the confidence Vivien Leigh demonstrated in "Gone with the Wind," and as her lover we have Richard Egan, who doesn't do badly at all. In the role of the abused husband, Cameron Mitchell is every inch the cure-all king, and as the writer and his wife, Sidney Blackmer and Marjorie Rambeau are properly mysterious.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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—*Headline in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

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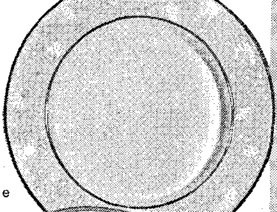

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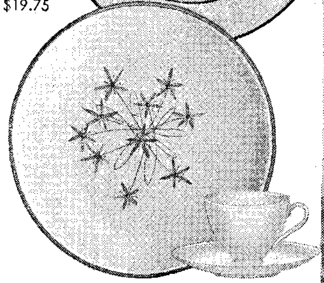

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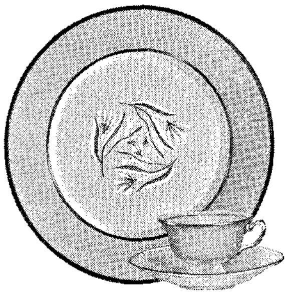

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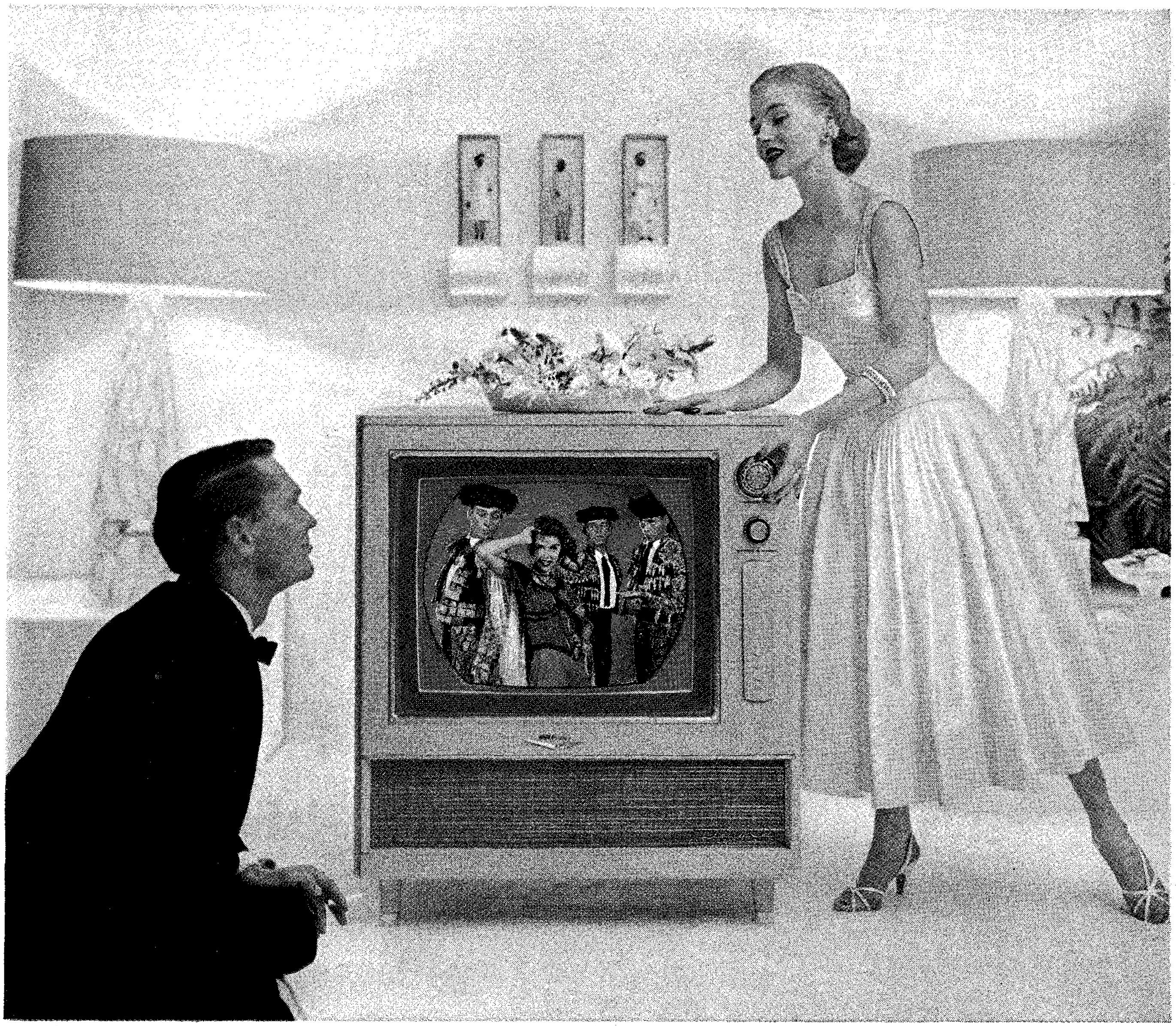

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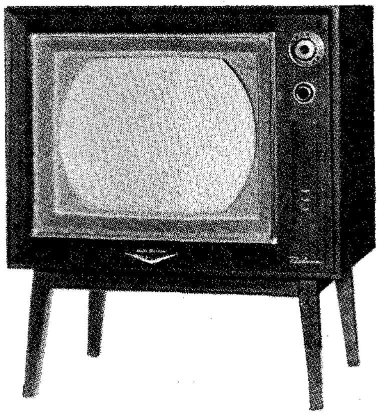

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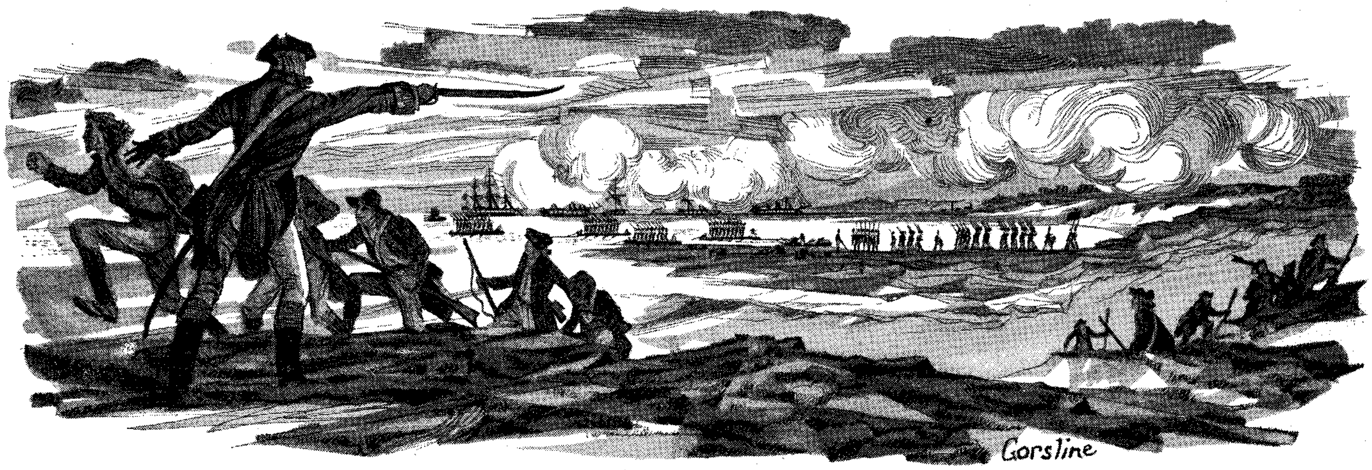
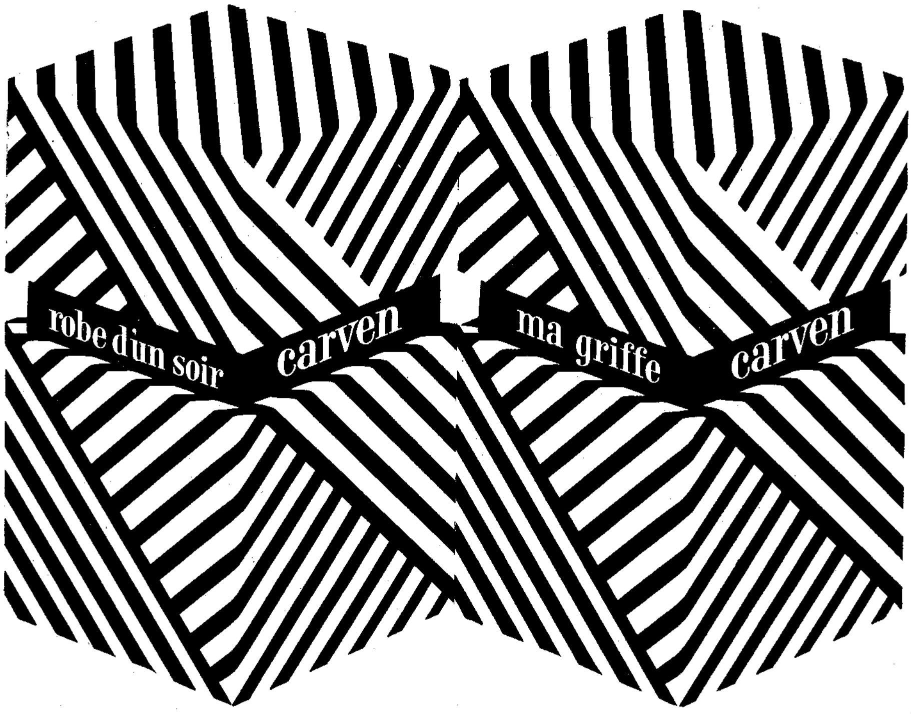
# THAT WAS NEW YORK

## THE BATTLE OF HARLEM HEIGHTS



THE British invasion of Manhattan Island started at around eleven o'clock on the morning of September 15, 1776, toward the end of the fifth month of the second year of the War of Independence. The day was a Sunday, and it was bright and clear at first, but too hot and muggy to be really pleasant; the weather was more appropriate to July or early August than to the middle of September. The Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, General George Washington, had been up since dawn, after spending the night in his temporary headquarters—the elegant Roger Morris house, now known as the Jumel Mansion, which still stands on the brink of Coogan's Bluff, at 161st Street, just above the Polo Grounds. From its front portico, looking south, Washington could see Harlem, a small settlement on the low flats beside the Harlem River, in the vicinity of what is now 125th Street. There, he believed, the British were about to attempt a landing from Long Island, which they had captured two weeks before, but that morning the whole area appeared, at least from his distant vantage point, surprisingly quiet. Still, Washington had reason to think that the British troops would attack there before the morning was over, moving from Queens in force and using Buchanan's (now Ward's) Island and Montresor's (now Randalls) Island, which were already in their hands, as stepping stones. That was what the British Army commander, General Sir William Howe, had obviously been preparing to do for the past several days; there had been nothing secret about his maneuvers. To begin with, British ships had been sailing boldly up the East River from the lower harbor, ignoring frenzied but erratic gunfire from American shore batteries; some ships had ventured as far north as Hell Gate, just south of the two islands, and presumably, when the time came, they would support the assault with fire from their cannon. Furthermore, over in Queens, Howe had a fleet of flat-bottomed landing craft—big, sixteen-oared rowboats, each capable of carrying fifty or sixty men—and he had used them with conspicuous success to ferry his troops from Staten Island to Gravesend Bay for the invasion of Long Island. Moreover, the British had gone to considerable trouble trying to knock out an American battery at Horn's Hook—the point of land at the northern end of what has since become Carl Schurz Park, near Eighty-ninth Street and East End Avenue—firing on it both with naval guns and with field artillery mounted on the opposite shore. They had had no success whatever, but their motive seemed clear: The battery was in a fairly good position to interfere with an assault on Harlem. Finally, to make the picture complete, Howe's troops had been reported on the move; before dark on Saturday evening, Washington's lookouts had seen three or four thousand British soldiers march down to the Queens shore, and had seen some of them ferried across to Montresor's Island.

Even though the British preparations were moving slowly, Washington's defense was anything but ready. While almost the entire American Army, numbering more than twenty thousand officers and men, was on Manhattan, and several of its strongest units were in Harlem, the American position was shockingly vulnerable. Washington's brigades were scattered about the island, and the whole Army was off balance; it would have taken perhaps another forty-eight hours to pull it together. The main trouble was that Washington was in the midst of a radical shift in the disposition of his troops, and although the British certainly did not realize it, he was deliberately taking steps that would give them bloodlessly the prize they intended to seize by force. That prize was not the entire island of Manhattan but only what was then the city of New York, situated on the southernmost tip of Manhattan and protected on the north by a line of fortifications that ran from what is now the foot of Grand Street, two blocks south of the Williamsburg Bridge, on the East River, to what is now the foot of Vestry Street, four blocks south of the Holland Tunnel, on the Hudson. Howe wanted winter quarters for his troops, and the city—a pleasant agglomeration of old Dutch and new English buildings, with a population of twenty thousand—was far more satisfactory than the rolling countryside north of the fortified line, where many well-to-do New Yorkers owned farms or country estates. In a day or two, the city would have been Howe's for the occupying. The Americans were getting out of it as fast as they could, evacuating their stores of supplies and their sick and wounded. The withdrawal was not voluntary. When Washington lost Long Island, the city ceased to be a strong point and become a potential trap. With Brooklyn and Queens in enemy hands, and with the British Navy dominating not only the East River but the Hudson, the city was perilously outflanked, and Washington had to pull back to avoid being cut off. His withdrawal plan, which he had started to execute on the previous



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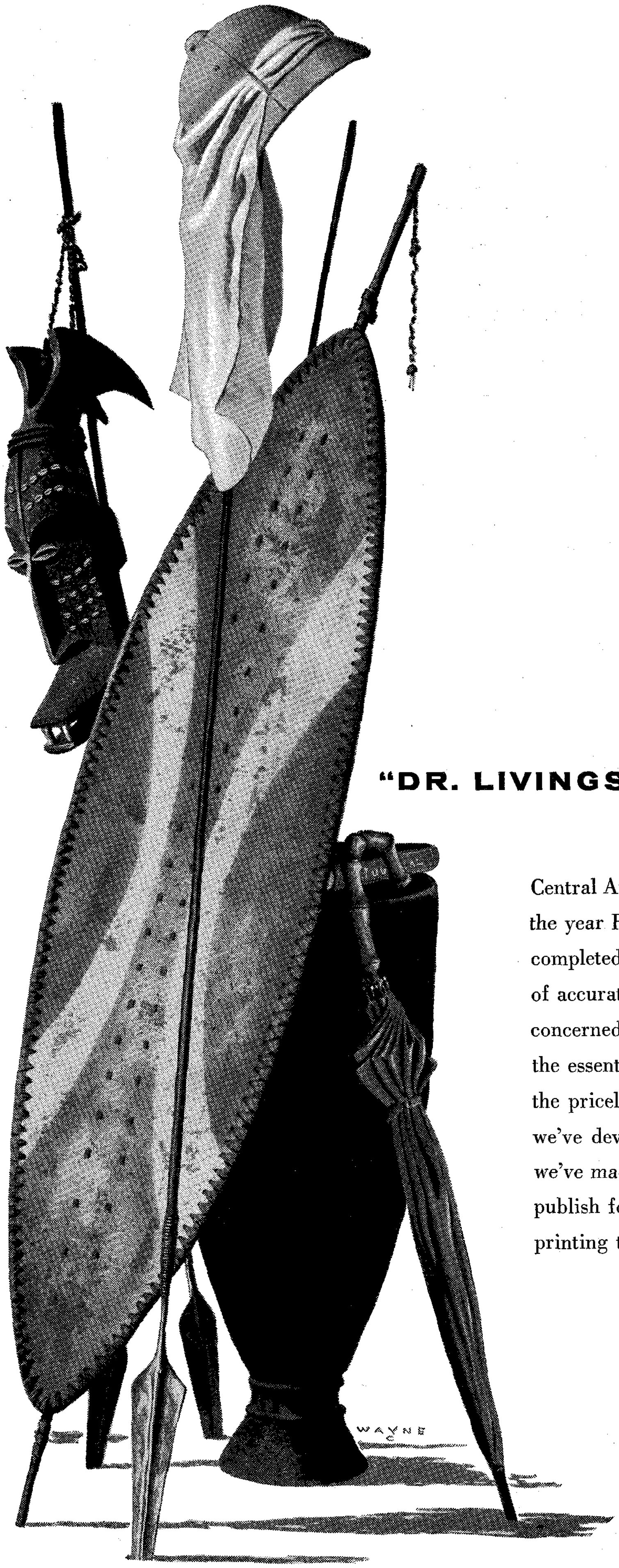
Thursday, called for the massing of his entire strength on the rocky plateau of Harlem Heights, north of what is now 125th Street; its southern boundary ran an irregular course across Manhattan from the Hudson to the Harlem, and it was protected by an almost unbroken line of steep bluffs, some up to sixty feet tall. Washington hoped that his Army, for all its shortcomings and weaknesses, could keep the British off that plateau. Unfortunately, that Sunday morning, half of his twenty thousand men still hadn't made their way up to the Heights. Five thousand of them, commanded by General Israel Putnam, were in and around the city of New York, manning its fortifications and loading wagons with guns and food and tents and camp kettles, and the other five thousand were strung out in a thin line along the shore of the East River, from the city to Harlem, to protect the escape route to the north. All Howe needed to do was to land north of the city, crack through that fragile line, march west to the Hudson, and cut the American Army in two. The chances were that he would have thereby won the war.

At about nine o'clock, Washington mounted his horse and, with half a dozen of his aides, set out down the Post Road in the direction of Harlem. However anxious he might be at times, the General always looked as if he had everything under control, especially when he was on horseback; he was one of the country's best horsemen—the very best, according to Thomas Jefferson—and he sat easily and gracefully in the saddle. In addition, Washington had natural presence, in the theatrical sense; he was a big man—six feet two inches tall and weighing around two hundred and ten pounds—and he had tremendous dignity. He took possession of a situation as effortlessly as a great actor takes possession of a stage. Washington was forty-four years old. Except for a lot of trouble with his teeth, which he had by now exchanged for false ones, his health had been excellent for years. He was full of energy, and he was unusually strong. In their rare moments of recreation, he and the headquarters officers used to see how far they could throw a heavy iron bar—a game rather like shot-putting. Washington could outtoss his aides, some of whom were in their early twenties, without half trying. He had a long, full face, high, round cheekbones, a firm chin, and a wide mouth, and his nose was long and straight but not particularly prominent. He wore his hair—dark



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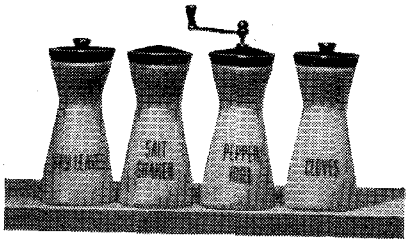

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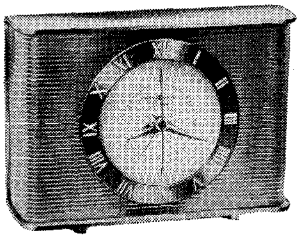

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brown but usually powdered—in a queue, pulled straight back from his high forehead but with puffs of fullness over the ears, and tied with a ribbon at the nape of the neck. His complexion, which bore the marks of an attack of smallpox he had suffered when he was nineteen, was naturally pale, but it was now ruddy from exposure to the elements; it sunburned quickly but did not tan. His blue-gray eyes were set far apart beneath heavy, overhanging brows.

The General's uniform was blue and buff. His blue coat was beautifully tailored, and its gold epaulets sat low on the shoulders, because there was almost no padding beneath them; the coat followed the body's natural lines instead of being squared off. It had swallowtails, which came to his knees but could be buttoned up for riding, and wide buff lapels, which went the full length of the coat. His long vest and narrow trousers were buff, too. He wore black riding boots with spurs, and a black three-cornered hat. This was an ordinary civilian hat, but, in accordance with Army regulations, its wide brim had been stitched to the low crown in back and at both sides near the temples; the only thing that distinguished it from the hats of lesser officers was the color of the cockade on its brim. It was black—the mark of a general officer. A light-blue ribbon worn diagonally across his chest, over his vest, indicated that he was a full general.

Washington's characteristic expression was one of good-natured reserve, and it was faintly self-conscious, partly because his false teeth bothered him and partly because he habitually tried to avoid showing what he was thinking. He looked people straight in the eye, and his voice was rather low but clear. His reserve was sometimes taken for hostility, but it wasn't. When he became angry, it changed to an impenetrable iciness, and there was no doubt what his mood was. Although not many of his friends or fellow-officers were aware of it, he had a violent temper, and he had struggled all his life to keep it under control. Every once in a long while he would blow up; then his normally placid features would become contorted with rage and he would bellow wild curses, wave his arms, and stamp furiously. General Washington went about in constant dread of such an explosion.

Jefferson once called Washington's mind "great and powerful," but added that it was not of the very first order. The General was neither brilliant nor particularly well educated, and he himself felt that he was inadequate in many respects. He thought, for instance, that he spoke and wrote badly, but he was a much better writer than he realized. If his prose was not as graceful as it might have been, it was to a high degree accurate and lucid. His letters show none of the ambiguities that often becloud the writings of more fluent stylists; he chose words and phrases that made his points clearly and simply, and he preferred to repeat himself several times, word for word, rather than cast about for another, and probably not quite synonymous, phrase. Washington believed that most Americans overrated his abilities as a soldier. His military experience before the War of Independence consisted almost solely of frontier-style skirmishing in the forests of the Ohio Valley during the French and Indian War, and that was of little help to him in the formal fighting he was now called upon to wage. In the interim, he had got to know a great deal about the world—as a planter, a miller, a shipper, a slaveowner, a legislator, and a lay member of the Virginia bench—but only in the past fifteen months, since his appointment by Congress as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, had he had an opportunity to fill in the gaps in his military training. He still was inexpert at devising strategy on a large scale, and he knew very little about the conduct of a formal battle. Subjects like hospital administration and mass recruitment were new to him, and so was the staggeringly complex matter of supply. He had been fortunate, he felt, in that his first operation as Commander-in-Chief was the static siege of the British in Boston, in 1775, rather than a campaign of active maneuver; the defeat on Long Island, on the other hand, had proved to him that Howe was still his master at the set piece—involving marching, countermarching, and all the other intricacies of drill—on a well-defined battlefield.

When Washington had been offered the post of Commander-in-Chief, he said, with obvious sincerity, "I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with," and, in agreeing to take it, he was largely motivated by a sense of obligation; this is apparent in a letter to his wife on June 18, 1775:

> MY DEAREST:
>
> I am now set down to write you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased, when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will cause you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the defense of

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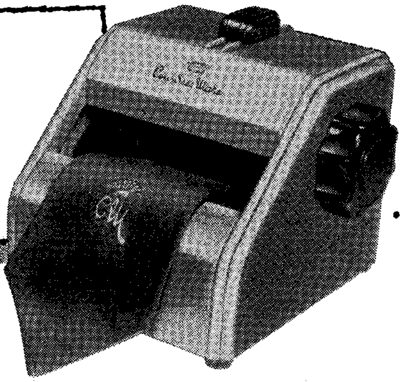
the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you in the most solemn manner that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censure as would have reflected dishonour upon myself, and have given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. . . .

"Censure" and "dishonour" are the key words here. Washington's deep concern about his standing with his countrymen stemmed perhaps from doubts he had had early in life about where he stood in relation to the gentry of Virginia. In accordance with the English custom of the period, George's father left the best of his considerable lands—the Mount Vernon estate—to his eldest son, Lawrence. The medium-size Ferry Farm, which went to George, the child of a second marriage, was a betwixt-and-between property, large enough to support a modest planter but not nearly large enough to support a high-living member of the gentry. The difference in the education the brothers received was as extreme as the difference in their inheritances. Lawrence was sent to school in England, where he acquired an English gentleman's manner, along with a solid grounding in the classics, but, as it happened, the father died when George was eleven, and, as a boy, he never got to study more than reading, writing, and arithmetic, at schools near his home and with local tutors; except in the subject of surveying, in which he took a certificate at William and Mary, his formal education did not progress beyond the grade-school level.

It was traditional in Virginia that



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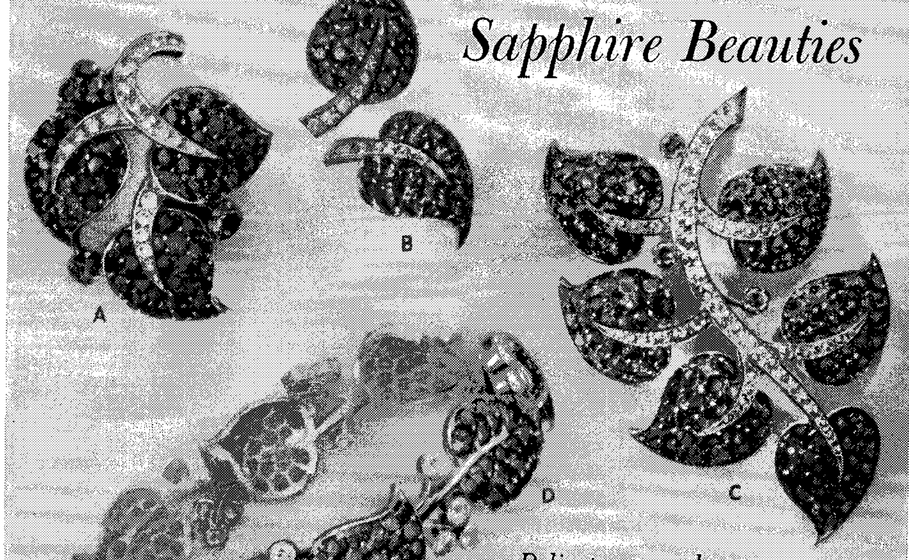

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first-born sons should enjoy immense advantages not accorded to their younger brothers, and George never felt animosity toward Lawrence; on the contrary, he idolized him. But there was nothing in the tradition to prevent George from doing all he could to build up a large estate for himself, and his early interest in soldiering is attributable partly to his desire for more land; in those days, officers were often paid in real estate. In 1752, Lawrence died, and Mount Vernon went to George. The farm, like many others in Virginia during this period, was losing money, but, after a hard struggle, Washington managed to make it pay. He developed a strong sense of noblesse oblige, which made it impossible for him to say no when he was asked, as a gentleman, to take on any kind of responsibility. He became guardian, estate executor, or trustee for a bewildering number of persons, some of whom had practically no claim of family or friendship on him, and he spent much of his time handling negotiations for others while neglecting his own affairs. He lent money even when he had to go into debt to do so. And when his friends and neighbors chose him for county-court judge, or convention delegate, or churchwarden, or whatever, Washington always felt that he had to accept; not to do so might have brought him censure. He could calmly contemplate being killed on the battlefield or hanged as a rebel, but he couldn't endure the thought of what he felt might be his fate if he failed to live up to his responsibilities.

ON that muggy Sunday morning, Washington and his aides rode from Harlem Heights to the plains below down a long, steep hill, where St. Nicholas Avenue now descends from 154th Street to 141st Street. (This slope, known as a draw, was the only break in the plateau's southern rim.) The Post Road, for the next half mile, kept close to the base of the bluffs, which in this area were palisades of elephantine granite boulders. (Some of them can still be seen in St. Nicholas Park, just east of the City College campus.) At about what is now 131st Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, the party turned off the Post Road onto a secondary road, which led southeast across the plains to Harlem and the Harlem River. The British soldiers on Buchanan's and Montresor's Islands were now plainly visible in their scarlet uniforms as they moved about among the trees near the water, but the scene was still peaceful; there was no sign of the landing boats,

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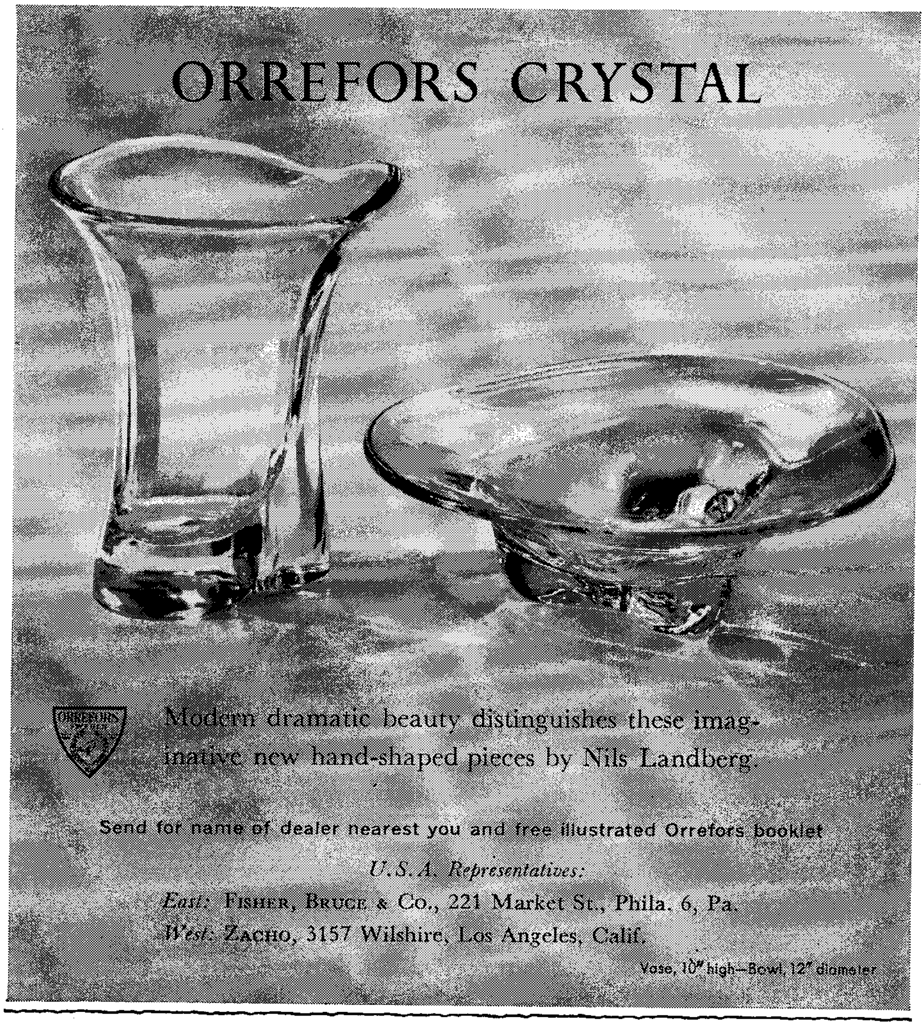
and there were not as many warships in the upper East River as there had been at dark the evening before. This was a relief to Washington; every hour's delay gave his soldiers in the city a better chance of evacuating. But the quiet was misleading. Although Washington did not know it, there was plenty of activity to the south—on both the Hudson and the East Rivers. That morning, three British men-of-war—the Renown, the Repulse, and the Pearl—and an armed schooner had sailed up the Hudson, past the city's batteries, to a small harbor known as Striker's Bay; despite all the changes in the shoreline since then, one can still see a suggestion of the bay's outline at the point where Riverside Drive swings east and over a viaduct at Ninety-sixth Street to avoid the dip in the land to the west. These ships presented the possibility of a diversionary, if minor, landing on Manhattan's west shore, which was practically undefended; even a handful of British soldiers would be able to make quite a nuisance of themselves there. The East River activity had graver implications. During the night, five British frigates—part of the fleet that had been expected to support the Harlem attack—had slipped into Kip's Bay, on the Manhattan side, a modest cove near what is now the foot of East Thirty-fourth Street. American soldiers on guard there had heard them drop anchor, and, in the darkness, had exchanged insults with the sailors aboard them. At daybreak, it became obvious that the ships had come for more than banter. They were anchored, bow to stern, in a line not more than two hundred yards from the rocky shore, and their cannon had been rolled out through the gun ports into firing position. The Roebuck, on the north end of the line, and the Phoenix, on the south, were the largest of the five, with forty guns apiece, half of them on one side and half on the other. The Orpheus, next to the Roebuck, had thirty-two; then came the Carysfort, with twenty-eight, and the Rose, with thirty-two. A full broadside, as the Kip's Bay defenders could easily discover by counting, would add up to eighty-six guns. By British Navy standards, the ships were fairly small, but to the Americans, they seemed huge, as any ship does when it is seen close to the shore. Their masts and rigging loomed into the air, and, looked upon as floating artillery, which was how the soldiers on shore looked upon them, they appeared to be bristling with firepower.

The soldiers confronted by this sight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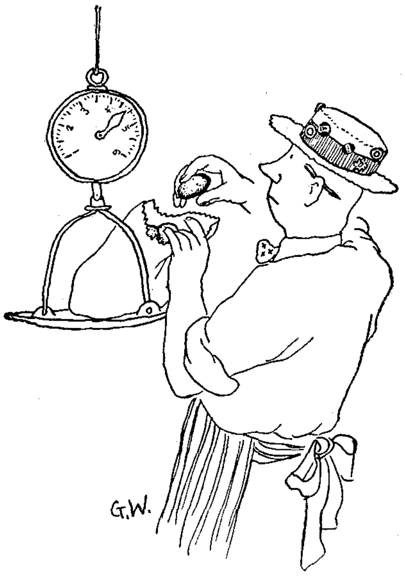
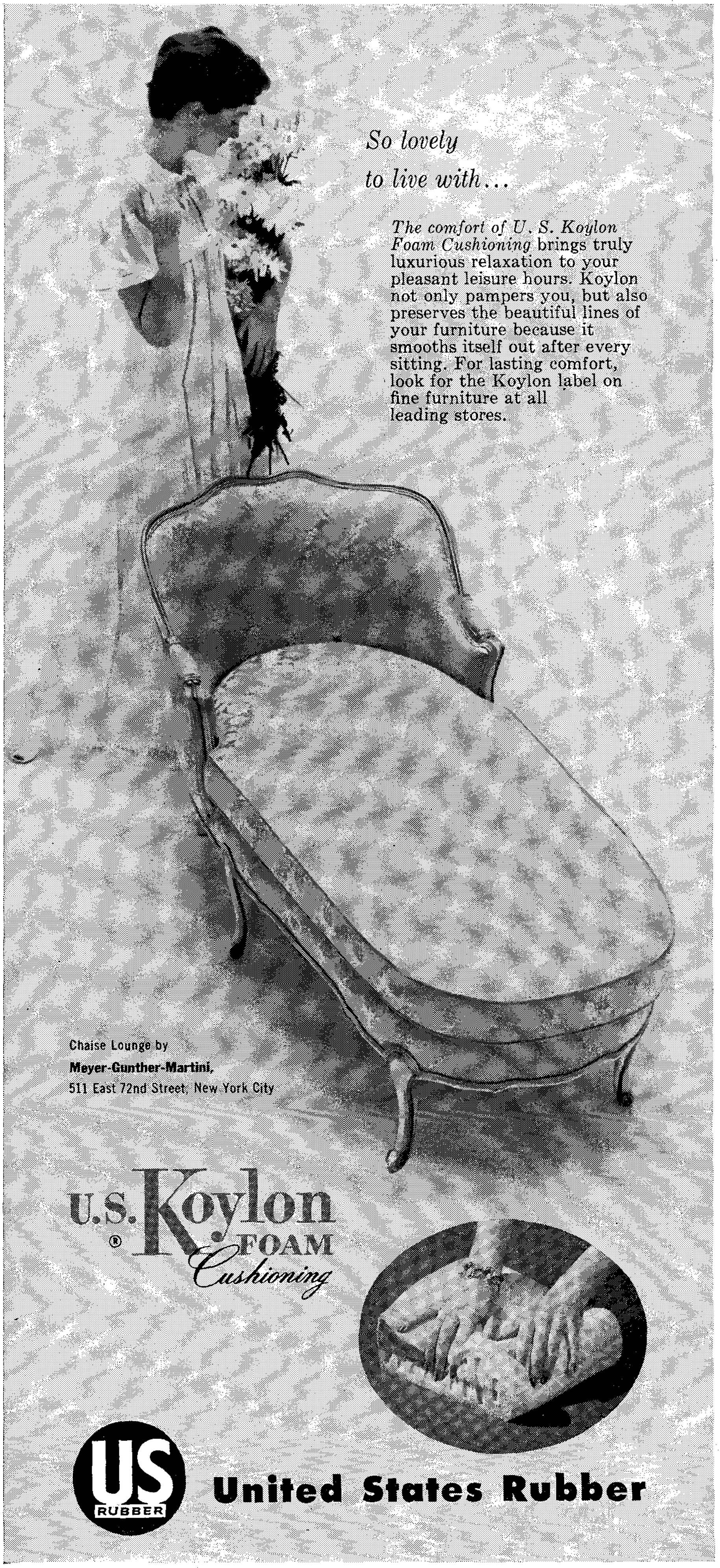
were terrified. They would have been still more terrified had they realized that Kip's Bay, rather than Harlem, was the target for Howe's main assault, not for just a naval bombardment. Howe had originally intended to land at Harlem, as Washington surmised, but he had been obliged to change his mind; the waters around the islands at Hell Gate were much more treacherous in those days than they are now (the worst obstructions have been removed and the channels have been dredged), and, at almost the last moment, the captains of the British East River task force had refused to sail close in to the Harlem shore. Howe was not much disturbed by this, for he was confident that if he could get his regiments ashore in good order at any point, he could take the whole island without serious difficulty. Rather than land without the support of naval gunfire, he changed his objective to Kip's Bay, which was not only easily navigable but had other advantages; the terrain immediately behind it—a large, open, V-shaped meadow rising from the shore between two brooks that almost met as they emptied into the river—would make a fine place to assemble the British troops. The moment Howe chose Kip's Bay, all the undisguised preparations he had made for the 125th Street attack served as a confusing, though unintentional, feint.

For the time being, just after dawn on Sunday, the ships' crews were standing by, and the Americans on the shore could do nothing but watch them move around on deck, for the warships were just out of musket range and the Americans had no artillery. So, as the bright sun continued to rise in the sky and the morning grew warmer, the soldiers simply sat in their inadequate trenches—a

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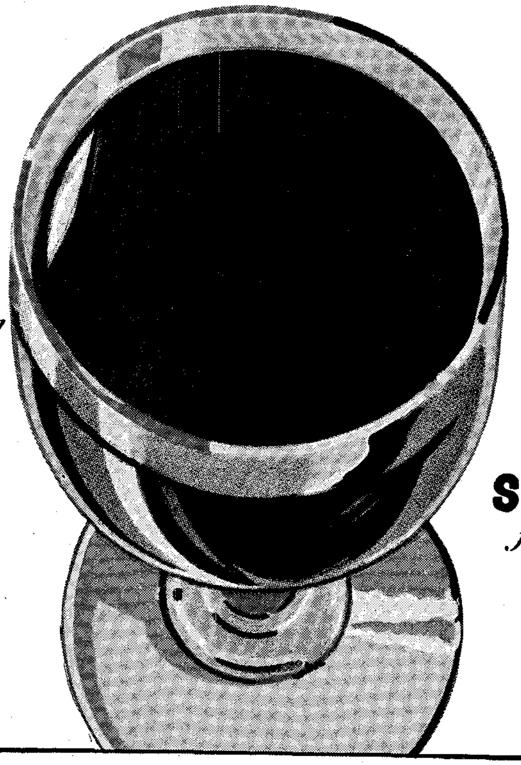
series of shallow ditches with no breastworks except the loose earth tossed up in digging them—and worried about what was going to happen next. Under the circumstances, first-class troops, realizing how precarious a spot they were in, might have become demoralized to the point of panic, but the men at Kip's Bay, who were in Colonel William Douglas's Connecticut brigade, were nearly all raw recruits, so they just worried. Some of them had been in the Army less than a week, and most of them were still wearing the clothes they had brought from home and were carrying their families' muskets. One of the four regiments in the brigade was considerably more competent than the three others—it ranked as fair to middling—but this outfit was stationed on the south, or right, end of Douglas's line and the warships were at his left flank, where he had posted his greenest soldiers. At full strength, the brigade consisted of a hundred and forty officers and thirteen hundred enlisted men, but hardly a third of these were on hand and ready to fight. More than five hundred were sick; like twenty-five per cent of Washington's entire army, they were down with a fever brought on, it was believed, by polluted drinking water. Moreover, the brigade had been divided into two sections, or reliefs, and only half its effective strength was in the trenches that morning—a total of perhaps four hundred and fifty officers and men. To be sure, the men in relief were not far away—camped in the woods nearby, or wandering around looking for food—but while it might be possible to round up most of them in an emergency, they were not even on the alert. The men in the trenches had been on duty all night, and they were not only exhausted but famished. No rations had been issued for twenty-four hours. The sorry condition of the men in Douglas's brigade was no reflection on his ability as a commander. The Colonel's reputation was excellent. A tall, straight, forty-three-year-old veteran of the French and Indian War, and a versatile fighter, he had been in command of the brigade for less than a fortnight, having been given it partly as a reward for his commendable leadership of a battalion during the Battle of Long Island. Clearly, Douglas hadn't had time to have much influence on his troops one way or the other, still less to make soldiers out of recruits. He had had no warning of the change in Howe's plans, and when his new men found themselves squarely in the path of a high-powered, well-dis-



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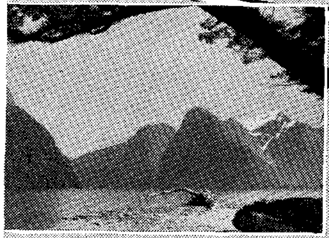

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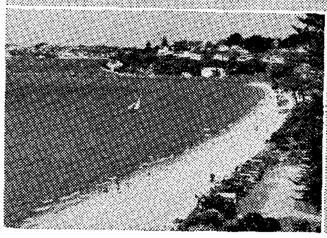

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ciplined, and wholly unexpected British assault, it was simply a case of spectacularly bad luck.

Douglas's trenches followed the contours of the bay in an irregular line, as close to the edge of the river as it was practicable to dig them. Behind them was the meadow Howe hoped to use as an assembly area—rising, gradually at first and then quite abruptly, to a flat-topped eminence, then called Inclenberg and now called Murray Hill, which was owned by a wealthy Quaker merchant named Robert Murray. On the crest stood Murray's handsome country house, which was only twelve years old in 1776; if it were still standing, it would straddle Park Avenue between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Streets. Surrounded by gardens, lawns, orchards, and cultivated fields, it was the center of an estate that, while not especially large, was a showplace, and one that combined elegance with productivity. There were only four houses in the Kip's Bay area. Down near the north shore of the bay, on a site that is more remote from the river today—a hundred feet east of Second Avenue on Thirty-fifth Street—stood the old Kip farmhouse, belonging to a family that had lived there for more than a century. South of the meadow, in the heavily wooded land where some of Douglas's men were camping, was the extensive John Watts estate, and, on the East River, a bit north of what is now Fiftieth Street, was the Beekman mansion.

Just to the south of Inclenberg there was a spring-fed lake, four hundred feet long and half as wide, called Sunfish Pond. The Post Road, which was the island's main north-south thoroughfare and the only one that extended all the way from the city to King's Bridge, which provided an exit to the Bronx at the northern end of the island, ran past the eastern bank of Sunfish Pond, and stagecoach teams, stopping at the stone two and a half miles from the city, often watered there. The Post Road headed north, along what is now the Bowery, to the present Astor Place; there it veered slightly to the west and then followed the course Broadway takes to Twenty-third Street. At that point, the Bloomingdale Road branched off to the west, and the Post Road turned to the east. The Bloomingdale Road marked out almost exactly the future path of Broadway as far as 106th Street, where, instead of swerving due north as Broadway does, it ran nine blocks to the northwest and came to a dead end at a farm owned

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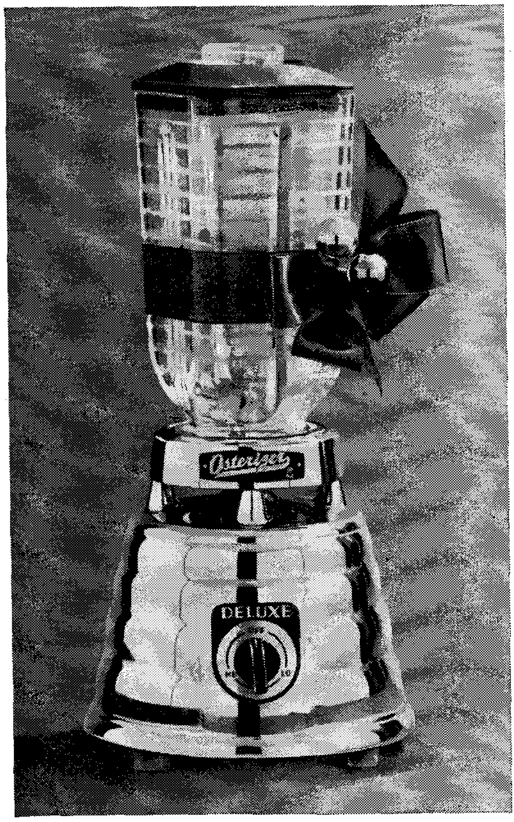

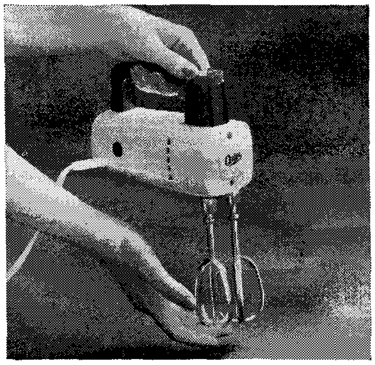

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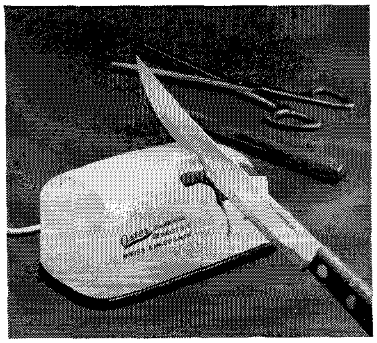

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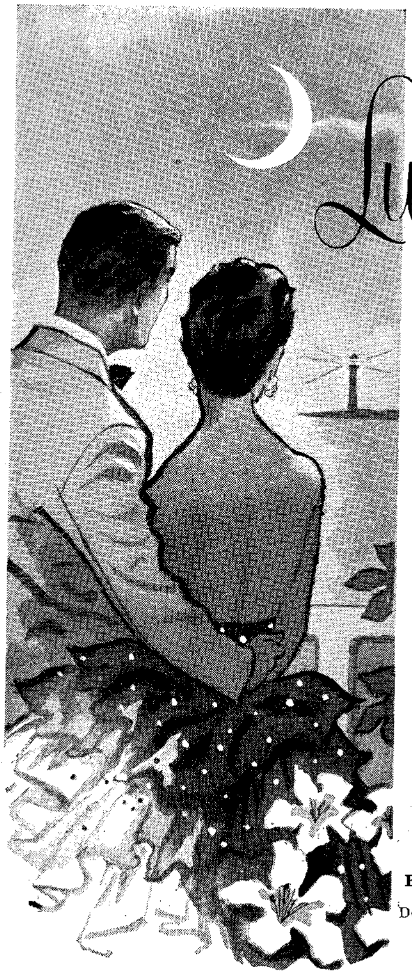
by a family named Hoaglandt, which, if it were still standing, would be at 115th Street and Riverside Drive. The Post Road went past Sunfish Pond, across a bridge over the Pond's outlet to the East River, and to what is now Lexington Avenue and Thirty-second Street. Then, following the course of Lexington Avenue, it started up Inclenberg and, after passing Mr. Murray's formal gardens, turned east toward Turtle Bay, a bit above Forty-sixth Street, and then swung back gradually toward the middle of the island. From a military standpoint, the Post Road was more important than any other road on Manhattan, and that was one reason Howe was not unfavorably disposed toward a Kip's Bay landing; his infantrymen, he thought, would be able to close the highway a few minutes after going ashore.

At ten that morning, Douglas and his men began to see what they were in for. In the last day or so, Howe had assembled a good many of his landing boats—eighty-four of them—on the far shore of the river, at the mouth of Newtown Creek, which separates Brooklyn from Queens, and infantrymen were now boarding them. As soon as each boat had its complement of assault troops aboard, it was rowed to a rendezvous point in the lee of a group of transports anchored close to the Brooklyn shore. Not long after the last of the landing boats reached this destination, the oarsmen began pulling for Manhattan. As the boats advanced, the incoming tide caught the line and bent it into a crescent, carrying the procession upstream. The British soldiers in the boats were standing in ranks, and they held their muskets, with bayonets fixed, at their shoulders. In their brilliant scarlet and white, they made a splendid, frightening sight.

The launching of this assault, shortly before eleven, was the signal for the five warships in Kip's Bay to let go the broadsides the Americans had been expecting since dawn. The entire line fired at once, with a thunderous crack of powder, and eighty-six cannon balls sizzled ashore. Dust, smoke, and clumps of sod filled the air. After the initial, stunning blast, the cannon continued to fire as fast as they could be loaded, but since they were slightly above the level of the shore, most of their shots were too high and went whistling over the trenches into the meadow. Mounted high up in the rigging, however, the ships had a few smaller guns, called swivels—a cross between a big musket



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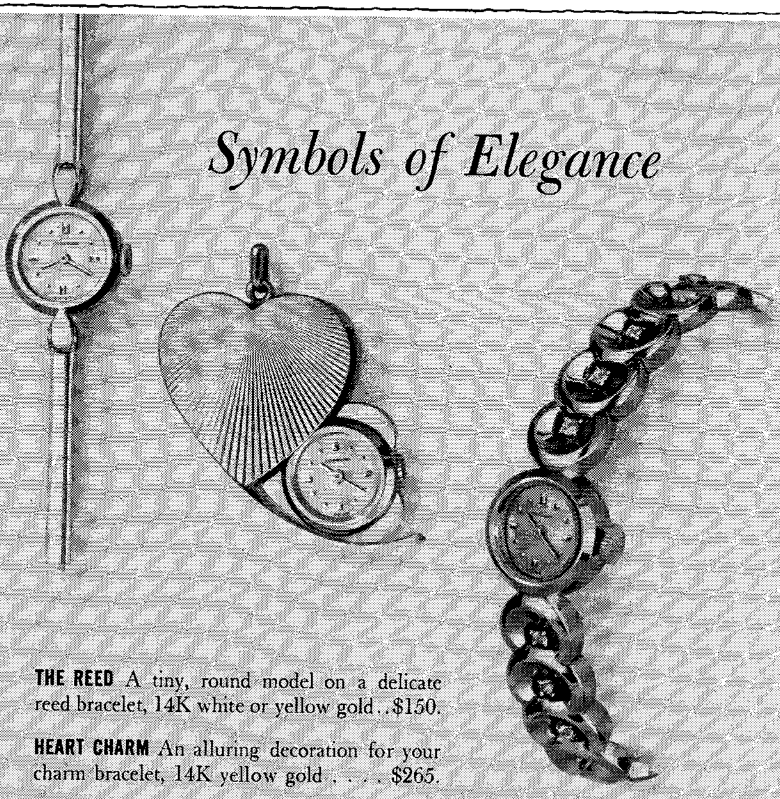

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and a cannon—and the British gunners manning them could look right down at the Americans as they cowered helpless in their trenches. The cloud of dust and smoke, which one eyewitness described as "burying" the Americans, not only prevented them from seeing how fast the assault boats were moving but had a detrimental effect on the accuracy of the swivel gunners, and almost no one was hit. Nevertheless, the bombardment was too much for the Connecticut recruits. The men in the regiment on Douglas's left flank broke and ran for cover in the woods. The panic spread rapidly down the line, and by the time the leading contingent of assault troops had drawn alongside the warships, which thereupon stopped firing, only Colonel Douglas and a few of his men remained in position.

The booming of the cannon at Kip's Bay was heard all over the island. Washington heard it in Harlem, and he and his aides started riding at full speed in the direction of the ominous sounds. General Putnam, in the city, heard it, and at once ordered General John Fellows' brigade and three regiments of General Samuel H. Parsons' brigade to leave the fortifications they had been manning at Corlears Hook (in recent years a small park lying west of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, a couple of blocks south of the Williamsburg Bridge) and march north to reinforce wherever reinforcing was needed. The troops guarding the shore along the middle reaches of the East River—General James Wadsworth's brigade, which was in the vicinity of what is now Twenty-third Street, and General John Scott's brigade, on either side of the Peter Stuyvesant house, near the foot of Twelfth Street—not only heard the gunfire but saw the oncoming flotilla of landing boats. According to plan, Wadsworth's and Scott's brigades, consisting of five regiments of Connecticut militia and four regiments of New Yorkers, respectively, should have promptly hastened to Douglas's assistance, but neither brigade did so. Some of the men were just as panicky as Douglas's soldiers; others accepted in good faith a riverbank rumor, later proved false, that a retreat had been ordered. In a very short time, the woods and the roads were filled with disorganized, hurrying men—men running away from their commanders and men looking for a commander to report to. The Post Road was a mad snarl of marchers and horsemen trying to move in both directions. Some units had become straggling, uncontrollable mobs,

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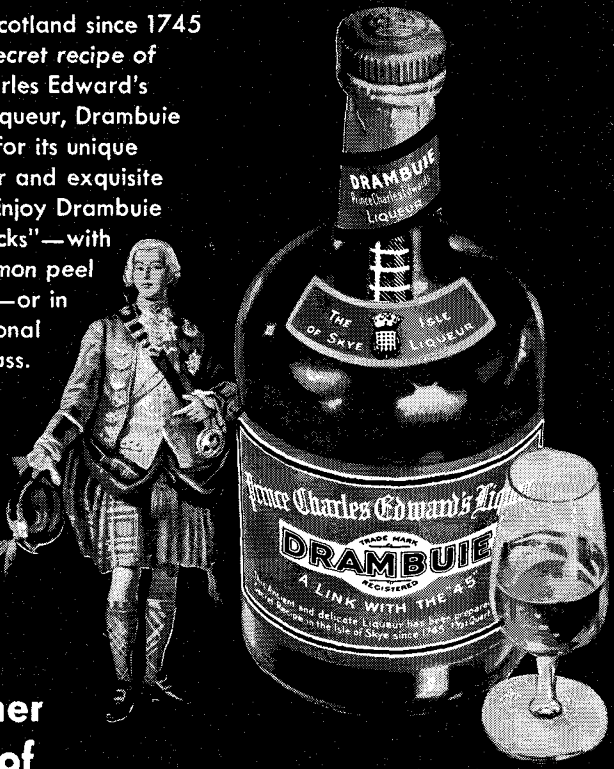

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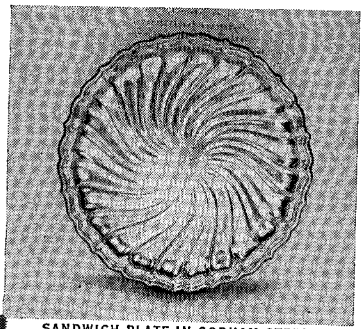

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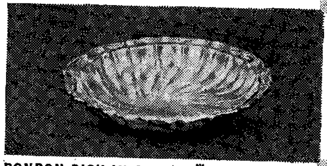

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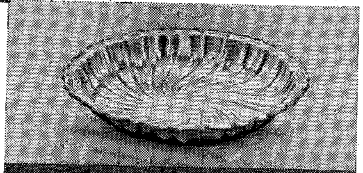

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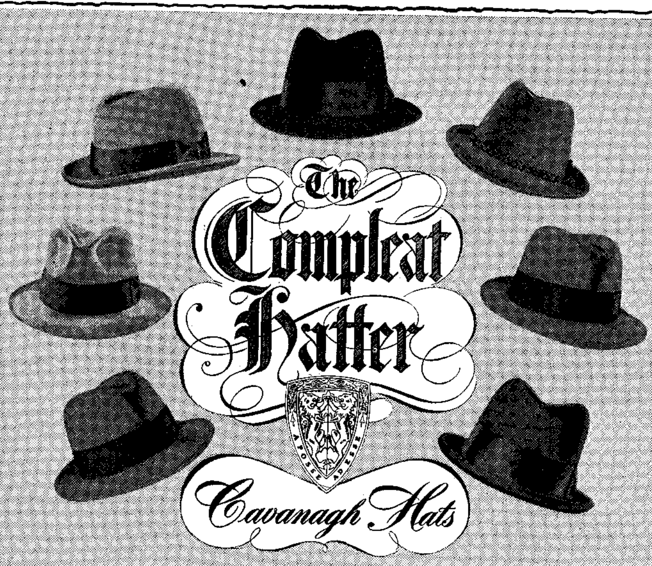

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while others were in good order and marching purposefully—toward what nobody exactly knew. By design or otherwise, one place hardly anybody was marching toward was Kip's Bay, and no organized group of men larger than squad size arrived on the meadow before Colonel Douglas and his few remaining troops decided that their position was hopeless and retreated from their trenches. Kip's Bay fell to Howe by default as soon as the first of his infantrymen scrambled up the rocks on the north shore, near the Kip farmhouse.

There were four thousand men in the British assault force, which consisted of three battalions of light infantry, four battalions of British grenadiers, three battalions of Hessian grenadiers and some Hessian jägers, or scouts, and a brigade of British guards, all under the command of Lieutenant General Sir Henry Clinton. These troops were a kind of élite advance section of the British Army, and their assignment was to establish a beachhead while the nine thousand men who made up the main body of Howe's forces were being ferried across the river on flatboats. Clinton's men carried out their mission with clockwork competence. Brigadier General Alexander Leslie's light infantry landed first and moved across the north side of the meadow; the British grenadiers, commanded by Lieutenant General Earl Cornwallis and Major General John Vaughan, advanced to the high ground of Inclenberg, straight ahead; and Colonel Carl von Donop's Hessians (the grenadiers in blue coats and the jägers in green ones) turned south, toward the Watts estate. Since there was no opposition except an occasional flurry of musket shots from Americans who had not run all the way away, the British were able to execute brilliantly the parade-ground drill maneuvers at which they were so adept. Clinton's troops dressed their lines and marched to the cadence of their drums. To old-timers in the American Army, their formality and their gaudy uniforms (the trousers, straps, and belts had been freshly whitened with pipe clay) were indications of an exaggerated but formidable discipline.

In an orchard on the Watts estate, von Donop's Hessians had a brief encounter with a scattering of Americans. The Hessians had a style of fighting all their own. In an advance like this one, the jägers moved ahead of the grenadiers, running and taking cover behind trees and boulders—rather in the style of the Americans, who had acquired this technique in frontier fighting and had yet to develop a badly needed standardized system of infantry drill. A number of the jägers, who had been professional hunters or game wardens in Germany, carried rifles instead of muskets, and were consequently feared by the Americans as fine marksmen. The principal weapon of both the British and the Americans was an English flintlock musket called the Brown Bess, and it was a cumbersome one. It was practically useless for a man firing a Brown Bess to take aim; the best he could do was to hold the barrel parallel to the ground, point in the general direction of the target, and flinch as little as possible during the appreciable interval that elapsed between the pulling of the trigger and the explosion of the powder that propelled the ball. The barrel of the Brown Bess was of such crude design that even if a man fired two shots from exactly the same position and at exactly the same angle, there was no certainty the second would take the same course as the first. But firing in this manner was out of the question anyway, because after each shot a musketeer had to take time out to act as a sort of master mechanic while, with a heavy metal ramrod, sometimes augmented by a mallet, he drove a new, often tight-fitting ball down the barrel. Although the jägers' rifles were pretty primitive and not much, if any, easier to handle than muskets, they did at least make it worthwhile to take aim. (The long American rifle was a far better weapon than either, but it was still dreadfully scarce. A long-rifle ball lacked the weight and hitting power of a musket ball, but a man could fire and reload in thirty seconds, compared to the several minutes it took a musketeer, and an expert could hit a ten-inch target at a hundred yards.) Even more feared than the jägers, and for another reason, were the Hessian grenadiers, who, marching in formal columns and representing von Donop's Sunday punch, were intended to overpower any resistance the jägers failed to rout. The grenadiers carried muskets, but it was not these their adversaries feared so much as the bayonets that were fixed to them. If the enemy dared stand in their way, the grenadiers would line up, fire a volley or two (as much for psychological effect as in the expectation of hitting anybody), and then lower their bayonets for a charge. British troops relied heavily on bayonets, too, but the Hessians' reputation as bayonet handlers was enough to make even the most stalwart

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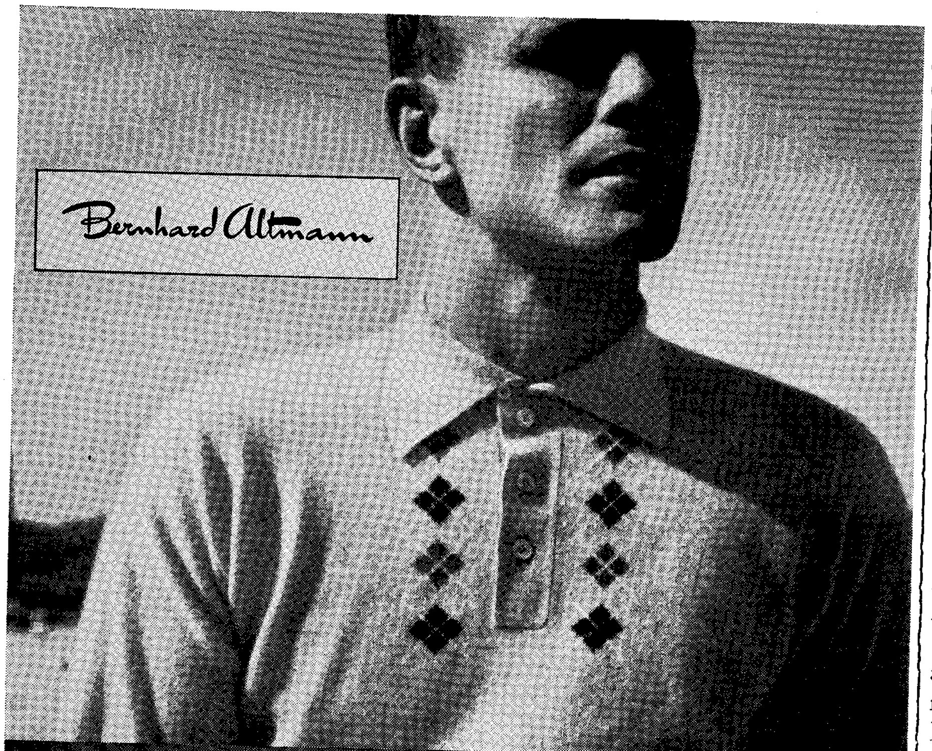
American soldier shudder. On this occasion, within the hour or so during which the Hessians moved across the Watts property to secure the southern boundary of the beachhead, they killed between thirty and forty Americans and took sixty prisoners. By midday, or a little later, Clinton had accomplished his immediate purpose: He was in possession of Inclenberg; he held the Post Road from below Sunfish Pond to north of the Murray mansion, and his troops were spread out in a large semicircle, protecting the landing area against possible counterattack. All this had been achieved with only one important British casualty. That was General Vaughan. As he led his men up the hill toward the Murray house, he was nicked by a musket ball.

General Washington and his aides approached the scene just as Clinton's men finished taking the beachhead. Riding down the Post Road, Washington and his party reached a point somewhere between the present Lexington and Third Avenues in the low Forties, when they ran into a rabble of fugitives from the Douglas and Wadsworth brigades. These men were hurrying north as fast as they could go, although there was no sound of skirmishing behind them and Washington could see no sign of enemy troops. Some of Leslie's infantrymen were close by, but they were not pursuing, because their orders were to wait on the boundaries of the landing area until the main body of troops had been ferried over. The sight of his soldiers running away shocked Washington, and he and his aides tried to halt the stampede. Waving their swords and pistols and shouting curses, they did their best to ride herd on the soldiers, but without success. There were too many panic-stricken men, and their retreat had gained too much momentum. The tide swept by the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army.

Meanwhile, Fellows' and Parsons' brigades, coming up from the city, accompanied by General Putnam, were beginning to approach the beachhead from the west. They were in fairly good order, but tardy, because for some reason, after marching the men up the Post Road to the fork, their commanders had seen fit to have them turn left onto the Bloomingdale Road, which carried them well to the west of the battlefield. Connecting the Bloomingdale Road and the Post Road in today's midtown area was a crossroad, bordered by stone walls and, behind them, cultivated fields; if



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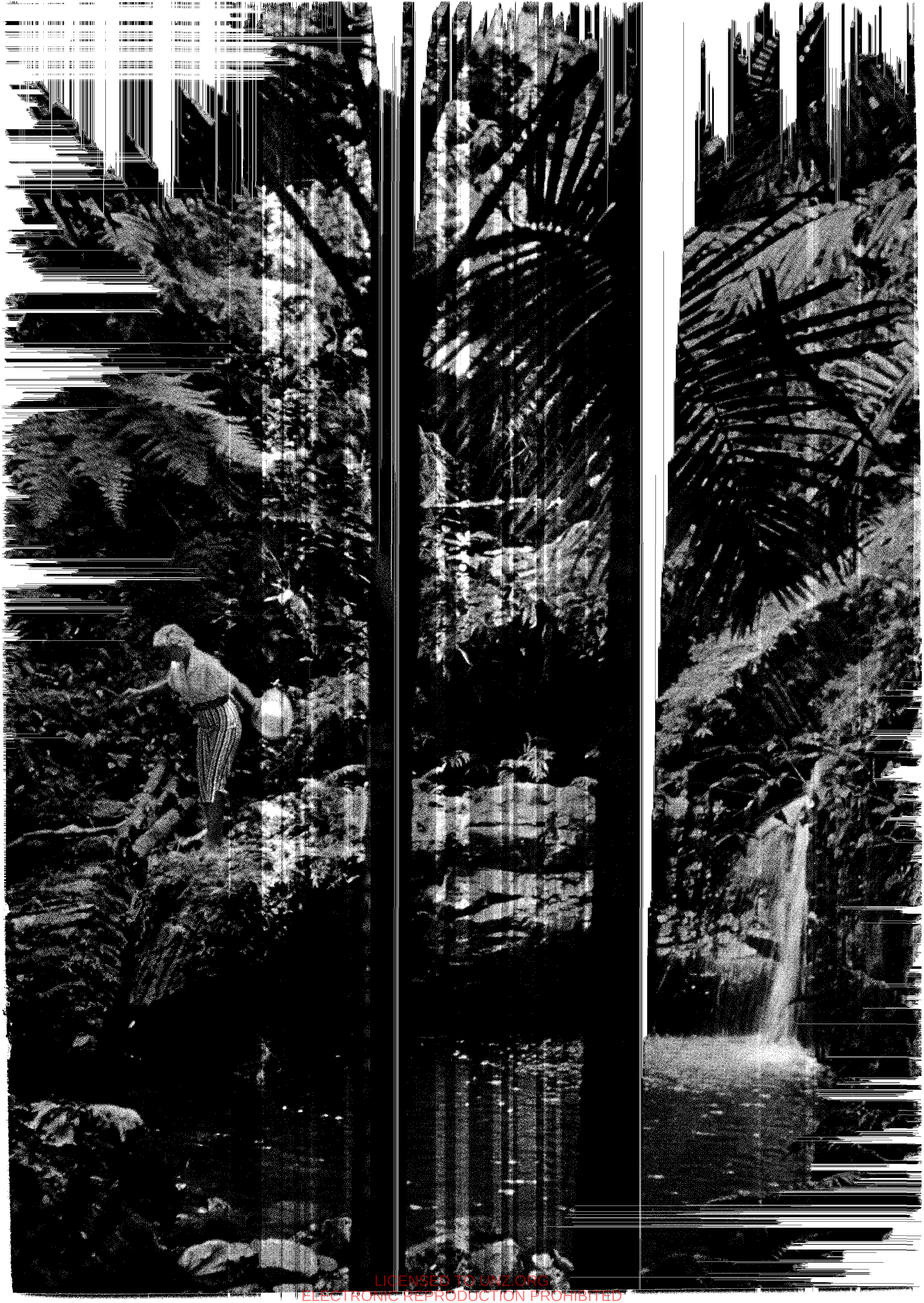
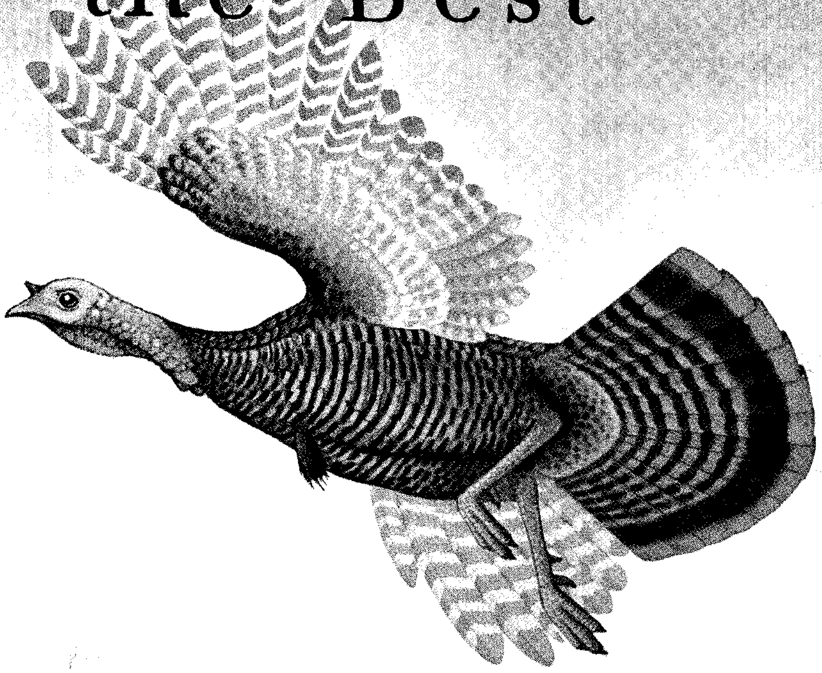


# The Responsibility of Being the Best



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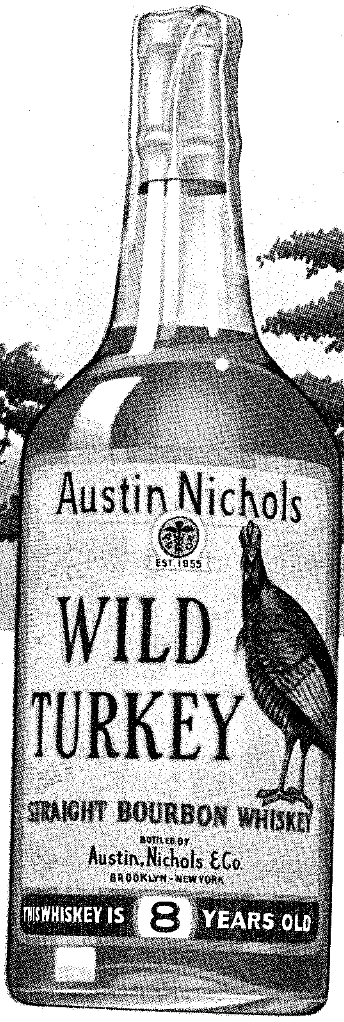
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it were still there, it would leave Broadway at about Forty-third Street, pass just north of Bryant Park and the Public Library, and end up at Lexington Avenue and Forty-first Street. The leading regiment of Fellows' brigade, at the head of the long column of reinforcements, turned off the Bloomingdale Road onto this crossroad just as General Washington and his party reached its other end, at the Post Road. The troops came to a halt, and Putnam, Fellows, and Parsons, among others, conferred with Washington, who was standing just south of the road, in the vicinity of what is now Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street and not very far from the British beachhead. Washington expressed the belief that it was not too late to make a stand, and he ordered Fellows and Parsons to bring their men up the Bloomingdale Road and east on the crossroad to form a line along it that might keep Howe from expanding his beachhead to the north.

This seemed a reasonable piece of strategy. But when Fellows and Parsons passed the word along, it became apparent that their junior officers had lost control. All at once, the spell of military authority disintegrated, and as men saw other men disregarding commands, the formation came apart; within a few minutes soldiers were running aimlessly here and there or taking off across the fields, and what had been a potent defending force turned into a noisy rabble. Stragglers from Douglas's, Wadsworth's, and Scott's brigades added to the confusion. Washington, angered by his troops' refusal to execute such a simple and far from dangerous maneuver, broke the rule that a general should never attempt to do a lieutenant's work. He and his aides rode up and down the crossroad, trying desperately to organize a line of resistance. "Take the wall! Take the cornfield!" Washington would shout, pointing to positions on either side of the road. A few of the soldiers obediently took up the positions indi-

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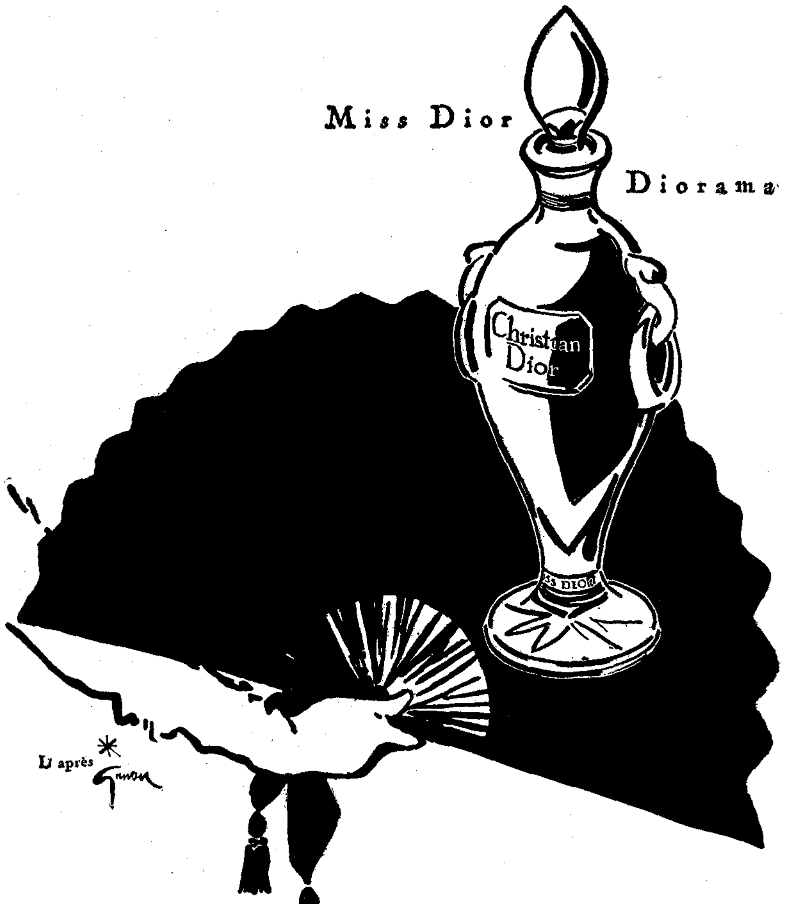

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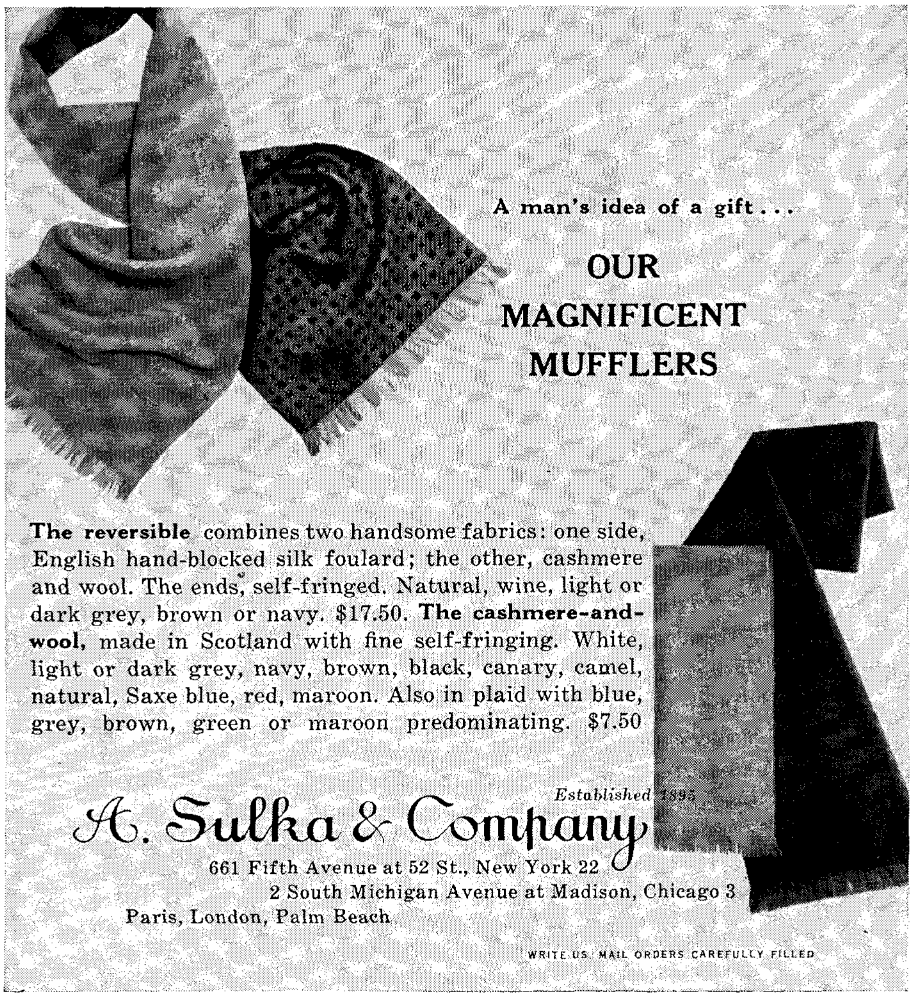

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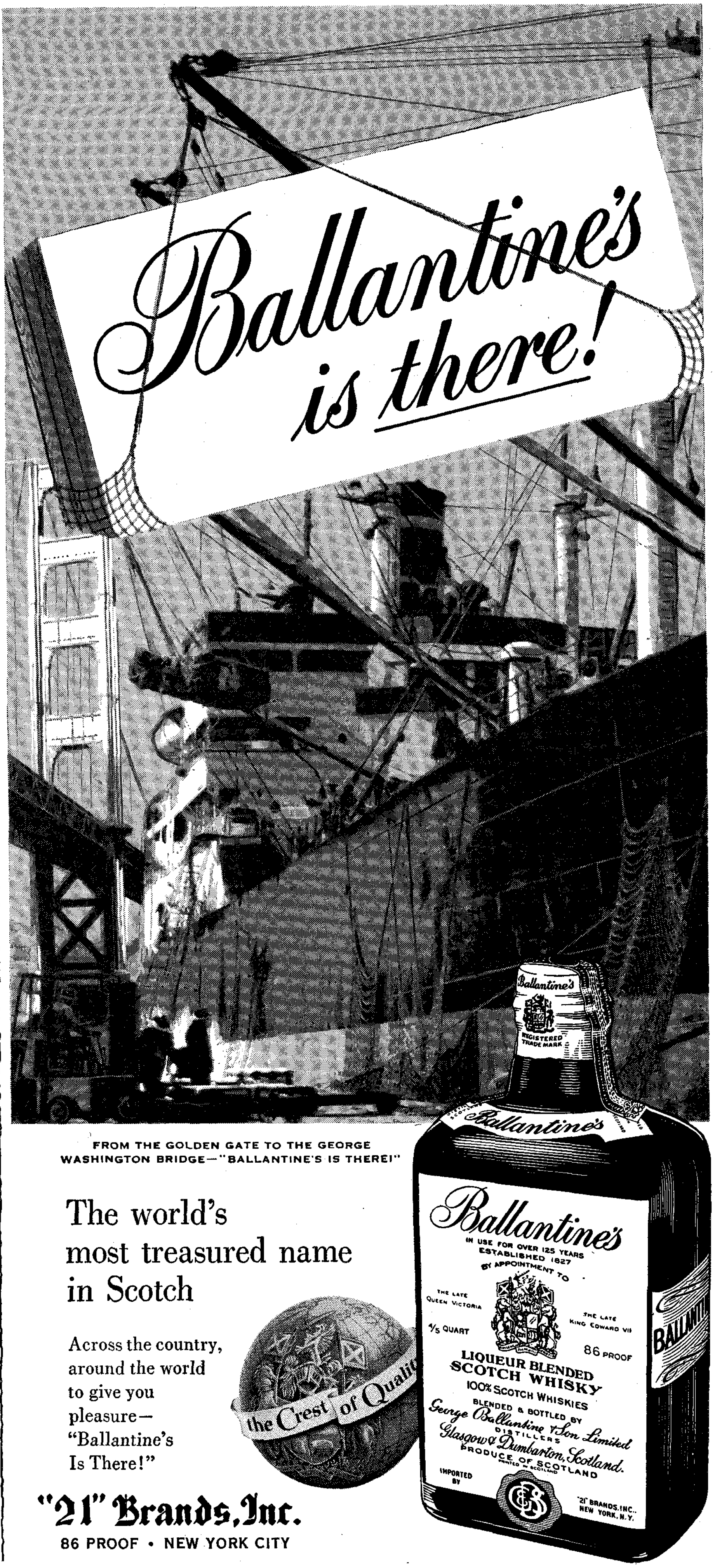
cated, but some of them stayed put only until the Commander's party had ridden past, and then joined the majority, who were running north as fast as they could. At the height of the fiasco, an advance detachment of not more than seventy British soldiers came into view on the crest of Inclenberg. They were quite a way off, but this was the first time some of Fellows' and Parsons' men had seen the enemy, and the sight completed the rout. Washington realized that the situation was hopeless, and his anger at his cowardly soldiers mounted. He tore off his hat and dashed it to the ground. Cursing violently, he roared that his men were not men at all but scum, incapable of winning any battle. He slashed furiously with his riding crop at the soldiers, and even at one or two officers, trying to beat courage into them. But the General's frenzy, formidable as it was, accomplished nothing; his troops continued to break away. Within minutes, Washington and his aides were practically alone on the crossroad, amid a litter of equipment—muskets, powder horns, knapsacks, hats, coats—that had been thrown aside to make escape easier. Presently, someone in the General's party noticed that the enemy detachment was moving cautiously toward them. Since neither Washington nor the men with him had any weapon bigger than a pistol, there was now real danger that the American Commander-in-Chief might be taken prisoner. But though it was obvious that the time had come to flee, he simply sat dejectedly in the saddle, his head bowed; he seemed utterly exhausted by the intensity of his anger, and in a daze. Finally, when the leading British soldiers were almost within musket range, one of the aides took the bridle of the General's horse and led him away.

WITH the Post Road cut and the Bloomingdale Road threatened, the nearly three thousand American soldiers still in the city of New York were in trouble. There was no telling how soon Howe's men might march across the island and cut them off entirely. While General Putnam had been as distressed as his Commander at seeing the men of Fellows' and Parsons' brigades disgrace themselves, he could derive a small amount of comfort from the fact that they had at least had the sense to run north, and would soon reach the relative safety of the Heights, whereas the rest of his troops—more than half of them, in fact—were still in the city.

After trying, like Washington, to stop the stampede, Putnam galloped south; he wanted to get his men in the city moving northward as quickly as possible. Putnam was fifty-eight years old, short and stocky, round-faced and optimistic. He was not exactly a versatile general officer, for he knew little about such matters as logistics, strategy, and staff administration, but he was a fine field officer, and a man of extraordinary energy and enterprise. He was admired as a hero by most of his soldiers, and countless incredible anecdotes—many of them true and some dating back to the French and Indian War—were told about his military exploits. Putnam, whose home was in Pomfret, Connecticut, was lucky to have as his aide at this moment Major Aaron Burr, because Burr knew the island of Manhattan well. Now, when the two met, Burr suggested that they march the troops north along the shore of the Hudson over secondary roads and pathways—where they might escape detection, since, as far as anybody knew, Howe's men were still grouped on the east side of the island—and get them on the Bloomingdale Road at about what is now Columbus Circle. Putnam ordered all the troops in the city to prepare at once for a forced march, even though that meant leaving behind all kinds of supplies the Army badly needed, especially tents and ordnance.

Putnam's column of some three thousand men left the city at four in the afternoon, marching up the Greenwich Road, close to the Hudson, toward Greenwich, a district of handsome farms and country houses that included most of what is now called Chelsea and Greenwich Village. The advance guard reached the William Bayard and Oliver De Lancey estates, near the present Twenty-third Street, before the tail of the column had passed the present Chambers Street. Although the skies were clouding, the afternoon was still oppressively hot, and it was difficult to keep the infantry moving at top speed. That, however, was the kind of job Putnam was adroit at. Racing up and down the line of marchers, his horse wild-eyed and flecked with foam, he kept shouting encouragement and urging his men to maintain the pace. Flank guards struggled over rough, pathless terrain a few hundred yards east of the main body, on the watch for signs of British activity; Putnam would not have been surprised if his column had encountered a line of British troops, or at least an enemy road block, at any point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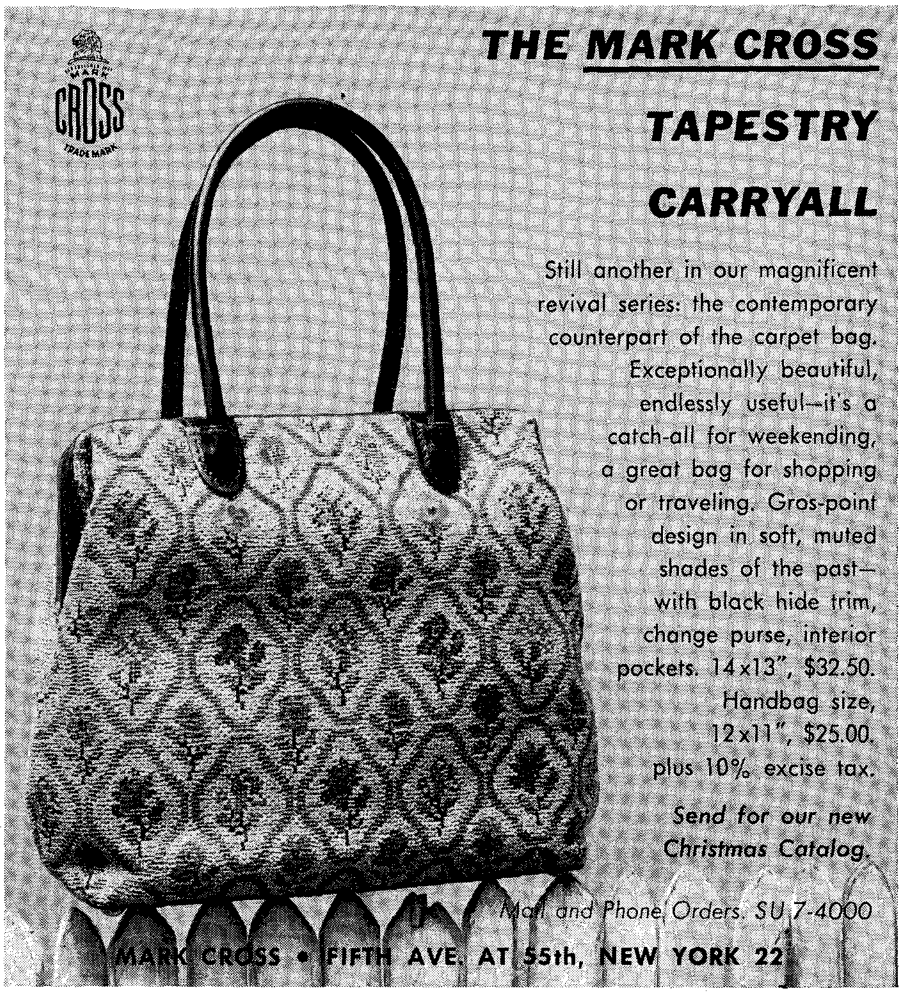

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beyond Greenwich. North of Greenwich, the route followed lanes and footpaths that approximated the present course of Eighth Avenue to Columbus Circle, and there the marchers entered the Bloomingdale Road, which, Putnam was relieved to find, was still open to the north.

As a matter of fact, Howe had not yet sent any troops across to the West Side. All afternoon, Clinton's men had remained on and around Inclenberg, waiting for the shuttling flatboats to finish bringing the rest of Howe's force ashore. That was part of Howe's plan, and the plan was being executed perfectly. If his doctrine of how to stage an amphibious assault—he held that the invader must build up strength within the landing area before attempting to push on—had been less sound, or if he had adhered to it less faithfully, he might have saved himself much subsequent criticism. Howe was at his best as a tactical planner, and in the years since his men crossed the East River no one has devised a better way of conducting a waterborne infantry assault. In view of the Americans' utter, though scarcely predictable, collapse, however, Howe's impeccable maneuver seemed excessively cautious, and Englishmen and Americans alike never let him forget it.

It required about three hours—from two o'clock until nearly five—for the British to complete the buildup. During that interval, they took a few American prisoners (some of them were men who had run away in terror from their outfits and then, in confusion, wandered into enemy territory), and at Mrs. Robert Murray's invitation Howe, with Clinton, Cornwallis, and a few other officers, had cakes and Madeira with her at her house. There is a romantic legend that despite her husband's sympathy for the British, Mrs. Murray deliberately delayed Howe in order to allow Putnam's men to escape to Harlem Heights, but it loses a little of its lustre when one considers the fact that although Howe's battle plan may not have said anything about a tea party, it did specify a lengthy halt on Inclenberg. As soon as his whole force was ashore, Howe went ahead with the next phase of his attack, strictly in accordance with his plan.

At five o'clock, von Donop's men began to move south toward the city's fortified line, occupying houses and barns along the way, and the light infantry marched up the Post Road, in pursuit of the runaways. Along the Road, at a point in what is now Central Park, a few hundred feet east of where Ninety-sixth Street meets Fifth Avenue, Washington had posted a Maryland regiment commanded by Colonel William Smallwood, with orders to delay the British, if they should move in that direction, and so give the men from the battery at Horn's Hook and other units along the upper East River time to pull back to Harlem Heights. Washington had not chosen Smallwood's position haphazardly; half a mile north of it, the Post Road ran between two high hills through a defile known as McGown's Pass, and then zigzagged down a steep grade. (In much the same way, the Park's East Drive sweeps in an S curve in its descent from 106th to 110th Streets. A short distance east of where the Drive starts to curve, there are some benches, an 1812-vintage cannon, and a plaque labelled "McGown's Pass.") The Pass was the best place on the Post Road for a small force to make a stand against an advancing army, and Smallwood was instructed to fall back to it, if need be.

But as the British approached, the Marylanders held their ground—the first time all day that an American outfit had put up any kind of organized resistance. There was a short, sharp exchange of musket fire. Then, rather than fight it out, the British infantrymen turned west onto a side road, called the New Bloomingdale Crossroad, that joined the Bloomingdale Road at what is now Ninety-first Street and Broadway. As they did, a rain squall suddenly ended the stifling heat and settled the dust kicked up by the marching men. The leading British company approached the Bloomingdale Road just in time to see the last regiment in Putnam's procession—the 2nd Connecticut Militia—plod by. There was a brief skirmish, in which Lieutenant Colonel Jabez Thompson, the commander of the regiment, and a small rear guard held off the British long enough for the others to get a safe distance up the road. Then the rear guard retreated, intact except for Lieutenant Colonel Thompson, who fell in the last few minutes of the fracas.

THAT ended the day's fighting. Smallwood's Marylanders retreated, as they had been ordered to do, after their short but effective engagement, leaving McGown's Pass open to the enemy. Putnam's column reached the Heights safely shortly after dark. The men were not only exhausted but dispirited, even though they knew they

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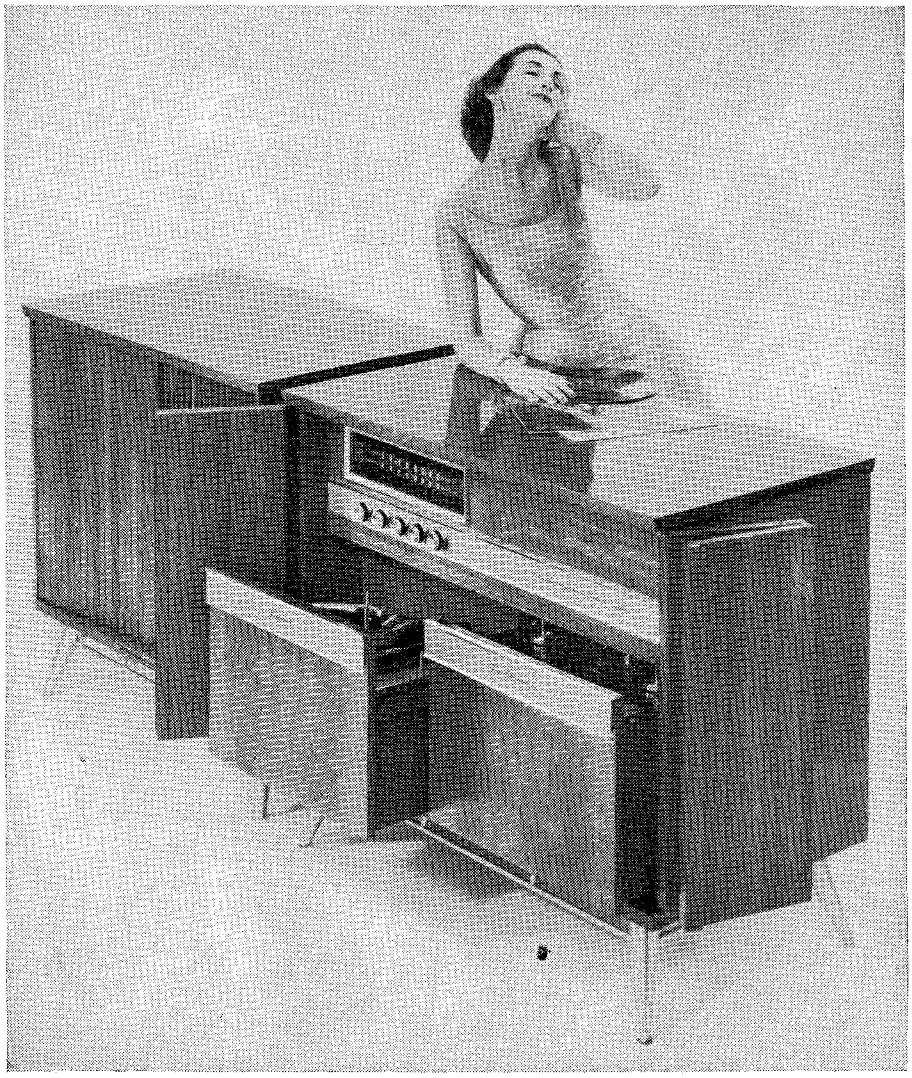

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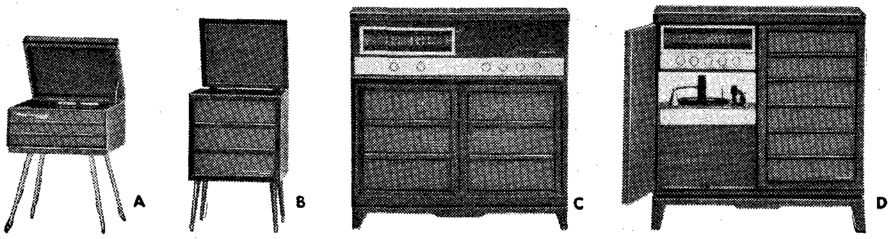

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were fortunate to be there at all, instead of lying in a field, stabbed by Hessian bayonets. As the two armies settled down for the night, everything south of a line from Striker's Bay through McGown's Pass to Horn's Hook belonged to General Howe. Von Donop had taken the city without any difficulty, and at dusk his forces had been joined by a detachment of British occupation troops brought over by boat from Brooklyn. In capturing southern Manhattan with only a negligible number of casualties, Howe had done exactly what he had set out to do that morning.

Amid the gloom that prevailed in the camp on Harlem Heights that night, the commanding officers could find one bit of cheer: The American Army, such as it was, had finally been brought together in a single body. In every other respect, the picture was dark. Even though the loss of the city had been inevitable, it was a blow to morale. But it was a trifling one compared to the conduct of the troops at Kip's Bay and on the crossroad near Inclenberg. A retreat is painful enough; a rout borders on the unbearable. As for the men in the ranks, most of them could only feel ashamed of themselves, and they sat around, silent and sullen. It had turned cold after the rain. Rations were low; indeed, a man was lucky to get anything at all to eat. There were by no means enough tents to accommodate everybody, and many a disgruntled soldier had to sleep in his damp clothes on the wet ground.

Washington's troops had suffered fifty or sixty casualties during the day, and about twenty officers and three hundred men had been taken prisoner. (The reckoning of American losses was only approximate, for the Army had yet to devise a precise system for keeping track of casualties.) The losses might have been much worse, of course, but they were bad enough, considering how little real fighting had taken place. At the headquarters in the Morris house, to which Washington had returned in midafternoon, there was no time for post-mortems, however; for all the General knew, Howe might be planning to attack the Heights the first thing in the morning, and it was imperative that Washington prepare for such an attack at once. While he had no particular use for the Heights—or for the whole of upper Manhattan—he insisted, against the advice of several of his generals, on trying to hold them, because he felt that if he ordered a retreat to Westchester without first showing that the British could be stopped, his Army might desert en masse, leaving Congress with a cause but no one to fight for it. He believed that his present position offered the best chance for making this demonstration. The bluffs that fringe the Heights—running east from the Hudson at what is now 135th Street to Point of Rocks, at 127th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, and then north to the Harlem River at 155th Street—were the principal difficulty the British would have to overcome to take the Heights. Not only were they steep—in some places almost vertical—but Howe's only approach to them was either across the open, low ground of the Harlem Plains or through the Hollow Way, a flat valley that is now the course of 125th Street from the Hudson to Morningside Avenue. Thus, the Americans could see Howe coming long before he tried to scale the Heights. As for man-made defenses, Washington had mapped out three parallel east-west lines of resistance north of the rim of the plateau—one at what is now 147th Street, another one seven blocks to the north, and the third seven blocks beyond that, with the Morris house at its eastern end. Each line was to be a well-fortified, zigzagging series of entrenchments and redoubts. There were already some entrenchments and three small redoubts on the 147th Street line, none of them completed, but the rest of Washington's defense system existed only on paper. Before retiring for the night, Washington placed three fresh brigades, commanded by Major General Nathanael Greene, on his southern front, stretched out along the top of the bluffs between the Hudson and Point of Rocks; five brigades, under Putnam, between Greene and the 147th Street line; and four brigades, under Major General

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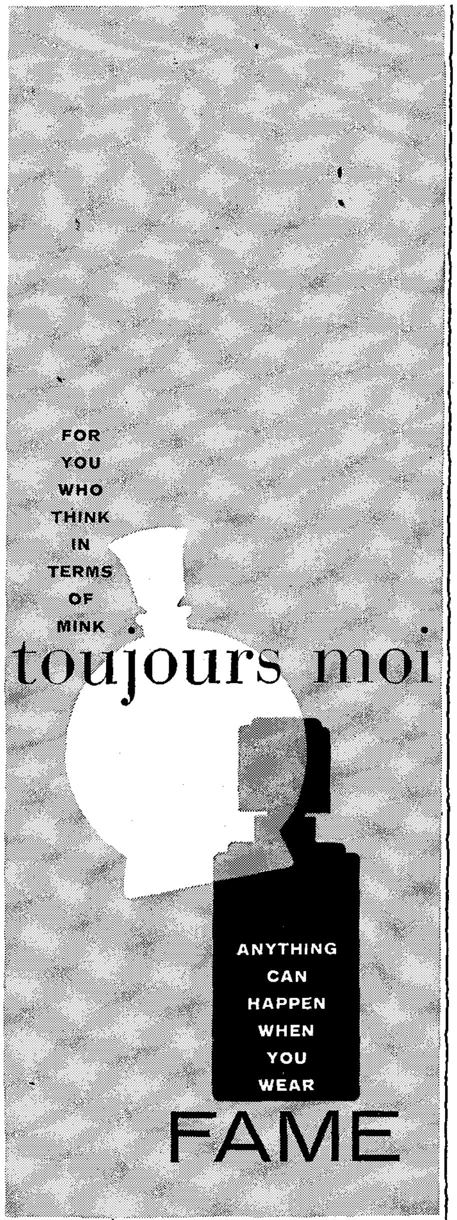
Joseph Spencer, on or just north of the line. Putnam and Spencer were ordered to start their men digging as soon as the sun rose on Monday; Greene's troops would provide a protective screen.

WASHINGTON got up at about five o'clock Monday morning, and, following his custom, worked for a while on his correspondence. One letter was to the President of Congress, John Hancock, outlining what had happened the day before. The letter was fairly calm in tone except when it described the behavior of the American troops as "disgraceful" and "dastardly." In concluding, Washington wrote:

> We are now encamped with the main body of the Army on the Heights of Harlem, where I should hope the enemy would meet with a defeat in case of an attack if the generality of our troops would behave with tolerable resolution. But experience, to my extreme affliction, has convinced me that this is rather to be wished for than expected. However, I trust that there are many who will act like men and show themselves worthy of the blessings of freedom. I have sent out some reconnoitring parties to gain intelligence, if possible, of the disposition of the enemy, and shall inform Congress of every material event, by the earliest opportunity.

While Washington was writing, a reconnaissance party of a hundred and fifty Americans, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Knowlton, set out to locate the British front on the West Side of the island and to look for indications of what Howe was planning to do next. Knowlton and his men, all hand-picked volunteers and a few equipped with long rifles, were members of a new, experimental Ranger detachment, which had been organized right after the Battle of Long Island to undertake missions involving more than ordinary danger, and this was the first time they had been in action as a unit. One Ranger who was not present, having been quietly placed on detached service, was Captain Nathan Hale, a Yale graduate who had been a schoolteacher in New London, in civilian life; he had been sent to New Haven with orders to cross over to Long Island and spy on the British. Most of the Rangers came from Connecticut, but there was a scattering of Massachusetts men among them. Knowlton himself was from Connecticut; thirty-six years old, tall, and unusually good-looking, with striking deep-set eyes, he was a farmer by profession, but he had spent a considerable part of his adult life fighting, and his record as a soldier was outstanding. In the French and Indian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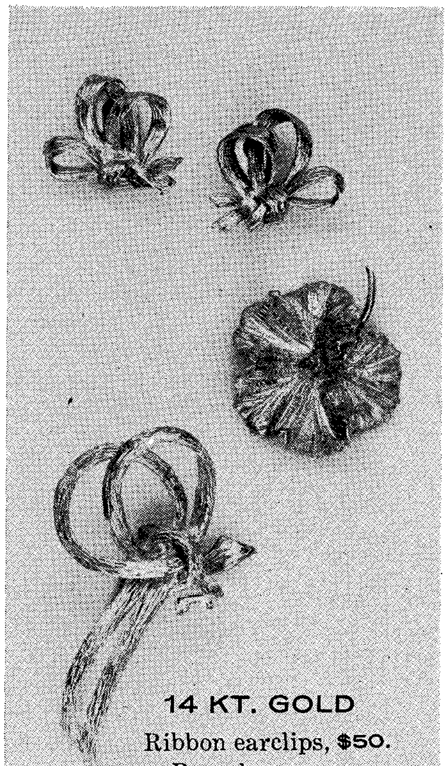
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War, serving under Putnam (who considered him the best officer he had ever had in his command), Knowlton had fought in the battle of Wood Creek, in 1758, and had helped capture Ticonderoga about a year later; in 1762 he had been in Cuba, fighting for Britain against Spain. In the Battle of Breed's, or Bunker's, Hill, he had turned in a remarkably fine performance as a captain commanding a company of volunteers from Ashford, Connecticut. (In John Trumbull's famous painting, "The Battle of Bunker Hill," Knowlton is the central figure—the unbelievably handsome young man in a white shirt with the collar open at the throat.)

Knowlton and his party, which included both his older brother, David, and his sixteen-year-old son, Frederick, scrambled down the bluffs, crossed the Hollow Way, and climbed up onto the hill on which Columbia University, Barnard College, St. Luke's Hospital, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the Riverside Church, and Grant's Tomb are now clustered. At daybreak, as they were making their way through some fields around the solidly built stone house of a farmer named Nicholas Jones, which stood on a slight rise that is now just discernible on 106th Street between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive, they were spotted by a British picket squad on the Bloomingdale Road. The pickets immediately alerted the 2nd and 3rd Regiments of Leslie's infantry, which were camped a few blocks to the south, by firing a few pot shots at the Americans. Although the Rangers were looking for information rather than a fight, they held their ground and fired several rounds in return before taking cover behind a stone wall on the Jones farm. As they were doing so, four hundred British infantrymen, responding swiftly to the alert, advanced in column up the Bloomingdale Road. Knowlton pointed out a spot on the road fifty yards south of the wall, at about the present 107th Street, and directed his men not to show themselves or to fire until the first soldiers in the British column reached it. The Rangers did not have to wait long; as the leading infantrymen swung briskly past the spot, Knowlton gave the order, and his men stood up and fired. The British formed a firing line. For half an hour, the two lines held their positions, practically face to face, shooting as fast as they could reload, and during that time twenty men were killed—ten on each side. The engagement was broken off when the Royal Highland Regiment,

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commonly known as the Black Watch, came marching up on the British flank, with bagpipes screaming and drums beating. Except for the Hessians, none of Howe's troops were more respected by Washington's soldiers than the Black Watch, which had fought in America during the French and Indian War. Its men were picked for height, and many of them were wild Highlanders, who spoke only Erse. They wore the red coats of the British Army and embellished these with their celebrated twelve-yard tartans, which they wrapped around their waists and looped over their left shoulders; in addition, they wore white vests and black Highland bonnets. Their sombre tartans, coupled with their imposing stature, made the men of the Black Watch seem more warlike than any of the gaudy crimson-and-white, run-of-the-mill soldiers.

With the Black Watch threatening to outflank Knowlton's position, the Colonel gave the order to retreat, and the Rangers fell back in an orderly manner, taking turns at firing to cover one another's withdrawal. The light infantry, though not the Black Watch, pursued the Rangers. Knowlton's party backtracked through the fields along the Bloomingdale Road to its end, at the Hoaglandt farmhouse, and then continued north—Claremont Avenue follows approximately the course they took—hurrying back down into the Hollow Way. The British gave up the pursuit when the last of Knowlton's men reached a point that is today in the shadow of the elevated I.R.T. station at 125th Street. The British infantrymen were then on a rise known as Claremont, where the Claremont Inn later stood for many years; they had chased the Rangers for a little more than a mile, and as they caught their breath and watched the retreating Americans clamber up the bluff and rejoin Washington's forces, they felt pretty good. So good, in fact, that one of their buglers put his horn to his lips and blew the fox-hunter's signal for the end of the chase—the proclamation that the fox has gone to earth.

This loud and brassy insult was audible all along the top of the bluffs, and it stung nobody more than Washington's adjutant general, a suave, thirty-five-year-old Philadelphia lawyer named Joseph Reed. Although Reed had no prior military experience, he had made himself almost indispensable to Washington, at the outset of the war, as the General's military secretary, for he was a first-rate expediter and trouble shooter; a few months after the siege of Boston, he took a leave of absence, pleading that he had to look after his own affairs, and Washington missed him so much that he offered him the seven-hundred-pound-a-year post of adjutant general if he would return. Reed, who now was a full colonel and the administrative head of the Army, had called on Washington early that morning, shortly after the General finished writing to Hancock, and the two were in conference when, at seven, a messenger brought word of musket fire to the south. Reed was eager to be in the thick of things—the only real combat he had seen was the Battle of Long Island—and he proposed that he ride south at once and find out what was happening. Washington agreed that it might be a good idea. Reed got as far as the Hoaglandt farm, where he had a few words with Knowlton, who was then executing his orderly retreat, and returned to report to Washington that all things considered, the Rangers had conducted themselves very well. Thus heartened, the General was in a responsive mood when Reed, infuriated by the bugler's gall, urged that some men—more than a scouting party, this time—be dispatched to put the British infantry in its place. Washington was too prudent to risk a frontal assault, since it was far from clear how well the British were prepared to support their front line. The Black Watch had already moved up, and who knew what other outfits might be on their way? On the other hand, there was the pressing need to take some sort of action that would bolster the spirit of the American troops. Accordingly, a few minutes after nine o'clock Washington gave orders that put in motion a modest plan designed to lure the cocky infantrymen on Claremont down into the Hollow Way and cut them off by sending a strong encircling detachment east and around to their rear.

Lieutenant Colonel Archibald Crary, of Rhode Island, was placed in command of a hundred and fifty volunteers from Greene's forces and instructed to lead them ostentatiously down into the Hollow Way, as if they planned to make for Claremont. Meanwhile, Knowlton set out at the head of the flanking party, which was made up of the Rangers and three companies, under Major Andrew Leitch, from the 3rd Virginia Regiment—a total of about two hundred and thirty men, in addition to Reed, who, since he knew the ground, acted as guide. Crary's men started boldly down toward Martje David's Fly, a swampy

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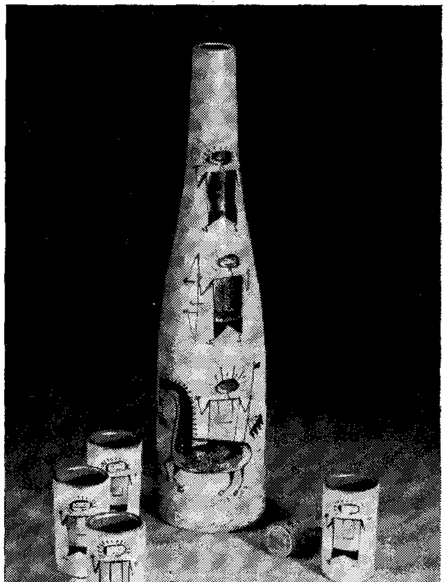
salt marsh on the inland side of a shallow cove formed by the Hudson at the west end of the Hollow Way. Both Martje David's Fly and the cove, of course, have long since been filled in; if they hadn't been, the marsh would reach east along 125th Street almost to Broadway. As Crary's men advanced, a number of the British infantrymen, falling for the feint, ran part of the way down the Claremont slope, took up positions behind fences just south of the marsh, and opened fire. The range was too great, but Crary's men tauntingly fired back, and then, continuing to fire, retreated a few hundred yards in the hope of drawing the British farther north. At first, the British, responding beautifully, moved up a little, and just so that they wouldn't become too enthusiastic and attempt to advance too far, nine hundred additional men were sent down from the Heights to reinforce Crary's troops. The air was filled with lead, and there was an outlandish racket, but it was not a very deadly battle, since the Americans—for the moment, at least—had no intention of advancing, and the British troops, being outnumbered, lacked the ability to do so. Safely separated by a couple of hundred yards, the opposing forces blazed and blazed away.

At eleven, Knowlton's flanking party started from Point of Rocks in open ranks and crossed the east end of the Hollow Way, heading for a ledge of rocks on what recently became the site of the General Grant Housing Project, on the block bounded by 123rd and 124th Streets, Broadway, and Amsterdam Avenue. From there, the plan was to move stealthily south and west, to get behind the British. But just as Leitch, who at this point was in the lead, reached the top of the elevation and before the party had started around the British rear, someone inexplicably gave the order to fire. The British infantrymen in the Hollow Way, answering the sudden threat to their flank, swiftly turned and fired back. Leitch was hit three times in rapid succession—once in the hip and twice in the stomach—and was carried to the rear, fatally wounded.

Knowlton immediately climbed onto the ledge and shouted to the men to follow him. As he stood there, in full view of the British, a musket ball hit him in the small of the back. Captain Stephen Brown, of Woodstock, Connecticut, who was at his side, caught him as he started to fall, and asked if he was badly wounded. Knowlton replied that he thought he was, and, according to



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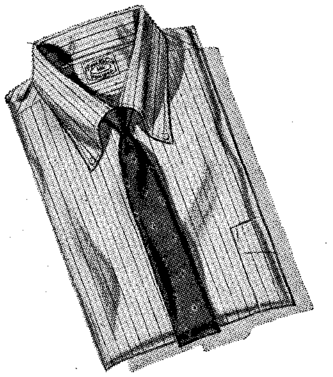

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Brown's recollection, added, "I do not value my life if we do but get the day." Brown ordered two men to carry Knowlton to a more sheltered position, and took over command of the Rangers. Within an hour, Knowlton was dead.

Despite the sudden loss of its two leaders, the flanking party pressed forward against the British. At the same time, Crary's troops stopped shadowboxing and began to attack in earnest. Washington, watching from the top of the bluffs, could see that the fight was going well, and he ordered several more outfits, including Douglas's brigade—the unhappy warriors of the Kip's Bay disaster—to bolster Crary's force.

Confronted by a full-scale attack, the infantrymen withdrew, firing as they went, through woods stretching up the slope Broadway climbs from 125th to 119th Street. Most of the Americans had never before had the pleasure of seeing the back of a British soldier, and they were considerably inspirited by the sight. At the top of the slope, the British made a stand in a buckwheat field belonging to Hoaglandt and another farmer named Vandewater, and reinforcements, notably the Black Watch, began to reach them. In terms of present-day geography, the field was approximately bounded by 116th and 120th Streets, Broadway, and Riverside Drive, and as the two-hour battle got under way around noon, the American line, held by two thousand men, extended from the Riverside Church to Teachers College; 120th Street was no man's land; and the British were strung out along 119th Street. For some time, the British line held firm, partly because of a pair of brass three-pounders, mounted on wheels, that some Royal Artillery cannoneers had manhandled up to the front through McGown's Pass. Each of these guns fired sixty rounds—all that the cannoneers had brought with

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them—and then the Americans began pushing the British back. Greene, Putnam, and Reed, elated by their troops' sudden display of courage and aggressiveness, rode back and forth behind the American line, urging the men on. There were still some who tried to run away, and Reed stopped one—a fellow named Ebenezer Leffingwell—and ordered him back to the line. A few minutes later, he again caught Leffingwell beating a one-man retreat, and this time the frightened soldier tried to shoot the Colonel. His musket misfired. Reed seized a musket from another soldier and tried to shoot Leffingwell. This musket, too, misfired, so Reed slapped the man over the head with his sword and had him arrested. Leffingwell was later court-martialled and sentenced to death, but he was saved from the firing squad when Reed interceded in his behalf.

Around two o'clock, a thirty-two-year-old civilian named Tench Tilghman reported to Washington, back on Harlem Heights, that the British appeared to be running out of ammunition and were slowly giving way. Tilghman was something of an anomaly in the American Army. A member of a well-to-do and influential Maryland family, he had volunteered only a few weeks earlier to serve without pay as one of Washington's aides, and although his father was known to be a Tory and his brother was serving in the Royal Navy, he had been accepted as a member of the headquarters staff, with the title of "acting aide." Washington soon came to admire Tilghman as a man of great discretion, and frequently relied on him to convey oral battle orders to his generals. Tilghman held no commission, wasn't listed on the headquarters roster, and was addressed as "Mister" by the officers with whom he served. Upon receiving word from Tilghman that the British seemed to be crumbling, Washington grew cautious; he assumed that Howe had ordered additional troops to the battlefront—as, indeed, Howe had, in considerable numbers—and he knew that the American forces were in no position to take on a substantial portion of the British Army. He therefore instructed Tilghman to inform the American commanders that their general had ordered them to retreat. As it happened, it was the British who were retreating—across the ground they had chased Knowlton's party over that morning—and some of the American soldiers, made reckless by the sight of the enemy on the run, were taking off after them without waiting for orders. There were

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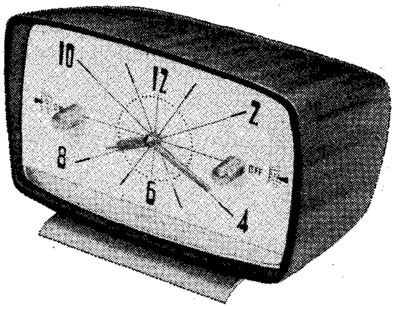

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skirmishes almost as far south as what is now 106th Street, and while the Americans were still in pursuit, the guns of the British frigates in Striker's Bay suddenly opened up. The fighting was too far away and too high above the river for the guns to do any damage, but their booming was enough to persuade even the most enthusiastic of the Americans that it was time to stop. According to Tilghman, the Americans shouted "Hurrah!" and then marched back in good order to their camp on the Heights. It was just as well that they did, for the grenadiers of both Cornwallis and von Donop, hurrying north to reinforce the infantrymen, had got to within a quarter of a mile of the Jones house.

Some thirty Americans were killed in the action in the buckwheat field, and Washington estimated his total casualties during the engagement at about sixty. In doing so, though, he must have counted only the most seriously wounded. The number was probably closer to a hundred and thirty. (The British count was more precise, or, at least, wasn't in round figures—fourteen killed, a hundred and fifty-seven wounded.) Despite their losses, the Americans were just as ebullient in their camp that night as they had been despairing the night before. Their mood did not reflect any great amount of satisfaction over having captured the buckwheat field, for they had relinquished it almost immediately, and at the moment it belonged to no one but Hoaglandt and Vandewater, the British having remained well to the south of it following their retreat. The real reason for the good cheer on Harlem Heights was not that any great tactical advantage had been won, for the British were soon again to outflank Washington and force him to withdraw to Westchester. The reason was the fact that British soldiers had been obliged to run from American troops, and this had proved something that, for many of the latter, badly needed proving: The British, though admittedly good soldiers, were not invincible. Speaking of the day's fighting, Reed said in a letter to his wife, "You can hardly conceive the change it has made in our Army. The men have recovered their spirits and feel a confidence which before they had quite lost."

And Washington, for all his caution, felt the same way. Writing, on September 20th, to his friend General Philip Schuyler, he made a statement about his soldiers that was going to be severely tested over the next seven years:

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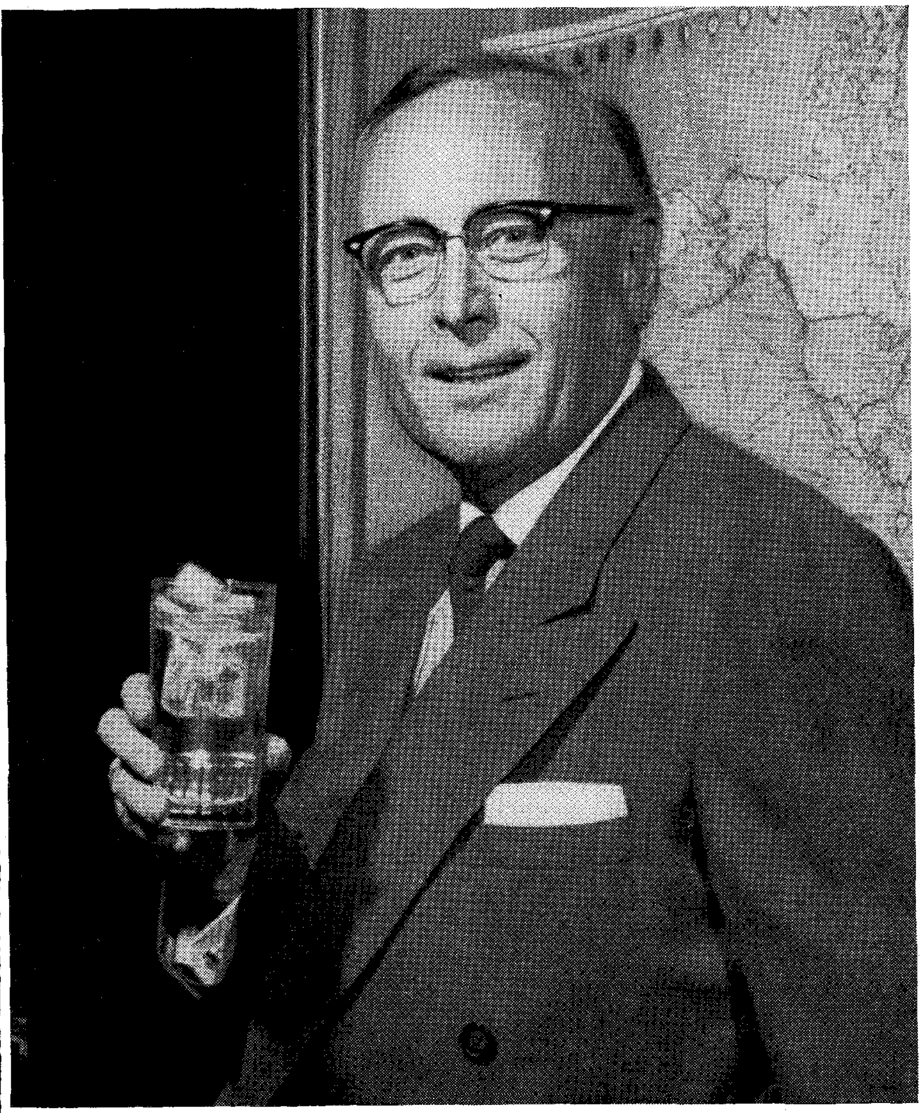

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During the period of Emperor Toba, a poor man named Matsudori, a woodman who delivers the bonefire materials to the palace, became acquanted with a beautiful girl, Tamamo in a night of Nonomiya poetry party. While Matsudori was helping to nurse Tamamo's wound, they exchanged the plight of conjugal unconsciously, but when the chief of councilor, Tadamichi and his party came for hawking, he took Tamamo away from him to put her a servitude of the Emperor's court. Tamamo had been praised for her talent and in honor of her beautiful poem which she composed at the poetry party, she was given the name of Lady of Tamamo then had advanced to the rank of Uneme. Meanwhile, an emanating light from her body in dark night became suspicious among the people in court.

An occulter Priest, Abe Yasuchika schemed the subjugate of Tamamo by setting the occasion of the pray for rain for emperor garden fountain.

Tamamo composed the poem of pray for rain and made the shower to fall but by looked at her suspicious action, Yasuchika cut her long black hair and threw it to the fire of purity and divined that she was a female fox.

Tamamo Kitsune fled to an old barrow of Nasunogahara wildness, Shimotsuke Country, but the sacred cut paper which had been threw by Yasumichi chased after her and spotted her hiding place.

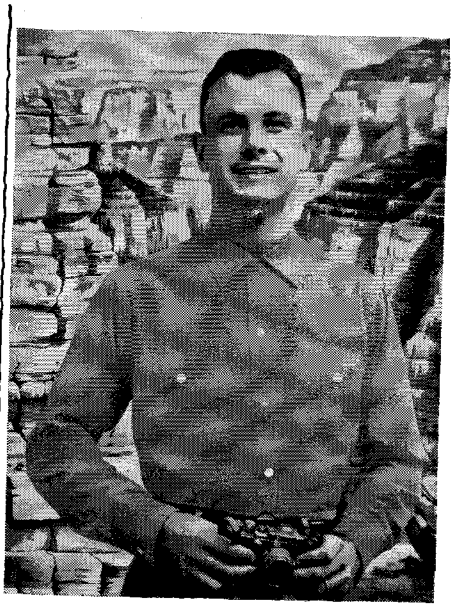
The pursuer of Kazusa Miura's forces had many difficulties and decided to kill her by fire.

Matsudori, longing for Tamamo came to an old barrow and there he saw a baby fox who was born between them.

By encouraging Tamamo, who was ashamed herself for being a fox and unable to live together even they had a baby between them, tried to escape to seek some place where they could live in peace, they were attached by the wild fire set by their pursuers and were hit by arrow, they died mercelessly by crying desparately, "want to live, want to live," with protecting the baby under cover.

A strange rock appeared at the spot where they were killed, as a result of their grudge and the inhabitants were afraid of it by calling it the "murder rock" and also it had been said that a lullaby in a sad voice was heard by the rock in the snowy winter nights.—*Program of a performance by a geisha troupe in Kyoto.*

Needs somebody to come in and plot it up.



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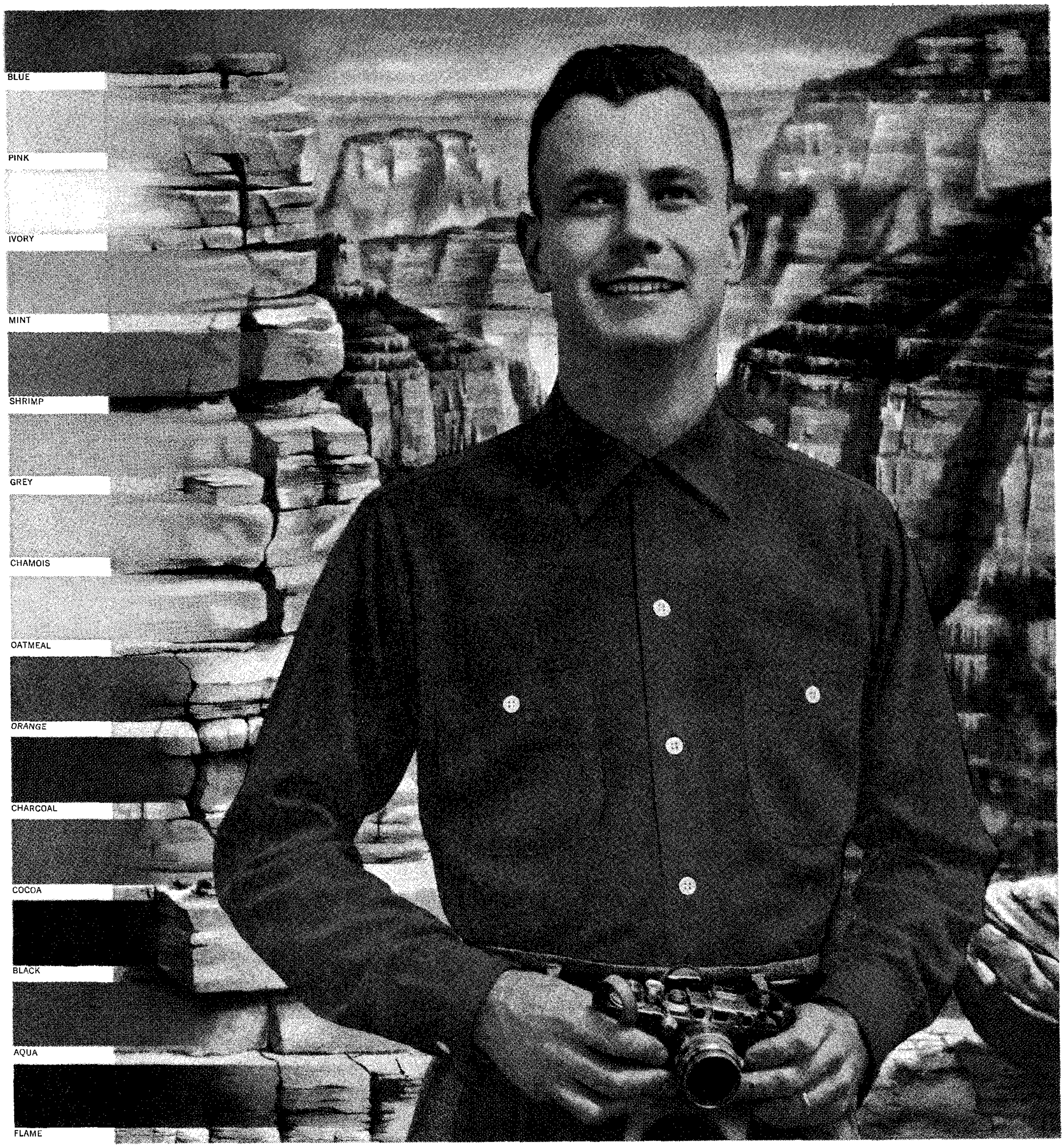
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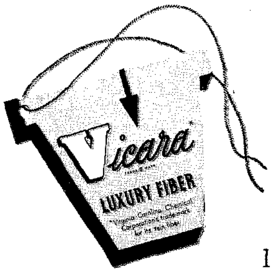
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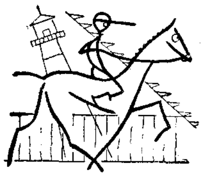
# THE RACE TRACK

## *Surprise! Surprise!*



ONE of the unpredictable effects a muddy track has on race horses is that sometimes it enables a sprinter to carry his speed farther than he could on a fast track. This was convincingly demonstrated in the Roamer Handicap at Jamaica last Saturday by the Brookmeade Stable's Sailor. Up until then, his best races had been at three-quarters of a mile. (Remember how he won the Toboggan and the Fall Highweight Handicaps at Belmont?) Well, in his first try through sloppy going he led throughout the mile and three-sixteenths of the Roamer—a distance wiseacres thought quite beyond his powers—and beat eleven other three-year-olds by lengths. Cavort was second, Nance's Lad was third, and Traffic Judge, the favorite, was fifth. I suppose that when a horse runs as often as Traffic Judge has run this season—the Roamer was his seventeenth start—he gets a little bored. Or perhaps he had too much weight this time. After all, he gave Sailor sixteen pounds. Earlier in the afternoon, we had another surprise. Dark Charger, one of my pet two-year-old fillies, finished fourth, far behind Noorsaga, who hadn't been in the winners' circle since Saratoga. The only other item worth reporting from Jamaica last week was the victory of High Voltage in the Stamford Handicap, on Monday. It was her fifteenth appearance this year, and she gave from ten to nineteen pounds to her opposition. Neither Jim Fitzsimmons, her trainer, nor the handicappers can be accused of pampering her.

Another racer who deserves full marks for effort is Social Outcast. He not only won the Trenton Handicap under top weight at Garden State Park last weekend but set a track record of 2:01 for the mile and a quarter. It was his twentieth start in 1955, and his earnings for the year total $383,275. Only Nashua and Swaps have bettered that.

Down at Laurel, Hartack's riding overshadowed everything else. This active young man from Johnstown, Pennsylvania, rode three winners on Tuesday, repeated the performance on Thursday, and did it again on Friday. On Saturday, he had six. Actually,

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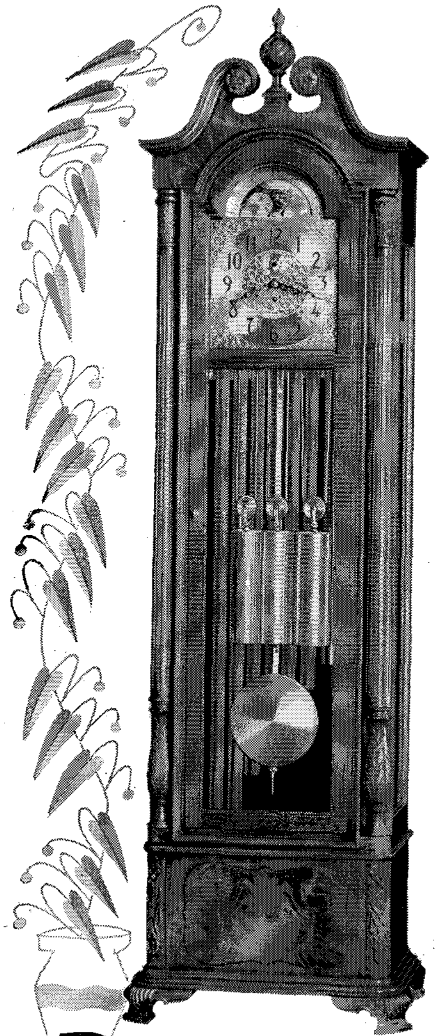

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he was first past the winning post only five times, but in the Maryland Futurity, Fun Lover was disqualified for not keeping a straight course, and Rhy Dress, Hartack's mount, was moved up. Hartack has his shortcomings, of course, but horses certainly give out with their best for him.

It is hard to say which of the foreign entries for the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel this Friday is the most notable and interesting. R. B. Strassburger has sent over his French colt Mahan, a half brother of Worden II, who won the International two years ago. Another visitor from France is the Comte de Chambure's Picounda, a really top filly. From Germany, there's Baron von Thyssen's Ataturk, who hasn't been out of the money in his seven starts this year. From England, there are Nucleus and Darius. (Sound like a song-and-dance team, don't they?) Nucleus, who is owned by Miss Dorothy Paget, a cousin of C. V. and J. H. Whitney, won the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket, and finished second in the St. Leger, one of the classics for three-year-olds. Darius belongs to Sir Percy Loraine and is among the season's better four-year-olds. My overseas adviser on Internationals writes me that Darius not only is a good horse but—what is no less important—belongs to a wonderfully lucky owner. Ireland's entry is Panaslipper, who started at 100 to 1 in the Epsom Derby last May and finished second. Some say he might have won if he'd had more racing luck, and shortly after that, he did win the Irish Derby. Later, he was acquired by the Irish National Stud. He will run in the name and colors of Sean O'Kelly, the President of Eire. When Panaslipper was beaten at York in September, some Irish muttering was heard, because he had been ridden by Tommy Gosling, an English jockey. Then it was announced that Gosling was to ride him at Laurel, and Eire exploded. (I'm told that shouts of "Another injustice to Ireland!" rent the air.) In the midst of the din, someone said that Gosling was Scotch, but that only seemed to make matters worse. It looks now as if the British will be having a bit of fun, for Panaslipper is to be ridden by Tommy Burns, a boy from the North of Ireland.

—AUDAX MINOR

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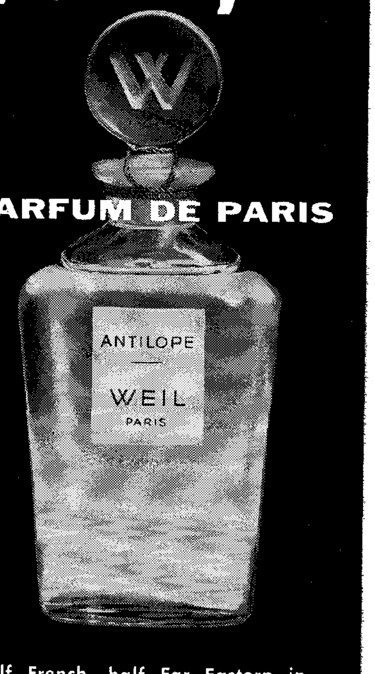

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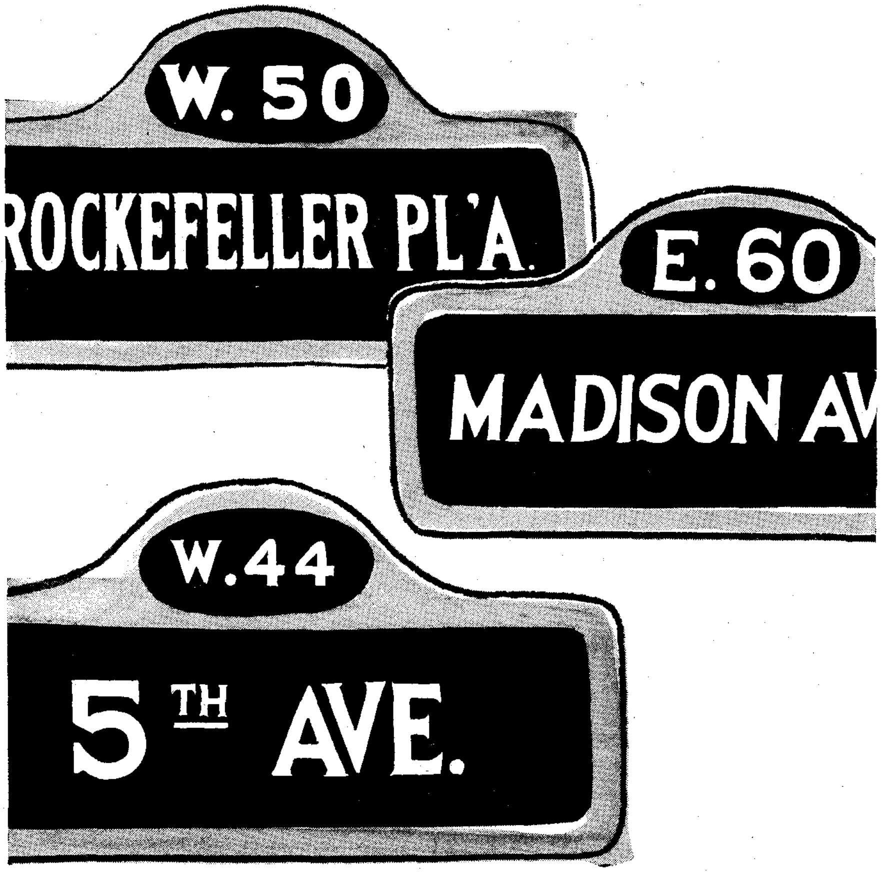
# MUSICAL EVENTS

### *Rough Treatment*

Dimitri Mitropoulos, as I have noted previously in these pages, has his admirable points as a conductor of music that is loud, vigorous, and technically complicated. His admirable points, however, do not seem to include an understanding of those elements of poise, balance, elegance, and restraint that are indispensable to the proper interpretation of the classics. Unfortunately, the bicentennial of Mozart's birth, which we appear to be celebrating in a rather wholesale manner this season, has saddled Mr. Mitropoulos with an unusual amount of music by this great and eminently classical composer, and to my mind the results of this situation are turning out to be distinctly unhappy. At the New York Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening of last week, Mr. Mitropoulos trotted out Mozart's seldom-heard Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in E Flat (K. 482), with the Italian pianist Pietro Scarpini as soloist. This was preceded by a reading of Beethoven's rather Mozartian and classical "Fidelio" Overture, and the two performances, I am afraid, were among the most egregiously coarse and clumsy ones that have assailed my ears during the twenty-five years or so that I have been listening to this usually competent and sometimes inspired orchestra. If Mr. Mitropoulos had bothered to rehearse these two items, the effects of the rehearsal were by no means apparent. The overture emerged as a slapdash affair, marred not only by a rough and uncalculated style but by actual technical inaccuracies—among them some phrases from the horns that were badly mutilated and beneath what one ordinarily regards as decent standards of professional performance. The concerto was not much better. Mr. Scarpini, whose fluency and muscularity I admired last year when he appeared with the orchestra in a Prokofieff concerto, disclosed a flimsy, not to say amateurish, approach to Mozart's subtle melodies. Moreover, his piano was approximately an eighth of a tone below the pitch of the surrounding orchestra—a disturb-



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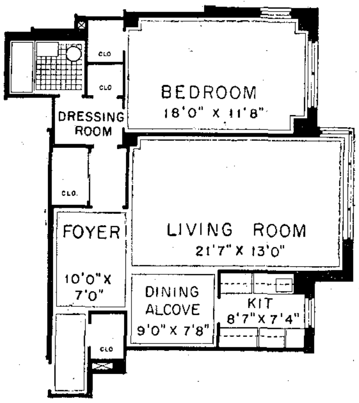

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ing discrepancy possibly attributable to the damp weather but one that, I think, might have been corrected. And, to make matters still worse, Mr. Mitropoulos was frequently out of step with Mr. Scarpini, and his general handling of the orchestral part of the work was nothing short of brutal. I finally reached the intermission with the conviction that if the Philharmonic must commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birth, it should leave its ceremonial celebrations to other conductors, and permit Mr. Mitropoulos to concentrate on the sort of loud music in which his rather one-sided gifts show to advantage.

TWO works by American symphonic composers received their first New York hearings during the week, and neither of them was sufficiently interesting to thaw the mood of gloom in which I seem to have started this column. One was a Prelude and Passacaglia, Opus 42, by Ben Weber, which Mr. Mitropoulos introduced in the second half of his program with the Philharmonic, and which he performed with considerable scrupulousness; the other was the Seventh Symphony of Roy Harris, which Eugene Ormandy presented in Carnegie Hall at Tuesday evening's concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra. Mr. Weber's composition proved to be an academic exercise in doctrinaire twelve-tone technique, and demonstrated again, if it needed demonstrating, that this inexpressive and tedious idiom remains barren of any scope for either personal communication or originality. Amid the polite flurry of applause that followed it, I detected some lusty "boos," which heartened me quite a bit, since I view with unexpected pleasure any evidences of enthusiasm, whether positive or negative, on the part of the remarkably supine audience that seems to be attending the Philharmonic's concerts nowadays. Mr. Harris's symphony, according to a quotation in the Philadelphia Orchestra's program notes, aims to "communicate the spirit of affirmation as a declaration of faith in Mankind." I hope I shall be pardoned for observing that it didn't communicate anything of the sort to me, and that I found its dry and fumbling excursions into impotent musical patternmaking not only unaffirmative but exceedingly boring.

During the rest of Tuesday evening's Philadelphia Orchestra concert, Mr. Ormandy showed off the fine qualities of his ensemble in a new transcription of Bach's G-Minor Fantasia and Fugue,

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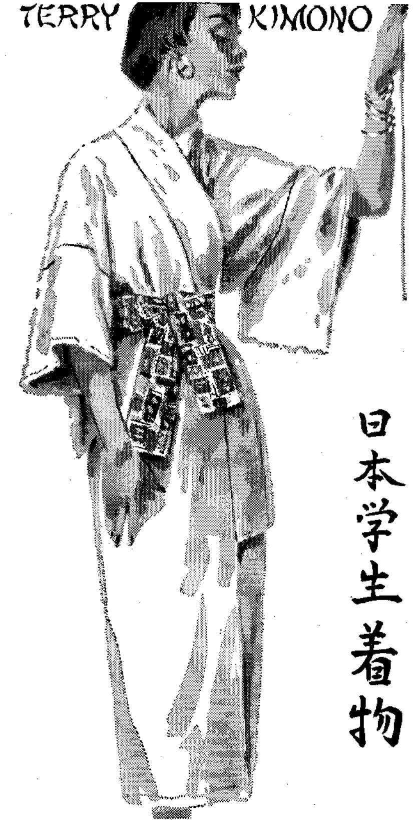

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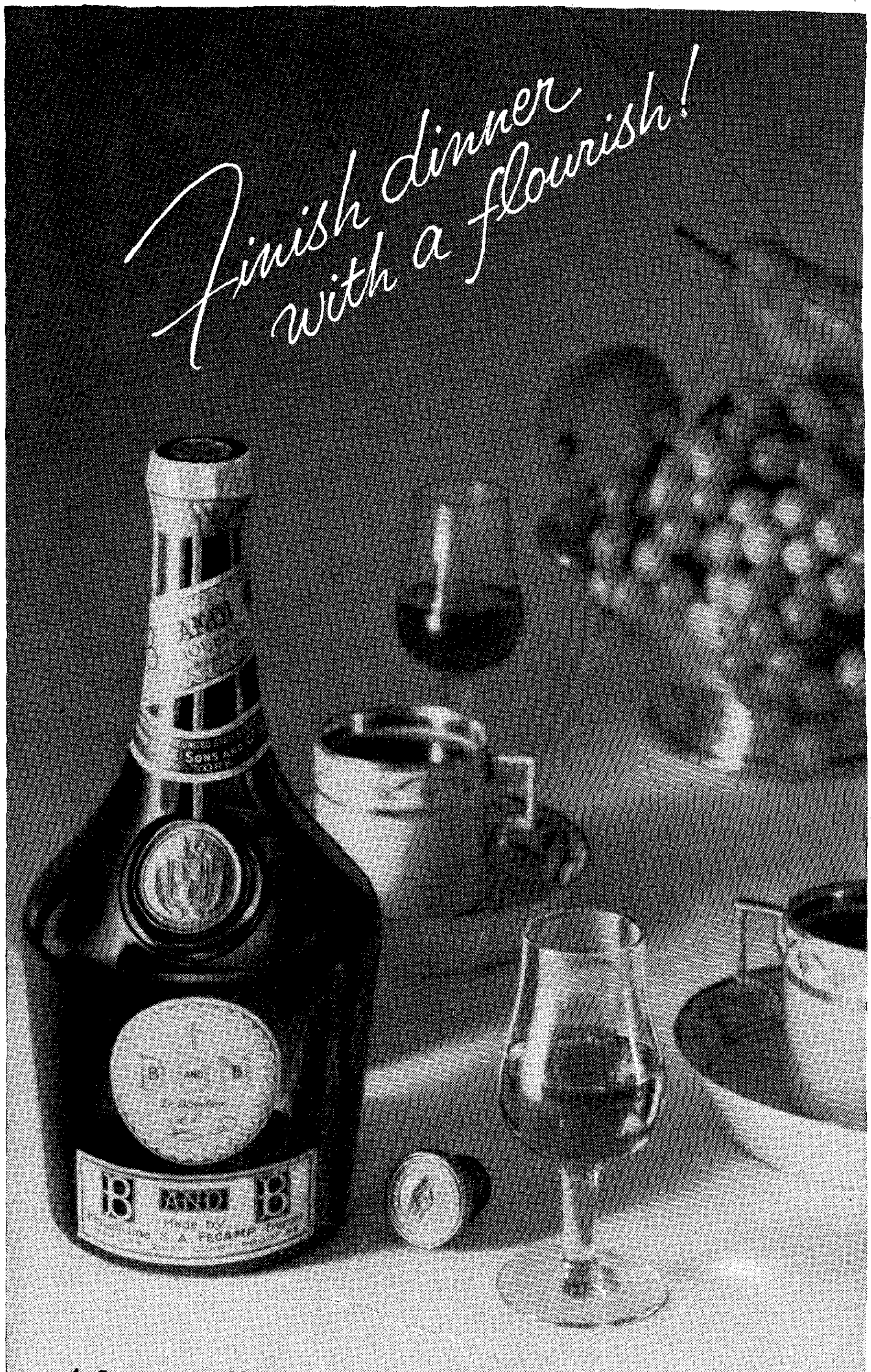
and in a performance of Brahms' Second Piano Concerto. The soloist in the latter work, a young Hungarian pianist named Geza Anda, struck me as a fairly lucid technician but one whose artistic endowments run in the direction of theatrical display rather than of profound poetic insight. The orchestra, I am happy to report, accompanied him very beautifully, playing with the rich tone and suave workmanship that are its specialties.

BECAUSE of an objection I have to permitting the strident voice of salesmanship a permanent bridgehead in my parlor, I do not own a television set. So, in order to see and hear the première of "Griffelkin," a new opera by the American composer Lukas Foss, I made my way last Sunday afternoon to one of the viewing rooms in Rockefeller Center, where the show's producers, the N.B.C. Opera Theatre, had thoughtfully provided facilities for technologically backward critics like me. After adjusting my eyes to the proportions of the television screen—a gadget that to me still seems to have all the visual limitations of a porthole—I was able to appreciate the fact that considerable ingenuity had been exercised in what was set before me. "Griffelkin" is concerned with the adventures of a small devil who is sent from his home in Hell to work some deviltry on earth, where he learns that he can feel the undevilish emotion of pity, and is forthwith transformed from a devil into a boy. Whatever potentialities for pathos and fantasy this little fairy-tale plot has were, I thought, smothered by Mr.



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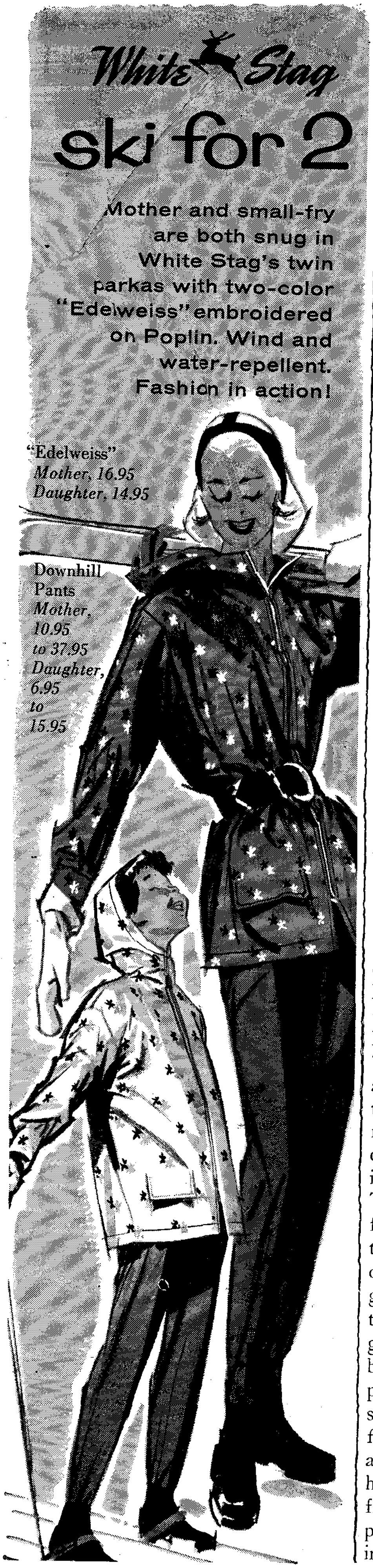
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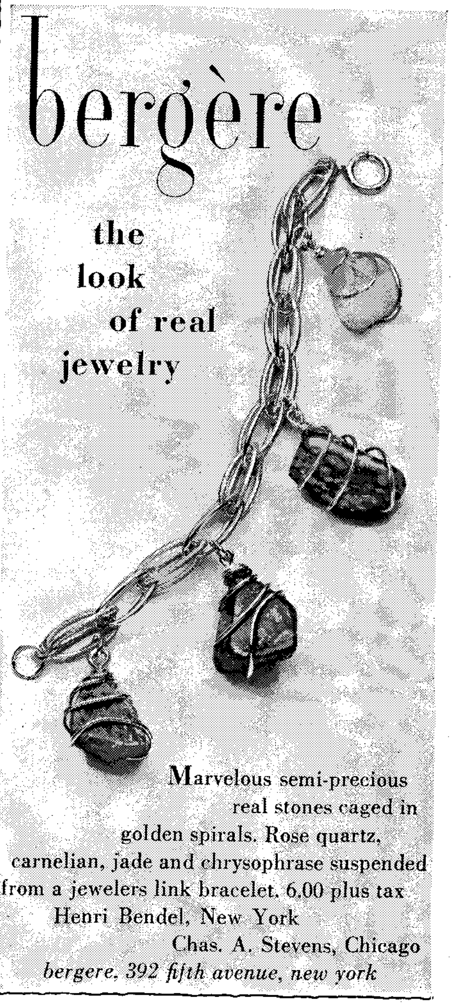
Foss's incredibly busy music and by a production that never stood still long enough to permit a moment of relaxing charm. The music itself is reasonably clever, deriving from a number of styles, among them those of Scarlatti, Moussorgsky, Gustav Mahler, and Stravinsky, and it was, on the whole, brightly played and sung. I did not, however, find in it any of the simplicity and tenderness that the story seemed to call for, and I left the viewing room shortly before the end of the piece, quite unenchanted. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

## POPULAR RECORDS

### *Jerome Kern*

JEROME KERN died on Armistice Day, 1945, and the tenth anniversary of his death is being observed in various quarters, yet I have run across only two new long-playing records of his music. (I understand that one more is being prepared.) It seems a small gesture when you consider the enormous volume and variety of long-playing records that are issued every month. Furthermore, both the new Kern records were issued by subsidiary organizations of Victor, and one of them, called "The Music of Jerome Kern," is nothing more than a reprint of material originally put out on 78-r.p.m. singles and later assembled in an album. The other, called "Yesterdays" and released by "X," offers highly polished readings of twenty-four of Kern's standard successes by a sizable orchestra under the direction of Russ Case; this is the sort of thing that emanates discreetly from loudspeakers in restaurant walls, and although it's pleasant to listen to, it's not likely to hold your attention very long. The reprinted set, put out by Camden, appeals to me much more, in spite of the dated sound of many of the arrangements and, of course, the inferior quality of the recording. One thing in its favor is the presence of singers. Throughout his long career, Kern was fortunate in having the best lyricists of the day as his collaborators, and in most of the songs on this record the lyrics are gratifyingly worked into the orchestrations and sung by an accomplished group of soloists and choristers, directed by Leonard Joy. Another attractive aspect of this set is the scope of the representation it gives Kern; there are forty-five pieces, all from Broadway shows, and a good third of them are ones that have been neglected, or at least are infrequently played. I wonder how many people are familiar with "Nestin' Time in Flatbush" or "A Pal Like You," to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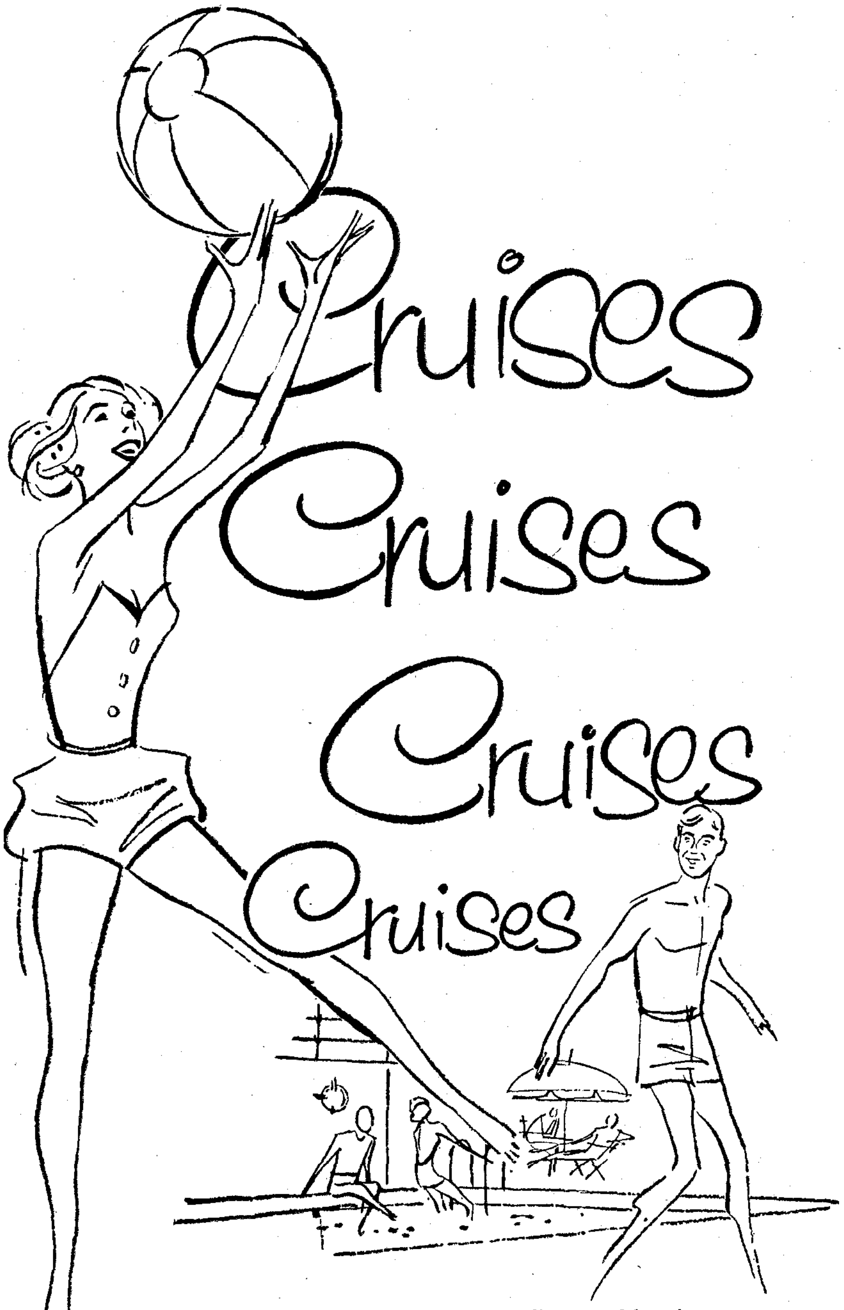
name just two of the songs from a 1917 Kern musical called "Oh Boy!," for which P. G. Wodehouse devised the lyrics. Another song from "Oh Boy!" included here is "An Old-Fashioned Wife," in which Wodehouse planted a couplet that has been flowering in my memory since I first heard it, years ago:

> Although the thing that's smart is
> To be out all night at parties.

Songs like these give the listener a better idea of Kern's stage career than he can get from a recital of only the most popular pieces, such as are found on the "X" record. The generous assortment of compositions on the Camden release is due, by the way, to the fact that the recordings consist of medleys—eleven of them—from individual shows; Joy's and Victor's purpose was to convey hit scores, not merely hit songs.

In both sets, "Ol' Man River" towers above everything else, just as it does in any other Kern collection where it is found. It has been hacked away at by singers and instrumentalists who have tried to shape it to their own design, and yet it retains its stature. I realize that in "Show Boat," which it stems from, Kern found the most stimulating book of his career—actually, this was the only one that presented him with a real challenge—and he responded to it magnificently; even so, it is hard for me to account for the lonely grandeur of that one song. Oscar Hammerstein II was Kern's principal lyricist for the show, and it seems to me that he has never quite equalled the purity of expression he achieved in "Ol' Man River."

Kern's profuse and enchanting songs are beautifully made in all respects, and if he had never written "Ol' Man River," he would still be distinguishable from all other American musical-comedy writers for his combination of melodic grace and harmonic interest. What he lacked, to some extent, was rhythmic variety and a certain boldness—perhaps the word I want is "genius"—of the sort that is present in a Gershwin. From first to last, Kern was confident in his superior fluency as a musical-comedy composer; it was only in "Show Boat" that he was faced with the necessity of pushing his splendid talent further. Both before and after that, he was able, in the company of gifted lyricists, to pour forth lovely songs in abundance to ornament mediocre librettos. Conceivably, he preferred this easy glory, and that may be why these pieces so often, as in the "X" recording, flow along



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ALTHOUGH I have been rather preoccupied with Jerome Kern's music lately, I have managed to slip some other recordings onto the turntable from time to time, and I'll give a brief account of them now:

ANGEL IN THE ABSINTHE HOUSE—LaVergne Smith, singing and accompanying herself on the piano, in a recital taken down at a New Orleans landmark. Miss Smith's piano work is not up to her singing, and that's too bad, for she has an original and meaningful way with a lyric. Although she is a jazz singer, she doesn't distort a melody very much, but when she does, it is usually to make a particular word come sharply alive. For example, in "Moonlight in Vermont"—a popular-song lyric without any rhyming words, by the way—her delivery of the word "sing" in the line "Telegraph cables, they sing down the highway" is remarkably graphic. There are ten other numbers, including "You'd Better Go Now," "Blues in the Night," "Hurry On Down to My House," and an engaging piece called "I Like That Kind of Carryin' On," which she and the veteran New Orleans pianist Walter (Fats) Pichon concocted. (*Cook*)

JUDY GARLAND'S GREATEST PERFORMANCES—I don't know about this one. It's a collection of old recordings, and if you like Miss Garland's unflinching attack on a song, you'll probably eat up these versions of "Over the Rainbow," "How About You?," "For Me and My Gal," "The Trolley Song," and other favorites. As for me, I am not such a dedicated Garland fan, and an item like "Dear Mr. Gable: You Made Me Love You," which is one of her most generally admired pieces of special material, fills me with dismay. (*Decca*)

TROMBONE FOR TWO—J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding, supported by piano, bass, and drums. Johnson and Winding are exceedingly versatile trombonists, with many ingenious ideas for alternating and combining their instruments, but this kick of theirs gets a bit tiresome after a spell (there are ten pieces here), and the fact that they were sufficiently attracted to Sigmund Romberg's "Close as Pages in a Book" to work up a careful arrangement of it makes me suspicious of the whole enterprise. I had hopefully supposed that I would never hear that one again. (*Columbia*)

—D. W.

•

DEAR MRS. POST: In order to settle a wager, will you please answer in your column the proper etiquette when offering to light a woman's cigaret? In other words, does a man light his own cigaret first or a woman's?

ANSWER: He lights her first.—*Tacoma News-Tribune.*

Next question.

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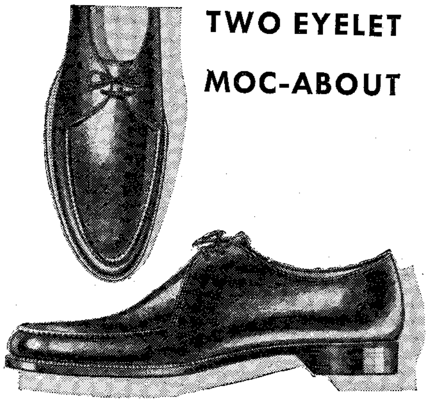
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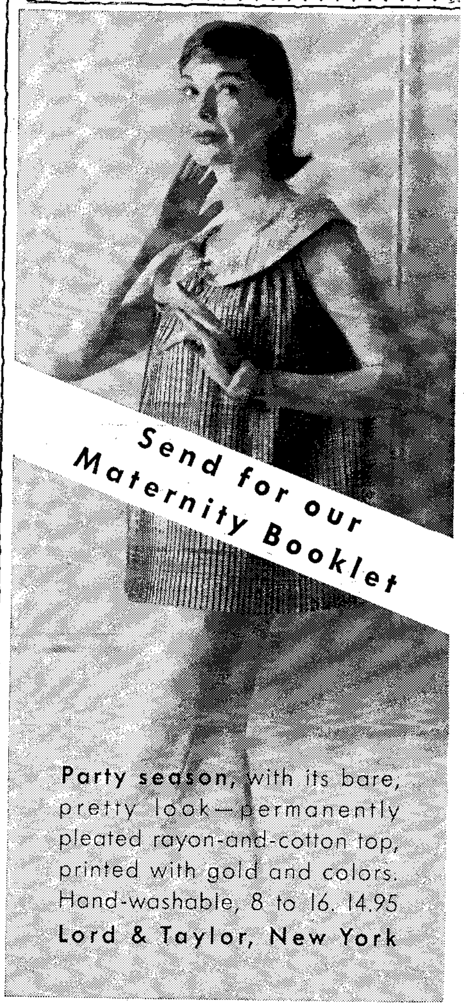
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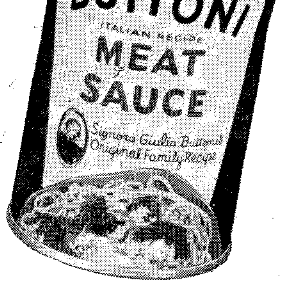
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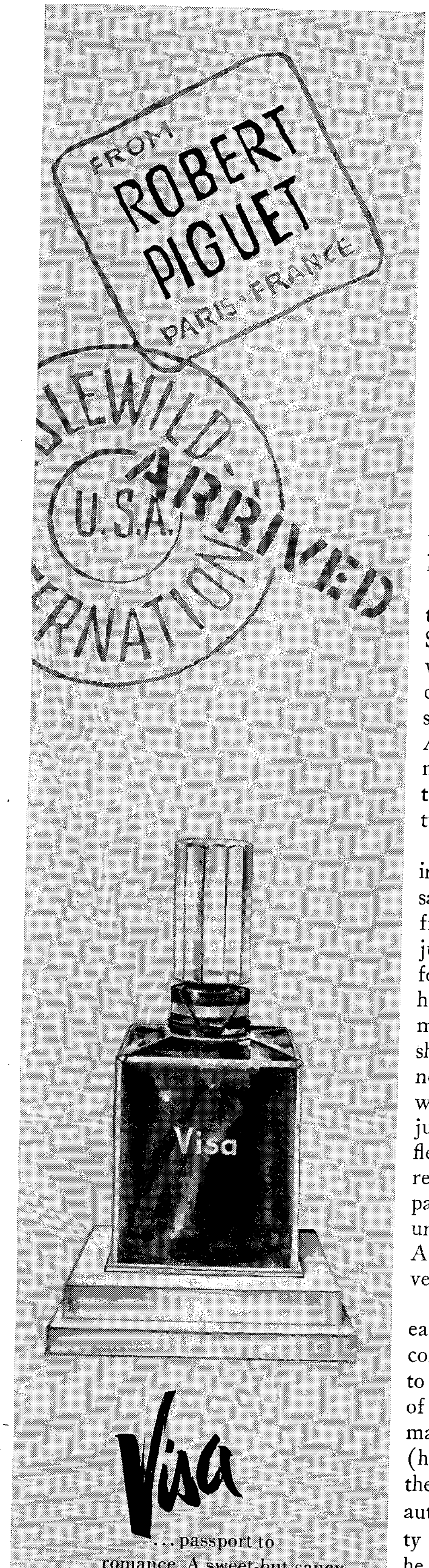

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# FEAR BEYOND REASON

THE strip of Somali coast that I saw from the terrace of my French host's house at Obok was all highlights that morning—blinding white sand and incandescent sea, under a blazing, colorless sky. I sat close to the house wall, in a patch of shade as dense and dark as a plaque of metal, and though I faced the water, I was not looking at it; it would have been like looking at the sun. The morning was very hot. Obok, on the Gulf of Aden, lies only twelve degrees north of the equator, and all night long the dry land wind, the khamsin, had blown with a steady beat, pelting us with desert grit and heat, and polishing the stars. The day, when it came, was airless as a vacuum, and bathed in the incredible light of the African east coast.

Out by the reef that made the harbor, the Frenchman's dhow lay at anchor. Sounds from it came drifting over the water—the light voices of the Dancali crew, who were loading the fifteen-ton sailboat with supplies for our cruise to Arabia, and snatches of song from the men who were paddling the dugout—the ship's tender—back and forth between the dhow and the beach.

I sat in that patch of shade sweltering in the trousers and blouse of red sailcloth that I had brought with me from Brittany; it was just the right costume for our cruise, my host had said. It felt that morning like a suit of sheet armor, but I was not primarily concerned with heat or clothes just then. I was reflecting, as I had often reflected during the past few months, that until my trip to East Africa I had lived a very protected life.

That year of the early thirties, I had come down from Paris to study African folkways for a piece of research I was doing. The Frenchman, whom I had met a year earlier (he and his wife had been spending the winter in Paris), was a recognized authority in such matters. After twenty colorful years in East Africa, where he had been by turns navigator, trader, and planter, he was as much at home on the warm coastal seas as in the bush, and he spoke several tribal languages, in addition to Arabic, as fluently as his native French. When he and his wife had offered to introduce me to "their" Africa and its people, I accepted the invitation with alacrity. For several months I had been their guest in Abyssinia, where I lived on a coffee plantation the Frenchman owned near Harar, and now, on the eve of my return to France, he was to take me across the Gulf of Aden for a glimpse of the Arabian coast. On our way to Obok, we had stopped at Djibouti to put his wife on a ship for Marseille. (He and I were to follow on the next one.) She had categorically refused to take part in the Arabian trip.

"As an American, *you* may enjoy roughing it with a lot of natives," she had said. "I don't. I like at least a minimum of comfort."

I was not expecting "comfort" on a small-boat cruise of ten days or so. Besides, ever since I came to the east coast I had tried to cultivate what the Frenchman called a "reasonable" attitude toward all things African. "Take the country for what it is; it won't hurt you," he had said to me in Paris the previous winter. "Above all, don't worry, or you'll get no enjoyment out of anything. You'll live encircled by fears." According to him, most white travellers were a bundle of fears. "They clap on a sun helmet when their ship reaches Port Said. If they take it off, they scare themselves into a sunstroke." (He himself went bareheaded in the sun.) "And don't begin by poisoning yourself with a lot of shots. East Africa has a healthy climate; the sun kills the microbes."

I had followed his advice all along the line, and so far it had worked out pretty well. In Abyssinia, I had forced myself to be "reasonable" when the lepers at Harar plucked at my sleeves or clung to my stirrups with their mutilated hands. I had walked past famine victims in the market place of Dire Dawa, telling myself firmly that I had no right to damn Moslem indifference for letting them die there unheeded since I was not prepared to do anything about them myself. When we'd sighted hyenas at their ghoulish meals by the roadside, I had merely looked the other way.

Here on the coast, we had run into an epidemic of black smallpox. In fact,

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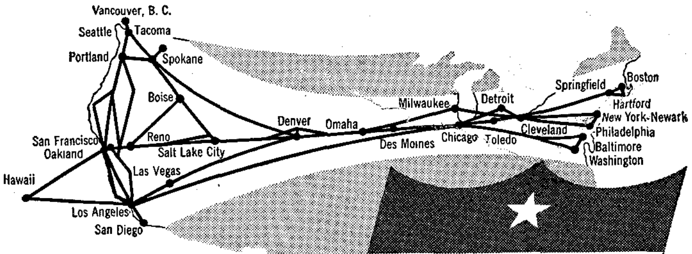
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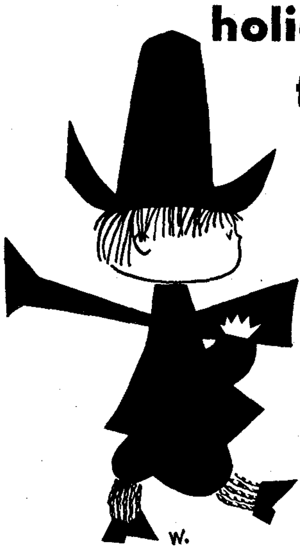
it was all around us. One of the crew of our dhow had just died of it, and we saw any number of people walking about with fresh pink scars on their black skin. While we were passing through Djibouti, I had had myself revaccinated—a precaution that even my host agreed was sensible. Unless it took, though, he said, it would be no protection. It had not taken. But what of that? *Inch'Allah*—as Allah wills. "If you come down with smallpox, I will take care of you," the Frenchman said. I daresay he would have been as good as his word.

But had I learned in Africa to cast off completely the white man's baggage of apprehensions? I was pondering this question that morning on the terrace at Obok, as I sat in the shrinking patch of shade watching Kassim, one of our Dancali sailors, who was squatting on his heels in the sun by the terrace rail eating oysters out of a *tanika* (a five-gallon oil tin). He was prying the shells open with the tip of a long knife that he had taken from its wooden sheath at his belt, and lapping up their contents with sucking noises that signified enjoyment.

Every so often he would offer me an oyster, holding out a pink-and-lavender half shell cradled on his palm. Each time, I refused. I said I wasn't hungry, but the truth of the matter was I wanted to know where the oysters came from before tasting them. Had he gathered them in the harbor? (Its beaches served the town as a latrine.) I hesitated to ask, partly because of my sketchy knowledge of coastal Arabic, the lingua franca of the region; partly, too, because I was not sure of a satisfactory answer even if Kassim understood the question.

But it wasn't only the oysters that had set me thinking about fears vs. "reason." There had also been the sight, a few minutes earlier, of a file of Dancali women bringing water for the dhow from an oasis a quarter of a mile inland. They carried it in goatskins, balanced on their heads, and they looked picturesque enough—rather like the figures on one of those black-and-tan Greek vases. And presently I managed a question about the water, and received an answer, such as it was, from the Dancali.

"Very good water," Kassim said, interrupting his business with the shellfish. "Sometimes it makes you a little sick here." He laid one hand on his taut black stomach. "But not often. Water *tamam*—very good." Whereupon he grinned and returned to his feast, eying me between gulps, and I was convinced



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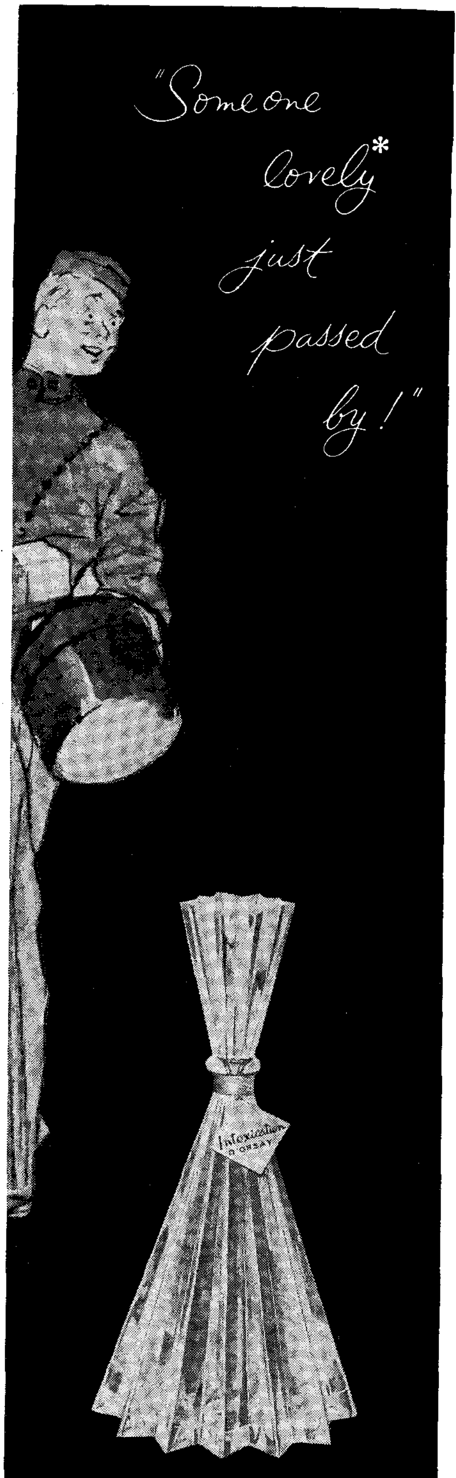

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that he understood perfectly what had prompted my question about the water, and why I would have none of his oysters. His next remark seemed to bear this out. Tossing an empty shell over the rail, Kassim squinted out toward the dhow and then pointed with his knife to the eastern horizon. "Arabs bad men. Pirates." His glance came back to me, and his teeth glinted in his dark face. "You afraid?"

I shook my head in an indignant reflex. Afraid? Of course not—perhaps because "pirate," like "Arab," was so far only a word; my associations with either term were purely bookish. You couldn't be afraid of words.

Balancing the knife on his palm, the Dancali surveyed me through half-closed lids. He had a way of shutting his eyes that reminded me of a bird. What he said next was too complicated for me to follow, though I caught the words "Danakil," "dhow," and "pirate." But there was no mistaking the gesture as, still eying me, Kassim drew the back of the long knife blade slowly across his throat.

A voice speaking sharply from the doorway behind us cut short the pantomime. Kassim scrambled to his feet and, still with the knife in his hand, vaulted nimbly to the beach below, where he sheathed the knife and joined the men who were loading the dugout. The Frenchman, who had come up the stairs from his workshop underneath the terrace, stepped out on the cement. His bare shoulders glistened with sweat, and when he pushed back the shock of gray hair from his forehead with the back of one hand, he left a greasy black streak on his damp skin.

"Guzzling oysters while I do the work!" he said in the tone of a harassed housewife. He jerked his head toward where Kassim had been sitting, and wiped his hands on his oil-stained trousers. "I *told* him to see to the loading of the dugout while I finished with those pistons. Now look at the imbeciles! They'll swamp her!" He shouted a string of angry phrases in Arabic to the group at the water's edge, then said to me, "And filling you up with horror stories about Arabia. Don't you believe a word."

"I didn't understand half of what he said."

"You know I wouldn't take you there if it weren't safe," said the Frenchman. "Besides, we'll have a flesh-and-blood guarantee with us." He chuckled. "Wait till you see the reverend gentleman who's coming along."

With that, my host turned his back

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on the beach and, hitching up his trousers, settled down on his heels by the tin of oysters in exactly the pose of the Dancali, bare feet flat on the cement, knees under his chin—an impossible posture for most adults of white blood. He took a jackknife from his hip pocket, and flipped out a blade.

"Have an oyster?" he asked.

A DHOW, or sambuk, is an Arab coasting vessel, usually lateen-rigged. Since ours had the rigging of a cutter, it could not "lay its ears back" in rough weather. But its build was that of the typical dhow—low in the waist and high at the stern, with a cuddy aft, where the Frenchman kept his guns and maps, and a deck so slippery from a protective coating of fish oil that only bare soles could cling to it. Unlike most coastal craft in those waters, our dhow had no great eyes painted at the bow. (Sailors there believe that a ship, like any other creature, needs to see where it is going.) Perhaps its name, Altair, was meant as a substitute, since the stars see everything.

Until moonrise, our first night out—we got under way soon after dark—I had the stars for company. Beyond the reef, we found no wind; when the engine that propelled us through the pass had ceased its clatter, we lay, sails set, rocking in the swell. The crew, all but the one at the helm, disappeared below deck, and the Frenchman took to his cuddy—because of the night chill, he said. There was no chill that I could detect; the air lay over and around us light and warm as a down comforter. I spread a mat on the strip of deck next to the cuddy and, leaning against the low bulwark, looked up at the stars—tier on tier of points of light, which, with the rolling of the ship, seemed to come hurtling down through space. It made me dizzy to watch them.

Behind me, the steersman sat on his bench, with the long bar of the tiller swinging at his knee. In the starlight, which fell on his white turban and picked out the brass armlet above his elbow, I recognized him as Kassim, at ease and watchful, chin lifted, bare torso bent forward, motionless as a figurehead.

The water lay only a few feet below us, touching the hull in a rippling line of phosphorescence. A shaft of that same green fire slanted down from the rudder—down, down, like a sounding line of light. As I pulled myself up to look over the gunwale, a long flashing streamer struck snakelike through the depths, then another and another. The

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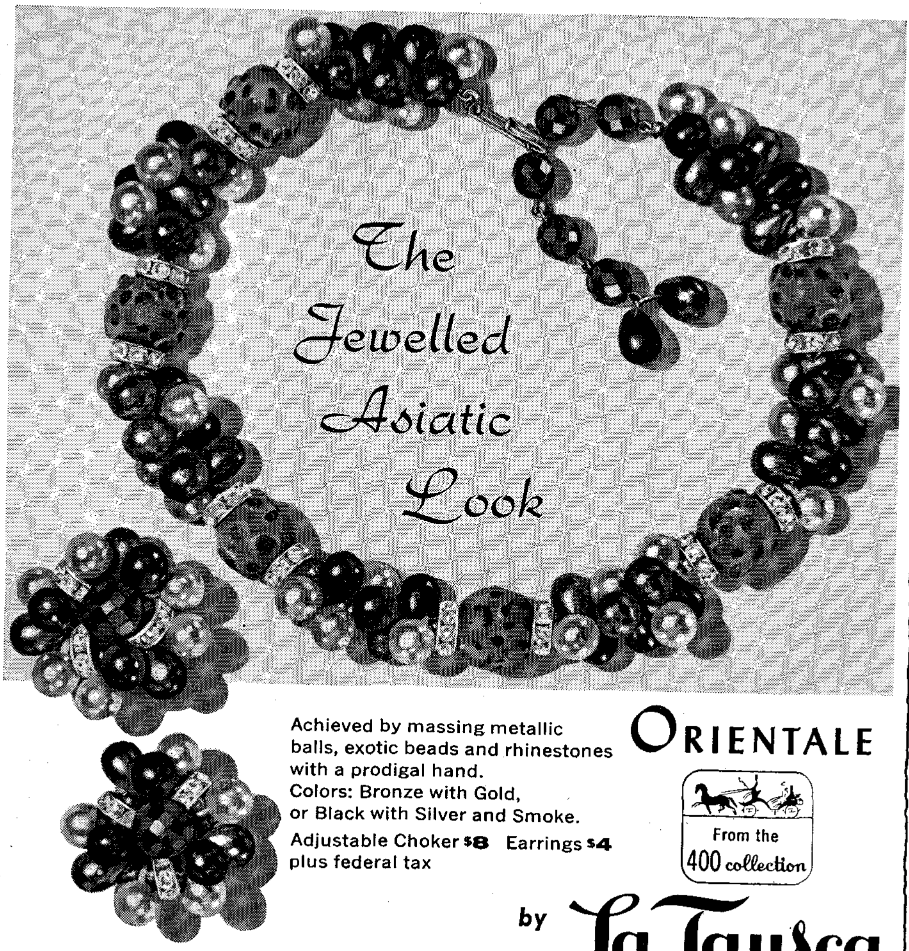

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streamers curved and crossed, in a fiery network.

"Look!" I called to the steersman.

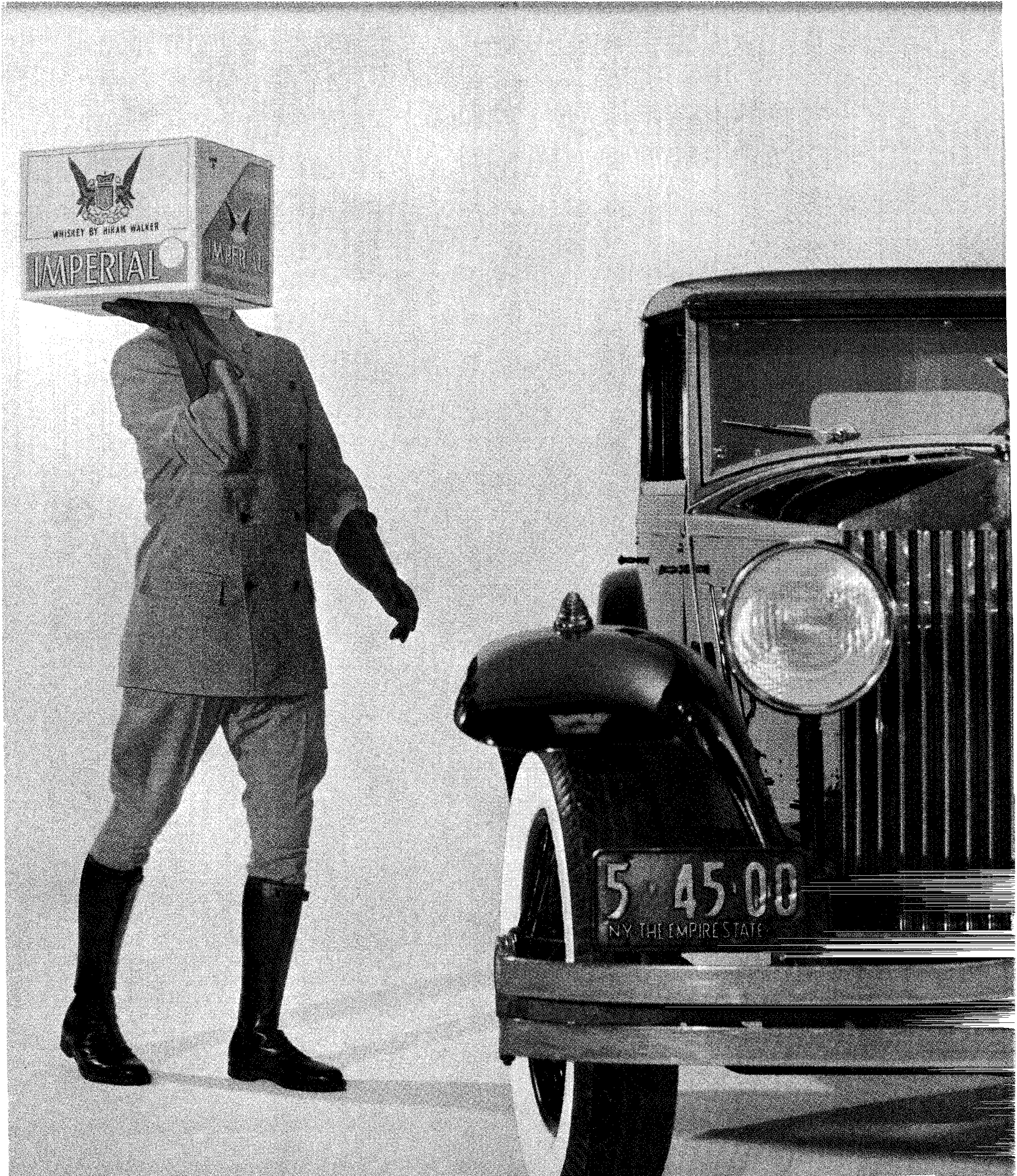
The pale blob of his turban moved a fraction. "Fish," he said laconically. As he spoke, a fin broke the surface close by in a shower of bubbles, which subsided in a trail of greenish foam. There was nothing now on the smooth, dark swell but the reflections of the stars. And nothing was audible but the faint creaking of the boom, until a distant splash—it was more like a crash, startling in its suddenness—broke the silence, as if something flat and sizable had struck the water.

"Fish," said Kassim again, and yawned. Perhaps a giant ray, I thought; the Frenchman had told me some of them were as big as a dining-room table. I stretched out on the mat, covering my face with one arm to shut out the starlight. The bombarding stars might be an illusion, I reflected, but certainly it was no illusion that the water underneath us was alive. Fish? Sharks too, perhaps. I almost fancied that I felt them scraping their gritty backs against the hull. But finally, lulled by the rocking of the boat, I fell asleep.

I waked before dawn to the whish of water alongside, and the smell of wood smoke and coffee. The mainsail was taut; we were under way. Forward, Ali-the-cook, a Somali house servant who had come with us from Abyssinia, had lighted his fire in the open-air galley, aided by a boy. Each time the boy broke a stick of firewood over his knee, he let out the traditional yell to show that it was not the mast or the yards of rigging that had cracked. The Frenchman had replaced Kassim on the steering bench. He sat huddled in a *chamma*, or shawl, and in the gray light his face looked pinched and weary.

"Only a touch of ~~malaria.~~ It won't last," he said cheerfully. "I've taken a fistful of quinine. Ah"—as the cook came aft with the coffeepot—"this will thaw us out."

The crew were all on deck now—six Danakil and one Sudanese, in addition to the Somali cook. According to the Frenchman, there were only three expert seamen in the lot: Abdi, the mate, an oldish man with a shrewd, kindly, puckered face; Kassim, whom the Frenchman and I called our Arabian Nights prince (he had the bearing and the build, except for his bandy legs); and the big Sudanese, a heavy, good-natured brute whose body a Western athlete might have envied. The other men were fill-ins—coastal fishers or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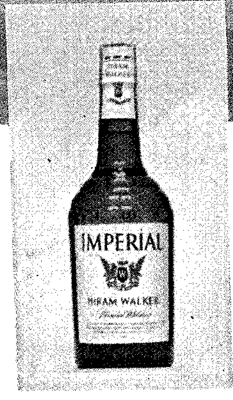
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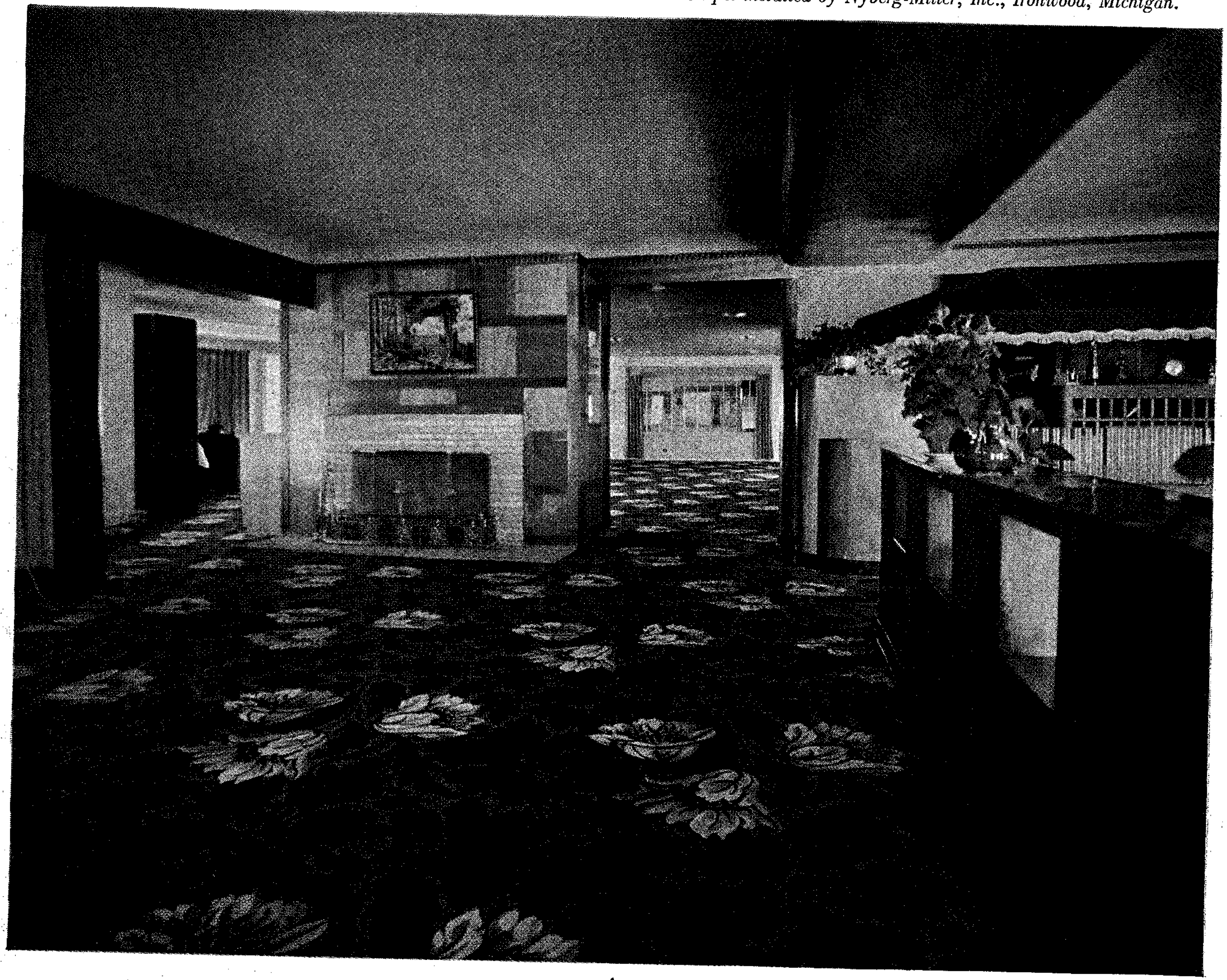

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desert herdsmen recruited for the trip. One of the younger Danakil had had his front teeth filed to a row of points. It gave him a wild look, and I learned from the cook, who was my informant in such matters, that this was still the fashion back in the bush, though no longer considered stylish by the more evolved populations of the coast. As for the Sudanese, Ali disposed of *him* with a significant shrug. He was only a "stupid Sudanese," one of the race of slaves.

While we drank our coffee, the sun lifted above the horizon like a pale balloon. We felt its warmth at once. "If you want to wash, I'll have a *tanika* of sea water dipped up for you," said the Frenchman. "Or you can wait for a swim."

The cook, who still stood by with the coffeepot, grinned down at me. "Swim with *lokham*. Very nice," he said, and went away laughing. The Frenchman translated, and my vocabulary of east-coast Arabic had acquired a new word—"shark."

We were following the African shore—stretches of tawny beach, tablelands swimming in haze, and, cutting across the sky, the lavender peaks of the Mabla. With us went porpoises (to our crew, a porpoise was *abu salaam*—he-who-says-good-morning), diving under the hull and caracolling ahead. Flying fish rose from the water like startled sparrows, skimmed over a couple of wave crests, and dived out of sight into the third. Now and then, a needlefish shot off the water in its broken trajectory—a series of diminishing arcs, like a skipped stone. The Frenchman gave orders to break out the fishing gear, and, trolling with a big hook and a red rag on a length of wire, one of the Danakil made our first catch—a lazy, thick-bodied monster with knifelike barbs on its silver sides and a mouthful of the biggest teeth I had seen on any fish. It let itself be knocked on the head without a fight, and shed a lot of blood on deck when it was cut up. The cook broiled slices of it for our breakfast; it tasted like beefsteak.

AT midmorning, we anchored for a swim in the lee of an island—a flat, rocky table, like an upheaved section of sea bottom. "Keep an eye out for sharks, of course," the Frenchman called over his shoulder as he went below to sleep off his malaria.

"*Lokham* everywhere," Abdi-the-mate said soberly, and at once dived overboard. Kassim, who was poised on the gunwale, tightening the *futa* (a

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knee-length sarong) about his slim waist, gave me one of his birdlike glances and remarked to the cook, who obligingly translated, that the shark could not see *him,* because he was black, but that *Madame* would shine under water like the Ras Bir Light. With that, Kassim, too, took a long dive over the side. The other men followed him—all but the Sudanese, who, it appeared, had reasons of his own for being shark-shy, and the cook, who was chronically timid. He came up behind me as I stood hesitating. "*He* says"—indicating the Sudanese—"that the *lokham* is under our keel, keeping cool."

If so, I envied the shark; now that we had stopped moving, it was getting hot on deck. But what decided me to take the plunge was the *tanika* of water that the cook emptied over my head. Though he meant it kindly, it did something to my pride; besides, it was no substitute for a swim. So I joined the group in the water. There was no room for fears in that splashing, shouting circle of amphibians. By the time they hoisted me to the deck again, I had made up my mind that sharks, like smallpox and the rest, were things that a traveller could learn to accept.

Abdi-the-mate was the last to come aboard. He had been down to take a look at the bottom, and he brought with him a string of black coral, and a mussel as big as a football.

He had scarcely set foot on the deck when the Sudanese uttered a sharp cry and pointed. Had the shark really been under the keel? At any rate, there it was now, swimming alongside—a long, tan torpedo, probably not as big as it looked but quite big enough. It slid past slowly, nosed at the hook with the red rag that still dangled from the stern, then plunged and disappeared in deep water. Only the Sudanese seemed perturbed; the Danakil saluted the shark with peals of noisy laughter. The *lokham,* I then learned from Ali, is always afraid of brave men; it attacks only a tired swimmer—or a Sudanese.

We were heading for Khor Angar, a shallow bay some thirty miles up the African coast, and before we got there, I heard other curious bits of natural history. We started with the sea serpent. Abdi-the-mate told *that* tale in a sober manner that carried weight. Once, in a dhow carrying a cargo of goats, asses, and camels, he had noticed something strange swimming in the wake of the boat. At first, he took it to be a sea turtle, but instead it proved to be a great creature like a dragon, which plunged, making a whirlpool of water and stirring up

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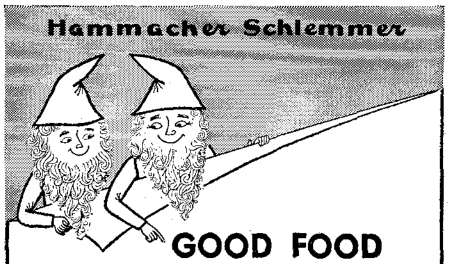

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the sand at the sea bottom. "I saw it with my own eyes," he said.

The sight of a pair of cachalots, sending up jets of spray that glistened in the sun like distant sails, turned the talk to whales. These sultans of the sea were not "bad," really, the men insisted, though sometimes they flipped over a dhow like a chip of wood when they rose to the surface. And they opened triangular mouths that were as tall as a sail and that closed like traps on anything they chose to pursue. Everyone knew about Bellil-the-fisher, a very thin man whom a whale had swallowed one day, dugout and all. But Bellil had a knife; he had cut his way out. Yes, indeed, the story was true. The whale swallowed Bellil near Angar; he came out at Guardafui.

There was also another fisherman, nameless, whom a whale had once gulped down "by accident." (The cook contributed this one.) But the man said a potent prayer, the whale hiccuped, and out popped the fisher. He was quite all right, not injured at all, but his skin had turned white, like that of a drowned man, or one that a shark had devoured.

So we came back to sharks again. Kassim told how he had helped catch a big one in the Gulf of Tadjoura. When he and the others with him cut into its stomach, they found "pieces" of a man. "A whole leg, with a chain about the ankle, and white—white as *you*," Kassim said, with a dip of the chin in my direction.

The success of that grim bit encouraged Kassim to go on. Did we see that hole in the rock? He pointed to a cliff beyond a stretch of beach. The hole was full of bones. Djinn lived there—djinn who "ate people."

I had heard a good deal about djinn since I came to Africa. They hung about graveyards and "bad" wells. Up on the plateau, at the Frenchman's coffee plantation, the Galla housewives lighted their incense burners every morning and smoked all four corners of their huts; this was to drive out the djinn. A djinni gave the gardener his bellyache, and lamed the mule. ("Djinn take care of all the catastrophes. It's as good an explanation as most," the Frenchman once told me.) So djinn "ate people"? Kassim giggled when he assured me this was true— but perhaps he believed it.

"What does a djinni look like?" I asked. Kassim gave me one of his veiled glances, then, with a grin, called my attention to the mountain that cut across the western sky in a long straight line. At one end, a pointed needle of rock

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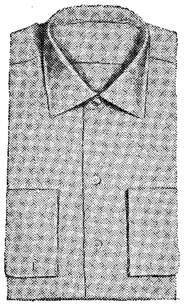
stood up against the sky. But it wasn't a rock, Kassim said, laughing. It looked like a man, with a turban and sword—but it wasn't a man. Again Kassim laughed. "Mountain named Djebel Djinn," he said.

At Angar, we hoped to take on the holy man the Frenchman had referred to as "our guarantee"—a Dancali sheik who would go with us to Arabia. He was a sheik in the fullest sense of the word, since he was both saintly and powerful. A kind of desert patriarch, I gathered, and rich, with herds of camels, sheep, and goats, dhows on the sea, and houses and wives—rich, too, the Frenchman hinted, from a share in the time-honored slave trade, which still trickled across the Red Sea to Arabia, in spite of the watchful British and French. Yet he was a holy man, and also very wise; he always kept out of trouble.

He came striding across a bare stretch of sand as we sounded our way into a little bay, or *khor*, which was the only harbor, and stood waiting while four of us—Kassim, the Dancali with filed teeth, the Frenchman, and I—splashed our way from a sandbar, where we had had to land the dugout, through a shallow lagoon fringed with mangroves to the beach. A wiry, vigorous figure, very tall and black, with fine Semitic features and a fringe of close-clipped white beard, he wore a small white skullcap set back on his bald head, wooden prayer beads about his neck, and a spotless, knee-length loincloth. Greeting us with a black man's serene and characteristic dignity, he shook hands with the Frenchman and me, then held out a hand to Kassim and the Dancali; they kissed it reverently. After that, he escorted us to his house—the biggest of five or six huts that made up the village.

It was the most modest of the Sheik's many establishments, the Frenchman said—a hut of branches and sun-bleached mats, which sat on the sand like a bird's nest. Inside the hut, fine Tadjoura mats lay on the sand floor, beds of tressed gazelle hide stood against the walls, and three wooden boxes served as seats.

A handsome young woman in flaming Arab silks, whom I took to be the Sheik's wife—or one of his wives—brought us tea from a kettle that hung over an open fire outside. She also brought bowls of camel's milk, which I prudently declined. ("It acts like a purge when you're not used to it," the Frenchman had warned me.) I sat on a box marked "Sunlight Soap" and



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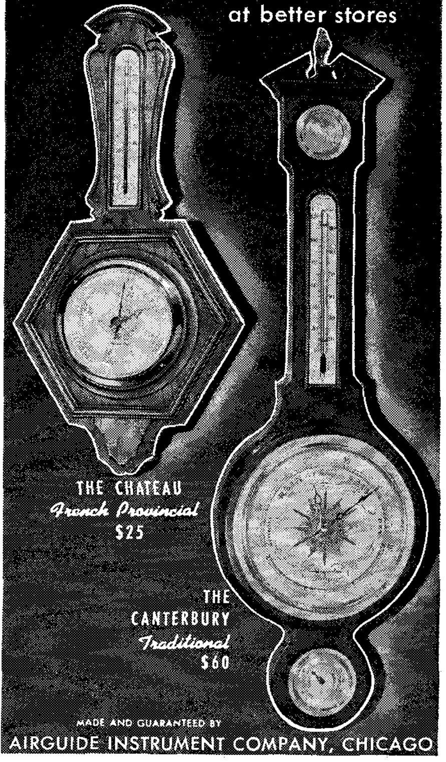

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sipped my tea while the Sheik and the Frenchman discussed the Arabian cruise. I heard the word *"haramieh"* (Arabic for "pirates") a good many times, and from the gravity with which the Sheik spoke, I inferred he had some doubts about the "reasonableness" of our trip. "But he's coming," the Frenchman announced with satisfaction at the close of their talk. "You'll have nothing to worry about now."

I found that last remark annoying. After my first slight qualms about our drinking water, which I had bravely got over, I hadn't really "worried" about anything, except perhaps sharks.

That afternoon, before we put out to sea, the rest of the crew came ashore and the Sheik treated us all to a feast. One of his fat-tailed sheep was ritually bled, then boiled and served up in basins, with a small mountain of rice. Along with coffee came improvised songs from our crew, by way of thanks. Abdi-the-mate led off with the first one, addressed, fittingly, to our host:

"Sheik Issa is great.
He has conquered them all:
English, French, Italians—
People like the sea,
Vast and moving.
Like butter, he floats
On top of the stormy waves."

The sailor with the filed teeth sang to our ship, declaring with some exaggeration that

"The Altair is swifter
Than all other sambuks.
The sails are silk, the rudder is pure gold,
The Captain looks like a Turk."

This last for the Frenchman. The song also contained a reference to me:

"There is a woman on board;
At first, I thought she was a man,
But she was a woman after all.
She must come from a place where people
are nicer than ours:
She gives us cigarettes."

Kassim's contribution had nothing to do with any of us. Standing a little apart from his mates, he fixed his eyes on the distant mountains and sang to his absent sweetheart:

"Like the sun that comes up in the morning,
Like the sun that goes down in the evening,
Like the goats coming in at nightfall,
Like the camel that lifts its head against
the sunset,
The one I love is lovely as all these."

WE embarked at sunset in a euphoria of mutton and gorged stomachs. As we headed out toward the northeast, across the Gulf, Ali-the-cook came to squat beside me on the roof of the cuddy. He pointed to the

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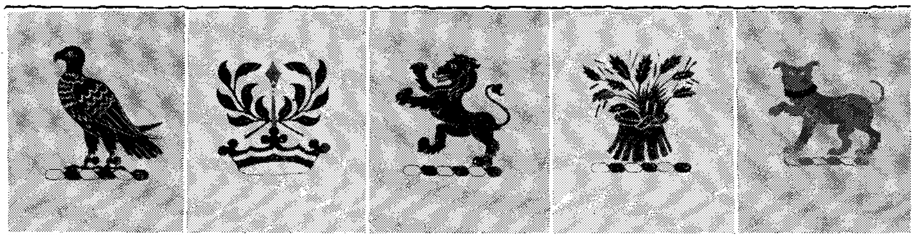

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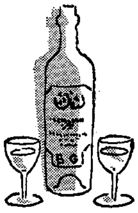

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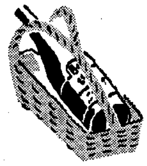

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bow, where the Sheik, his face toward Mecca and his shoulders draped in a *chamma*, was busy with his prayers. "Our Papa," Ali said comfortably. That seemed to express the sentiment of everyone on board.

For the Altair's crew there was no daily ritual of prayers. "I can't have the men on their prayer mats when I need them to tend sail," the Frenchman said. Certainly that night he kept them busy, what with the racing currents and the wind that tore through the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb—the Gate of Tears. Sometime before dawn, we sighted the long, flashing beam of the light on Perim Island, close to the eastern shore of the strait. Then, shortly afterward, we made out a dark triangular mass on our left—the headland of Sheikh Said. At sunup came the first clear glimpse of the Arabian coast, straight and pale, topped by a ragged line of peaks.

As we approached the land, riding the big rollers like a sea horse, a trough between two huge waves momentarily uncovered a dripping rock only a few yards off our port beam. "Well!" said the Frenchman in a surprised voice. "I didn't know *that* was there!" He swung the Altair's bow safely away, and neither he nor anyone else seemed disturbed by the incident. After all, we had not hit the rock, Allah be praised, so evidently it was not "written" that we should founder there. Or we might conclude, as the crew did, that Papa's presence sufficed to ward away all dangers, including shipwreck.

There remained the pirates. They were no fiction, the Frenchman grudgingly admitted. Roving bands of plunderers, both on land and on sea, had always been commonplace along that strip of coast. Since the end of the First World War they had grown more annoying, for now they all had rifles. Still, since they were chary of attacking any armed craft, they represented no real menace, my host assured me, except to a solitary, beached sambuk or a defenseless crew of pearl fishers. "And that isn't our case," he added, with a meaning glance toward the cuddy, where his guns were stored. "Anyhow, with the Sheik on board I don't anticipate trouble." I wondered then, as I wondered later, just what was the secret of the Sheik's mysterious prestige; I never had it satisfactorily explained. But the Frenchman assured me it was real. I had to be content with that.

All that day, we skirted the shore—a waste of sand as burnt and bare as the African shore of the Gulf. In an exposed anchorage where we spent a rest-

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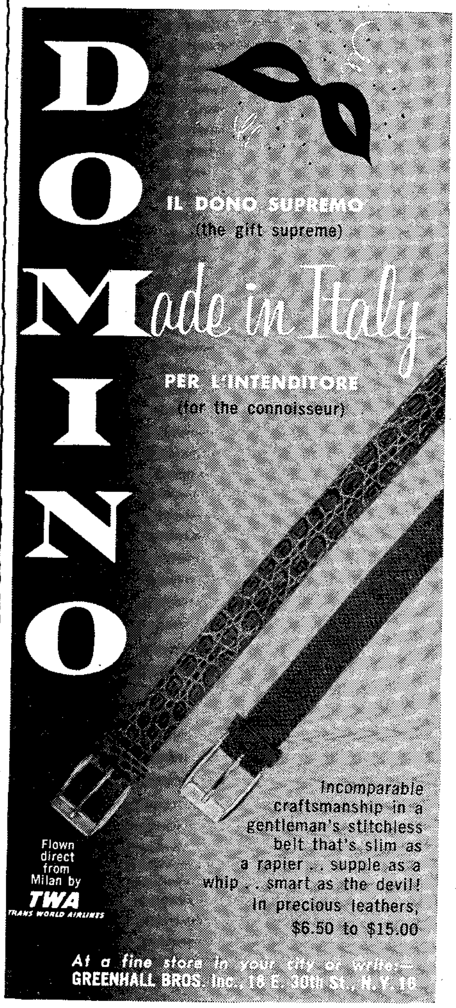

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less night, together with three other sambuks, we heard fresh news of pirates; within the past week they had attacked and looted a couple of fishing boats. At noon the next day, we reached the point on the coast we were heading for—Khor Uméra, a landlocked bay that contained beds of *sadaf*, the large pearl-bearing oyster. That was our chief reason for putting in there—the Frenchman hoped to show me pearl divers at work. (At one time, he had been "interested" in pearls.) We saw no sign of divers, or of anything living, when we entered the *khor*—nothing but clear, unbroken water, expanses of sand dotted with meagre bushes, and, off to the north, hills and towering, distant peaks. The only object that suggested man was a heap of stones with the blade of a sawfish wedged into it upright, which stood on a sandbar strewn with wreckage—probably some fisherman's grave, I was told.

When the sail was lowered and the anchor down (two Danakil swam with it to the bottom, to fix it firmly in place), the Frenchman and Abdi-the-mate set up in the bow, directly behind the bowsprit, a curious contraption that turned out to be a make-believe cannon. They made it of piled-up wooden boxes and a short piece of pipe, which they lashed to the top box so that it protruded forward, pointing toward the bow. Over everything went a taut tarpaulin. "That's for appearances," the Frenchman said, standing back to survey his work. The Sheik nodded benignly; while the two men set up the fake gun, he had looked on with the hint of a smile on his severe features, as if watching small boys playing a war game. It did look like a game, in the face of the empty landscape.

Then, where there had been only empty strand, we saw men. They had materialized out of nowhere. We counted seventeen lined up on the beach, against a hillock of sand. The sun glinted on the barrels of fifteen guns, and picked out here and there the curved

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metal sheath of a dagger. We exchanged stares with the newcomers over a hundred yards of *khor*.

"The receiving party," the Frenchman said, with a laugh, as a hail came over the water. Someone in our bow shouted the Sheik's name, whereupon the Altair's dugout hit the water with a spat. Papa lowered himself into it with dignity, and Abdi-the-mate paddled our ambassador ashore.

As they landed, a black man who carried no gun broke away from the others and, running forward, stooped to kiss the Sheik's extended hand. "Probably some grateful slave," the Frenchman muttered. Now a group gathered about the tall figure in white, and after a moment's parley, the whole party sat down in a circle on the sand. "You see?" said the Frenchman again. I saw; apparently the charm had worked.

He went on to say that he would be the next to land, after the Sheik had talked things over with the Arabs. Then, if the men seemed friendly, Abdi and the dugout would return to the ship for me. "You'd better put on a turban, since you're wearing men's garb," he advised. "Get the cook to find you a few yards of white cloth in the cuddy. And don't try to wind the turban yourself. Let Ali do it for you." With that admonition, the Frenchman left me, for the dugout had swung about and was heading for the Altair. By this time, the ripple of excitement on board had subsided. Even Ali-the-cook looked reassured.

"What's it all about?" I asked him, when the Frenchman had joined the circle on the sand.

"Gentlemen say '*Bonjour*,'" Ali said in his pidgin French. "'You very well?' 'Me very well.' Everybody *content*."

I piously hoped so. A short while later, the dugout drew alongside again; this time it had come for me. The cook adjusted my turban with a professional twist, and then I clambered over the gunwale and Abdi took up his paddle.

After the trip across the *khor*, I felt extremely self-conscious as I approached the group over fifty feet of beach, with the Dancali at my heels, although the men on the sand pointedly avoided looking at me. However, nothing prevented my looking at *them*. Except for their guns, these pirates—if that is what they were—might have been a gang of Arab stevedores, or even the Red Sea stokers on the ship that had brought me from Marseille to Djibouti; they were dressed in tattered singlets and equally

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tattered trousers or grimy *futas*. Only a few of the men wore the Moslem skullcap. They were not a particularly hard-looking lot.

The Sheik and the Frenchman made room for me between them, and I took my place in the circle, sitting cross-legged like the others. As the conversation progressed—a slow exchange of phrases, punctuated by long silences—I sat there feeling curiously detached, like a spectator at a play. There was an unreal quality to it all: the setting, the black patriarch in his *chamma*, the dark-skinned Frenchman, who looked much more like the conventional Arab than any of that band of desert vagabonds did, and, for the comic touch, me in my sailcloth suit and big turban. (I had no illusions about the figure I must have been cutting in Moslem eyes.) If I had expected drama, this came closer to comic opera, I decided. For all I knew, the fifteen guns might be stage props, like our dummy cannon. It was very hot in the sun.

Suddenly, we moved straight into the Arabian Nights. ("I had to talk their language," the Frenchman said afterward.) Whatever prompted his fantastic tale, which he told in Arabic with frequent asides to me, in French—whether it was meant to augment our importance or merely to account for my curious costume—I learned with considerable amazement that *I* was the central figure of our party: a *princesse lointaine*, from over the seas, travelling on a pilgrimage in *my* ship, with a suite that included a French chief of staff, and a holy man as chaplain. I don't know what our Sheik thought of it all; he listened impassively. If the others were impressed, they didn't show it.

It must have been a full hour before the meeting broke up. The Frenchman, the Sheik, and I were ferried back to the dhow. But the conclave was not over yet, for next came the return visit to the Altair. That, it appeared, was obligatory. The Arabs stacked their arsenal on the sand. Then, three by three, Abdi paddled them aboard. As they swarmed over the ship, the Frenchman blocked the entrance to the cuddy, and Kassim, very erect and martial, with a gun slung on his bare shoulder, stood guard over the tarpaulin in the bow. Sheik Papa sat beside me on the poop deck, presiding over the visit with the composure of a potentate.

Watching our guests as they pried and poked, I saw no evidence of the famous Arab pride I had heard so much about. Was it awe of the Sheik or the

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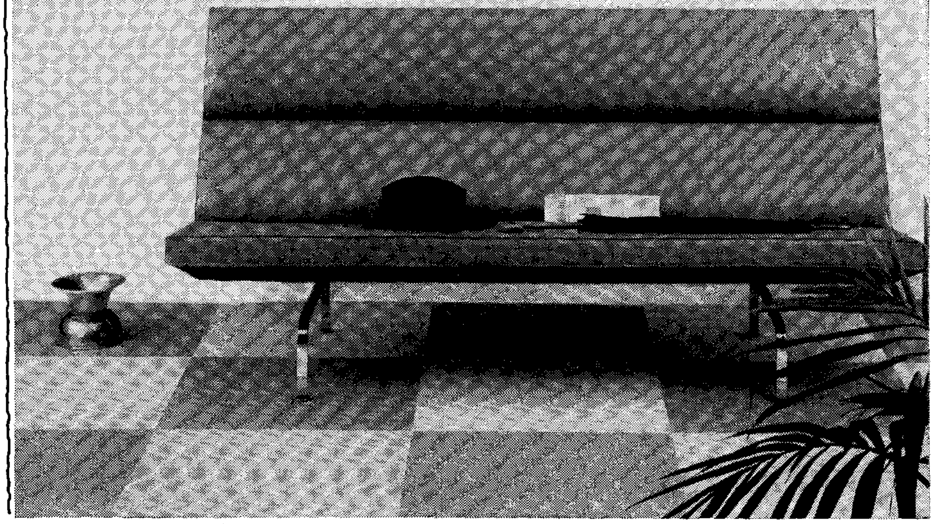

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effect of the "princess" story that dictated their manner toward us—a whining servility that went ill with the edged glances of their black eyes? One expression kept recurring: "You who are so rich . . . we who are so poor." Of course, relatively speaking, it was true. They had only their guns.

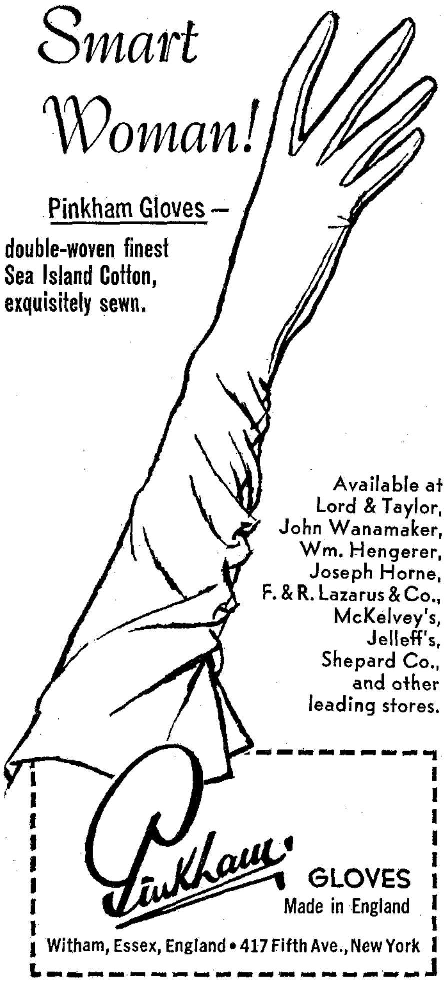
Finally, they took their leave, bearing away gifts of tea, sugar, and durra (grain sorghum), which they accepted none too graciously; clearly they had hoped for more. When the last of the band had melted into the landscape, the atmosphere on board relaxed perceptibly. It was like the letdown after a party. The crew recovered their voices (they had been noticeably silent during the visit); the cook lit his fire and brewed tea for everyone; at sunset the Sheik spread his prayer mat in the bow and, with lifted hands, addressed himself to Allah. While he was still at his prayers, a little dhow full of Somali pearl fishers crept into the *khor* to anchor beside us. They were jolly, friendly folk, who agreed at once to take me pearl fishing the following morning.

"So those were the famous pirates?" I asked the Frenchman later, as we sat drinking our tea on the roof of the cuddy.

He shrugged. "Coast riffraff," he said carelessly, and Kassim, who was perched like a cock on the steering bench behind us, added a remark of his own, which drew grins from his listening mates but which no one offered to translate. It wasn't "nice," the cook said primly. So I added "pirate" to the list, already long, of things that look big until you meet them, and concluded that the incident was closed.

NIGHT settled down in utter quiet on the *khor*. The crew, having finished their supper of fish and rice, were telling their stories again—long, intricate tales from the Arabian Nights, cruel but merry ones of Abu Nouass, the jester, and the usual jokes about "stupid Sudanese." The Sheik slept, the Frenchman and I smoked, and a lantern-like moon floated up from the horizon—only a three-quarter moon, but it lighted the sky like a false dawn.

"How about a stroll ashore before we turn in?" said the Frenchman, tossing the end of his cigarette over the gunwale. I agreed, though without enthusiasm; I was perfectly comfortable where I was. Moving quietly, so as not to disturb the sleeper, we got into the dugout, which still floated at the stern. Abdi swung himself down after us; he deposited a gun carefully at his feet, and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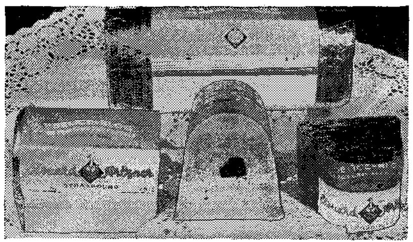
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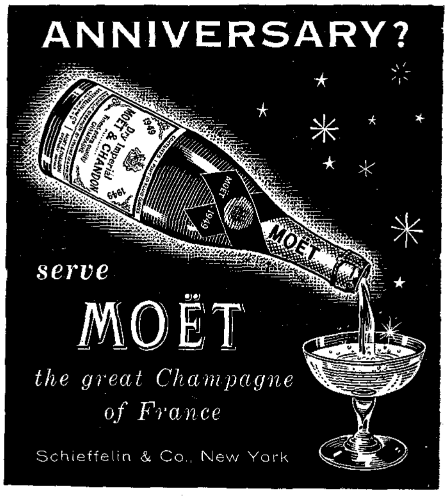
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handed over something that went into the Frenchman's trouser pocket. As the Dancali's silent strokes sent the dugout gliding toward the beach, the voices and lazy laughter of the crew trailed after us across the water. There was no other sound.

We got out in a black-and-white moon world. Dark patches checkered the shining dunes, and every bush stood in its pool of shadow. We struck inland, the Frenchman in the lead. Underfoot, the sand gave off invisible heat waves, but the air we breathed was almost cool. We strolled on for perhaps a quarter of an hour. "*Belle nuit*," said the Frenchman, pausing for me to catch up with him. "When I was here ten years ago—" He broke off as the Dancali, who walked behind us, stepped forward to say something in an undertone. Voices? At first barely audible—Abdi's ear was finer than ours—then gradually more distinct. From the sound, they were coming toward us.

"Get back in the shadow," said the Frenchman. We all crowded into the deep shade of a bush, among spines and rubbery twigs. As we stood there waiting, I thought I heard footsteps, but it was only the beating of my heart. Finally, from behind a confused clump of bushes, a row of marching figures emerged, all in one plane, like shadows on a screen. They drew near us slowly, black against the frosty sand. Just before they reached us, the marchers halted. Had they seen us? Abdi stepped out in the moonlight, and a shout hailed him: "*Min*? [Who's there?]." At once came Abdi's voice, "Danakil." For a few moments, he and the marchers' spokesman exchanged remarks across the sand, and then, with a parting salutation, the file of dark silhouettes moved on again. There were perhaps a dozen in all; I made out women's skirts, men carrying burdens and long poles. The Frenchman and I remained in the lee of our bush until the murmur of voices died out.

"Nomads on the march. Fishermen," said the Frenchman. "Want to go on?"

I wanted anything but that. And what was the *point* in going on? What were we doing there anyhow, walking to no purpose in a landscape without form or color, which closed around us in a ring? "Just as you say," I said weakly. My throat felt dry, and my heart still kept up its crazy pounding. It drummed in my ears as if someone were thumping a barrel. I had an uncanny feeling that the Dancali heard it, for he came a step closer and touched

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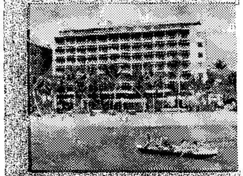

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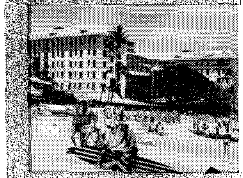

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my arm. "*Pas peur*," he said in a kind whisper.

Fear of what? I shook off his hand and plodded ahead on dragging feet. At every step, I seemed to sink deeper in the sand. I tried arguing with myself. What was there to be jittery about? Not those fishers, surely; they were harmless folk. Except for them, there probably wasn't a soul within miles of us. Besides, my two companions were armed. But for once reasoning got me nowhere.

"Maybe this is a heatstroke," I said to myself. Yet even as I formulated the thought, I was perfectly aware that what ailed me had nothing to do with heat, or malaria, or anything else that could be explained away rationally. Whatever had set it off, it had me in its grip. The Dancali had sensed it, and he was right. It wasn't fear of anything definite or tangible, though it lurked behind every sand dune and in the shadow of every bush. It was just fear. I have never known anything like it, except in nightmares. One would have said that the whole flood of childhood terrors had welled suddenly out of the night and the past—dread of what hid in the corners when the light was turned out, of what crouched in the closet and under the stairs, or among the black trees outside the window. I'm like a child in the dark, I thought miserably. Only it wasn't dark in that moonlit desert. We seemed to be walking round and round.

I stumbled, and the Dancali caught me.

"What's the matter?" said the Frenchman, wheeling in his tracks.

"*Madame fatiguée*," said Abdi, holding me firmly with his hard black arm.

I realized that the Frenchman was surveying me narrowly. "Then we may as well go back," he said with a touch of irritation in his voice. "I only came ashore on your account. I thought it might amuse you."

We had covered about half the distance to the *khor* when two rifleshots rang out ahead of us—apparently a signal from the Altair. The Frenchman swore under his breath and quickened his step; then he broke into a run and disappeared among the dunes. We found him waiting for us on the beach by the dugout, with Kassim at his side. The Dancali's wet shoulders shone like metal in the moonlight, and his *futa* clung to his legs; he had swum ashore. "Sheik very mad," he said to us, shaking the drops from his long hair. There were lights on the ship, and a ripple of voices came over the water.

Papa stood by the gunwale as we

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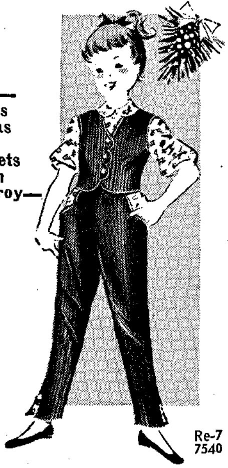

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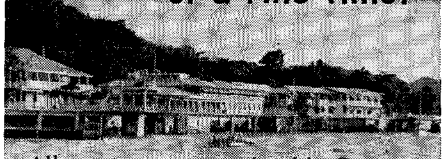

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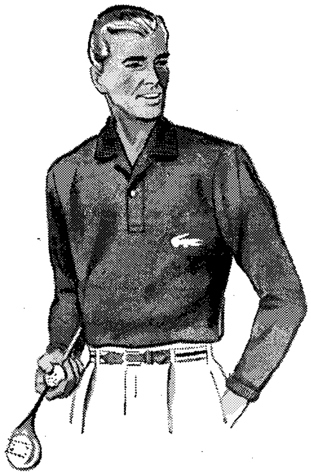

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came aboard, immeasurably tall and severe in his draped *chamma*. He addressed the Frenchman sternly. It was a curious scene—that tall, accusing figure in the ring of silent black faces. The lecture went on for quite a while. The Frenchman made light of it afterward. "The old boy was worried when he woke up and found us gone," he told me. "He thought we were tempting Providence—with you a 'princess,' and all that. Not that you ran any risk; after all, you weren't alone. But how would you have liked it—to have pirates carry you off and hold you for ransom?"

"I don't know who would have paid it," I said. I could laugh at my childish panic, now that I was back under Papa's wing, in the security of our black family. Also, it was a source of some satisfaction to learn that I wasn't the only one who had not been "reasonable."

"But admit that you had a famous scare back there in the bush," the Frenchman said teasingly. "Even Abdi noticed it."

"I'll admit it," I said. "But it had nothing to do with your pirates."

"What was it then—a djinni?"

That might have been Kassim's way of putting it. But Abdi-the-mate, when consulted, had another explanation to offer. He gave me a shrewd glance out of his kind old eyes, then wagged his head wisely. "It was the moon," he said.

—Ida Treat

•

## OVER AND OUT

*Over, through, beyond, around*
Are words that tempt him with their
sound
Who, as a penance for no sin,
Is caught inside the life he's in:

Coffee, a kiss, the 8:09.
An adjective like *far* is wine,
Nouns like *latitude* and *miles*
Possess demoralizing wiles;

A map's his Waterloo. If he
Should not come back, the cause will be
Four siren words that lure him forth:
*South. East. West. North.*

—Bianca Bradbury

•

Chief Don Eagle, 22-pounder, went to a 20-minute draw with Don Jonathan, a 229-pounder. Eagle wasn't the only Indian on the card. Another, Billy Rivers, 216, tossed the 22-pound Harry Lewis in 10:58.
—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

What took him so long?

KNIFE AND FORK

To a King's Taste

Listened to an elderly Britisher stoutly defending the empire at dinner the other night.

"Our George the Third may have given you colonists bit of a hard time in '76, y'know. But dash it, man, think of what your gourmets owe to George the Fourth!"

For the benefit of all the gourmets who've tuned in late, we'd like to state it was jolly old George the Fourth, the epicurean monarch, who personally inspired and named that A.1. Sauce you dearly love.

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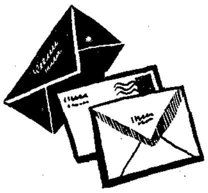
# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## CHRISTMAS, HO!

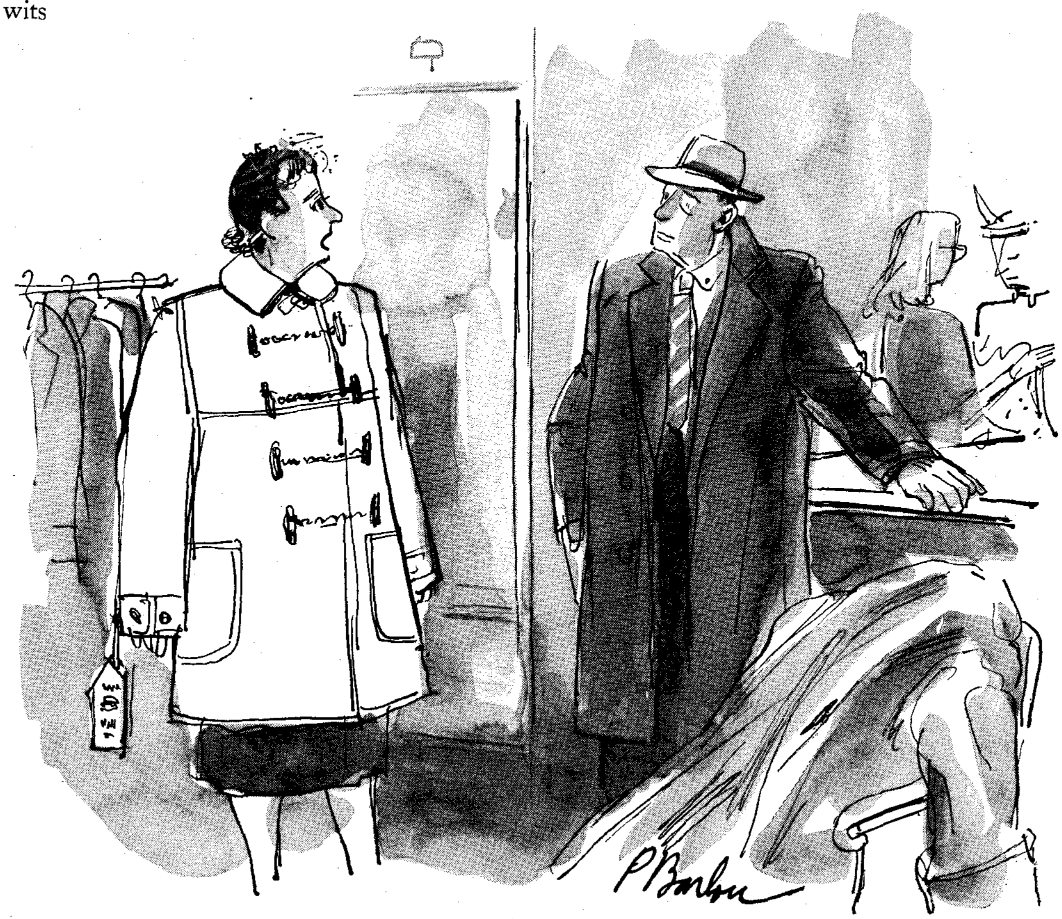


WE'RE perfectly aware that a lot of people haven't yet shaken last summer's sand out of their shoes and that a lot of other people haven't yet projected their lives beyond the Yale-Harvard game, but the fact remains that the time has come for you to think about Christmas. *We've* been thinking about it for weeks, and we propose to tell you right now about various presents that need to be ordered well in advance of the Big Day if you want to have the genuine article, rather than a home-drawn picture of it, under the Christmas tree. Also, in order to leave you plenty of time to find out whether the people on your list prefer diamonds or emeralds, and how many they would like, we report below on the mementos available at the town's big jewellers'. Next week, we'll go into presents for the householder and the house. In the following treatise, the ten-per-cent tax on jewels and handbags is included in the prices quoted, and unless a longer fruition period is specified, orders will be filled in two weeks or less. And now, if you have your wits and your checkbook about you, let us start our tour with a look at:

### *Custom Gifts for Women*

IS there a lady night owl on your list? The Persian Shop, 534 Madison Avenue (54th), stands ready to make her an evening coat of heavy, luxurious Persian silk brocade, lined with plain silk. There are two hundred hand-woven patterns to choose from, in scarlet, bright blue, oyster, and other rich colors. The coats are mandarin style—straight and narrow—with small military collars, wide turnback sleeves, and frog fastenings. The hem is slashed vertically a few inches on the sides. A jacket costs $95, a street-length coat $125, and a full-length one $175; you'll have to add $50 if you choose a brocade that is interwoven with gold or silver thread. By the yard, the brocade, which is forty inches wide, costs $20 without gold or silver threads, and $27.50 with. . . . Zita, now at 781 Madison Avenue (66th), makes a mandarin jacket (if that's what you're bent on) of black duchesse satin. It's lined with quilted rayon satin—any color you choose—which gives it some warmth, and is slit almost all the way up the sides, which doesn't; $155, in sizes 8 to 16. Zita also offers a fire-engine-red blazer of French slipper satin, lined with fake white broadtail, which might please someone in a more Occidental frame of mind; $95, and again in sizes 8 to 16. Still another of her inventions is a reversible stole, also of French slipper satin, two yards long and two feet wide, with a short puffed sleeve at one end and a narrow self fringe at the other; $45, in black and white, or any color combination you have in mind. . . . For a *grande dame* who puts in a lot of time behind her silver tea service, Princess Obolensky, 417 Park Avenue (55th), can supply a sumptuous tea gown of plum-colored velvet. A panel of ecru lace backed by pink chiffon fills in the front opening of the skirt, there is more lace lining the flare at the elbow, and, naturally, the Princess recommends a train. Style details, however, as well as fabric and color, may be varied according to your wishes; $135. Then, for $69.95, the same shop furnishes a short evening wrap of uncrushable nylon velvet. It rests securely on the shoulders without closing in front, and is neatly bordered all around with hand-smocked velvet ruching. It takes about three weeks to make up, in black or any bright color you choose. . . . From Vienna, Eleanor Beard, 446 Park Avenue (57th), has imported some soft, light alpaca yarn, out of which she has knitted unlined capes, about hip length. These would be useful either for gadding about in the evening or for reading in bed. They fasten with a self tie and fall in easy folds from a high round neck to a graceful circle of over a hundred inches around the hips. A plain one in black, white, or soft pink is $19.50; appliquéd bowknots, butterflies, or other small figures bring the price up to $39.50.

In a more jaunty vein, A la Carte, 755 Madison Avenue (65th), has devised some good-looking lounging clothes of Italian cotton brocade. A pair of pajamas has very tapered trousers and a loose-hanging, lined top, which has a pointed hemline, front and back, a standup collar, and three-quarter sleeves, and fastens down the front with



*"What has being the mother of three grown children got to do with it?"*

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CHANEL

four gold-metal discs; $75. Street-length skirts of the same brocade are $35. . . . There's a basketweave wool peignoir at Emma Maloof, 444 Madison Avenue (49th), in pink, blue, or white, with a matching silk organza cape collar appliquéd with organza roses and rosebuds (of the same color as the wool) and two-tone green leaves; the appliqués are done in Lebanese embroidery and look remarkably lifelike; $75. Another robe, very Christmassy indeed, is a fitted one of sleek red wool, with double rows of darker-red velvet ribbon and bows banding three-quarter sleeves and a cape collar; $95.

Charlotte, 20 West 57th Street, has revived the chemise, with or without a drawstring waist, to wear under a tight-fitting dress or skirt. It's lavishly trimmed with hand-run Alençon-type lace at the top and bottom; we liked it best in bisque or gray trimmed with black or white lace, but it comes in a number of other colors. In silk chiffon or crêpe, it's $35; in nylon chiffon with nylon lace, $32.75. A camisole top that could brighten someone's dinner suit comes in Chantilly-type lace over satin, with velvet or lace shoulder straps, and costs $29.95, in any color you can think of. Hand-piped tailored slips of Celanese taffeta are a specialty here, and available in fifty different colors; $12.95.

Our old friends at the Lexington Shirt Company, 987 Lexington Avenue (71st), are as busy as ever in their unpretentious little cubicle, turning out, to nobody's surprise, handmade shirts and blouses. Prices start at $14, for a simple shirt of domestic cotton, and work up to $30, for one of silk shantung with hand-sewn detail. You should be equipped with precise measurements (an old shirt would do) and be prepared to wait three or four weeks. . . . If a sweater is what's wanted, there's *quite* a sweater at Kargère, 785 Fifth Avenue (60th). It's wool, not knitted or crocheted but made (in France) on a frame, with a needle, in the same way tapestries are made. The result is as light, but not as limp, as a loose knit. A design—for instance, an allover leaf-and-vine business called the Tree of Life—is stitched, more densely than the background, into the sweater, front and back, and outlined in the finest gold or silver braid. You may order a cardigan or a fitted pullover, with any length sleeve and with or without a collar. There's a choice of colors, too. We particularly admired a pale-blue cardigan that has yellow-hearted pink-and-white flowers

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Haymarket, London
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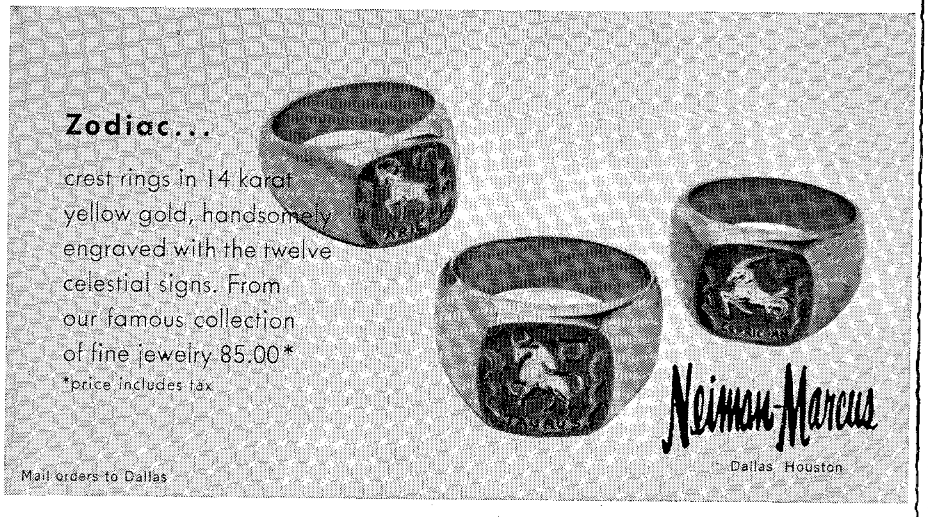

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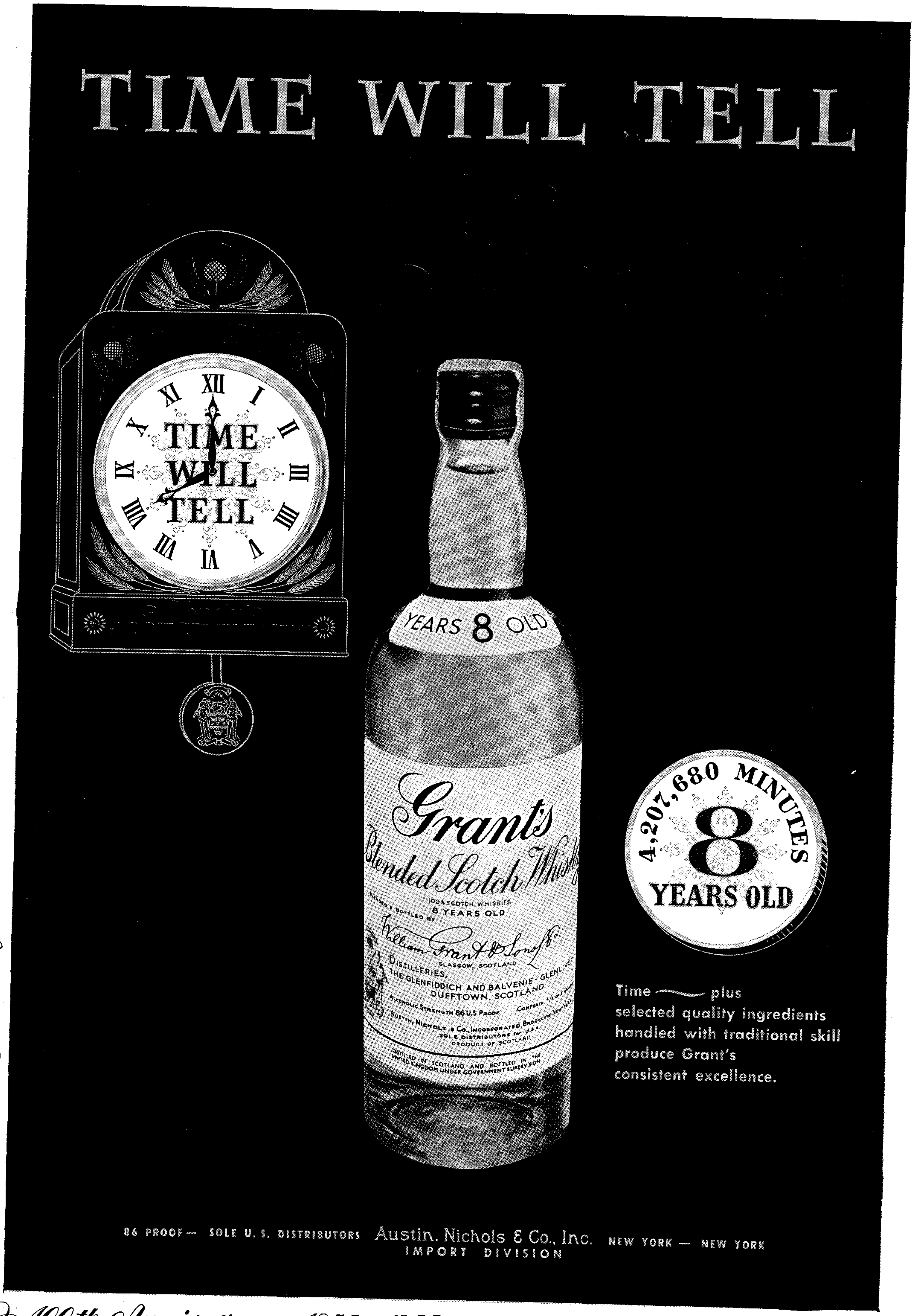
But don't stop at breakfast. Try an afternoon juice break. And before dinner have chilled Cranberry Juice Cocktail (straight, or as a mix) . . . Or enjoy it as a before-bed snack. You're sure to wind up drinking it often at all hours. You'll find Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice—the sophisticate of juices—at discriminating grocers now.

# TIME WILL TELL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edged in silver and pearl buttons down the front, and we also liked one in dull white with shinier-white leaves outlined in silver. With short sleeves, it costs $155; with three-quarter or long sleeves $165. (Well, as we said, it's quite a sweater.) If you're lucky, your order could arrive before Christmas, but those French ladies working away over their tapestry frames don't like to be hurried. Delicately patterned knitted wool pullovers, made in France to your specifications, will arrive in four weeks, and cost $45. . . . Chiffon is a favorite with the French blouse designers at Valia's Boutique, now at 72 East 56th Street. One chiffon blouse that, it seems to us, should flatter almost any woman is lined with silk and has a scoop neck dipping into a V in back; there are tiny cap sleeves with knitted cuffs of light wool, and a choice of such decorations as perky little canvas flowers, hand-painted flowers, or non-floral embroidery. The colors include black, white, light blue, lemon yellow, and pink, and the price tag reads $39.95. Other blouses here, made of anything from velvet to jersey, are mostly priced at $32.50.

Almost any young lady would be bound to welcome a party skirt plucked from the fresh flock at Evonne, 830A Lexington Avenue (63rd). One of the cheeriest, cut straight in front and full in back, is ablaze with bright-blue, orange, and pale-lemon field flowers printed on gray Ducharne silk gauze taffeta, and is lined with heavier gray taffeta. The price, including a detachable cummerbund, is $125, and all you need besides that sum is waist and length measurements. This skirt might be paired with a matching sleeveless top, cut with a bateau neck in front and low and square in back ($69.95), or with a more restrained black matte jersey wraparound blouse, which has three-quarter sleeves and a jersey cummerbund ($59.95). . . . A la Carte pops up with a crazy-quilt of a skirt, made of a regular potpourri of patches—old or new bits of satin, silk brocade, velvet, and who knows what all—featherstitched together. Some of the patches date back to the eighteenth century, and are woven with such eye-catchers as a pussycat on a cushion and a hen and her brood. Naturally, the patchwork varies from skirt to skirt, but each skirt has a black elastic waistband, a velvet-bound hem, and a silk-brocade lining. Prices range from $135 to $250. Matching gloves with duvetyn palms cost $14.95. . . . And, speaking of skirts, thanks to airmail and Scottish

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Old State House

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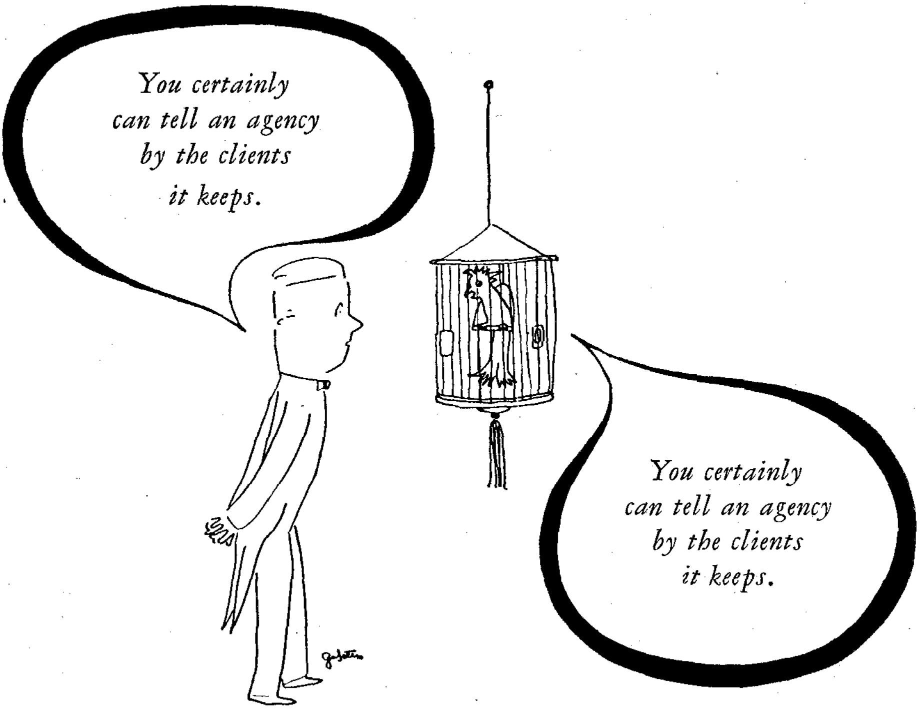
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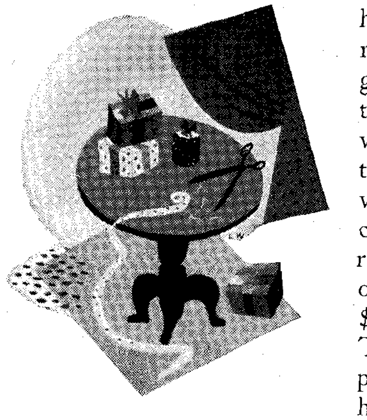
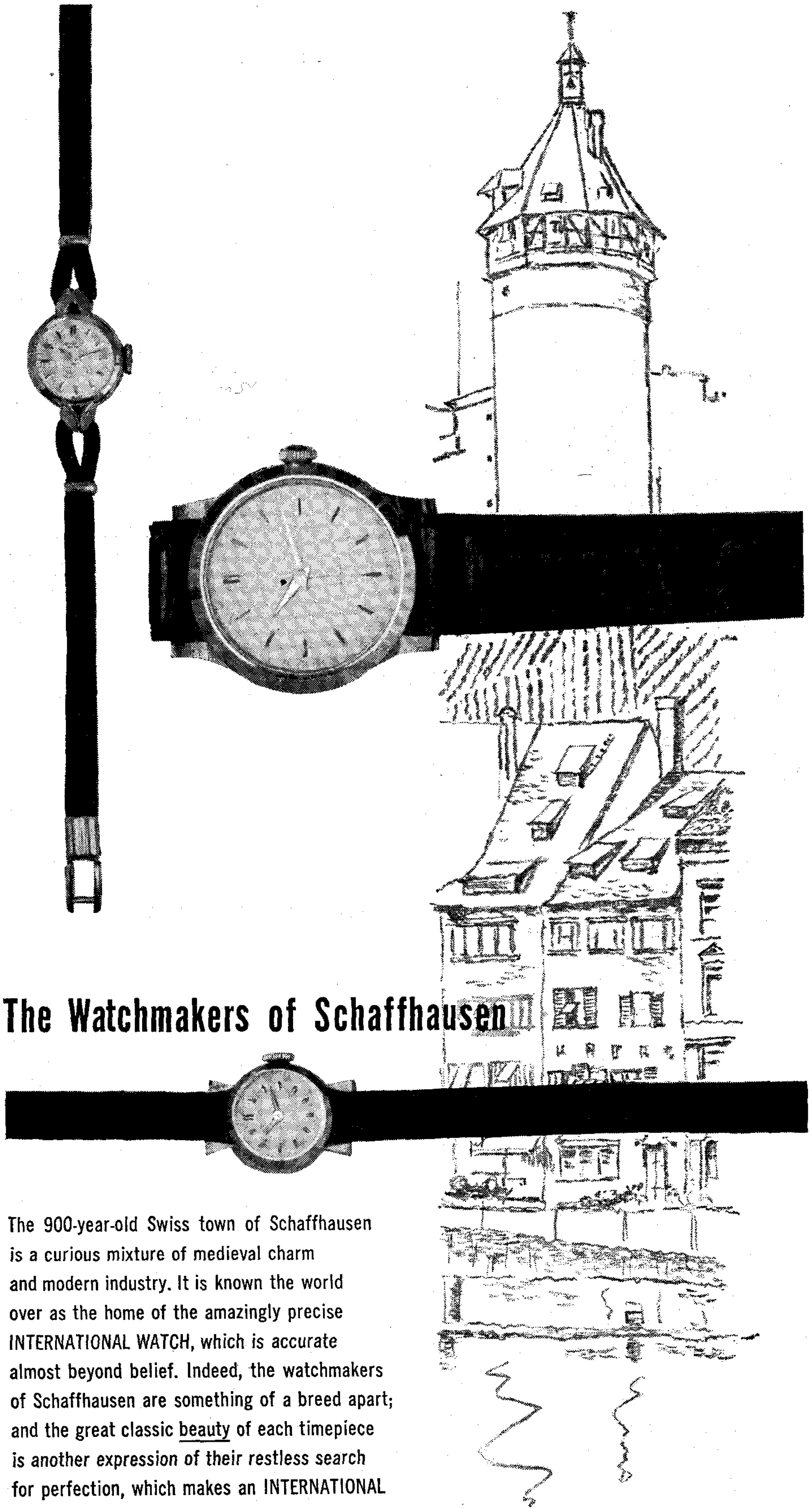
VIA DI VILLA SACCHETTI 17 ROMA

Products, 22 East 60th Street, a kilt in any tartan you specify can be made to your order in Scotland and whisked across the ocean in a matter of five weeks—provided the tartan is not too obscure and the kilt-maker hasn't succumbed to an extended Highland fling. A small child's (one-year size) kilt with shoulder straps costs $21, an adult kilt is $55. The kilts are meticulously made according to traditional rules, with a flat overlapping panel in front edged with fringe, a leather strap and buckle, twenty-eight pleats, and no hem. A skirt-length adaptation, *with* a hem ($65), and a kilted skirt, with a mere fourteen pleats ($28), can be had, too. And then, for $8.50, there are lined tartan shorts with elasticized waistbands for little boys from one to six.



We have more children's clothes in our notebooks, which brings us to what is always a high point in our rounds. Sizes and styles aren't so problematical and neither are the demands of the wide-eyed little package-rippers. The New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (55th), has splashily hand-painted Storytime Robes that should keep any child spinning before the looking glass. The Alice in Wonderland one, for instance, portrays, among other friends, the Duchess, the White Rabbit, the Fish Footman, and the Caterpillar on his mushroom—with the Cheshire cat grinning from the pocket. The robes are made of soft off-white fine-combed cotton and lined (belt and all) with red, blue, or green striped cotton. Washing machines can cope with them nicely. Prices begin at $20, for sizes 1 to 4, and graduate to $28, for size 12. And for a little girl who *looks* like Alice, or would like to, there is a velveteen dress with a four-inch lace-and-tucking collar that only needs an apron to complete the picture. It has a straight bodice, a full skirt, a tie belt, and puffed sleeves, and it comes in red, black, or a rich blue; $27.50 for sizes 3 to 6, and $29.95 for sizes 7 and 8. Anything you order should arrive in three weeks, but it would be wise to speak up soon. . . . Léron, 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), has a little girl's dress that's just the ticket for Christmas morning. It's red velveteen with green stitching around the top of the hem and in a crisscross over the front of the bodice. The collar is pointed, the sleeves are puffed, the skirt is gathered, and the belt ties in back; it costs $39.95 up to size 6, $40.95 beyond. . . . Ingeborg Kuppinger, 22 East 65th Street, makes children's clothes that fit and keep on fitting. Her dresses can all be let down at the waist as well as at the hem, everything that's tuckable is tucked, and the belts have not two but half a dozen loops to keep them at that elusive waistline. She has ready-to-wear dresses on hand, but prefers to work to order from a child's exact measurements. Beyond these basic virtues, her clothes are distinguished for their finishing touches. One outstanding all-purpose—park or party—dress, to be had in light-blue or bright-red pima broadcloth, has a Peter Pan collar, puffed sleeves, and a gathered skirt, plus a self belt all but covered by a band that matches the collar and cuffs, which are white or just off-white. The owner's name can be embroidered on the front in thread that matches the dress, or her monogram can be embroidered just below the break in the collar in white or off-white. In sizes 3 to 6X these dresses cost $24.95, plus $2.50 for the name or monogram. . . . For little girls who've been extra good (and look as though they're going to continue to be), Princess Obolensky has dresses all *comme il faut* with Peter Pan collars, puffed sleeves, deep hems, and hand-smocking elaborate enough for the biggest birthday party of the season. Straight or with a tie belt in back, they come in yellow or white English broadcloth, embroidered with red-and-blue sailboats or potted geraniums; $35, in sizes 2 to 8. Then, there is a baby-pillow-and-blanket set here that looks, even at chin-chucking proximity, like summer ermine but is in reality a beige, velvet-like fabric, and, unlike a real ermine baby-pillow-and-blanket set, is moth-proof and costs only $27.50. Separately, the blanket is $19.50 and the pillow $8. The pink silk lining of the blanket, which is a yard long and twenty-seven inches wide, matches the piping around the pillow. The set can also be ordered in white, if baby's father happens to be a dry cleaner. . . . Fancy caps can often swamp a new baby's small head, ruin his dignity, allow his pink ear to get chilled, and bother a mother who must keep tucking the ear back in. Julia Marshall, now at 303 East 51st Street, has some fine, snug caps ($12.50 to $25) that obviate all these difficulties. Among them is a white organdie one, covered with layers of shirred white net footing (yes, it's called footing), that ties with pink, blue, or white bonnet strings; $17.50. Any toddler you know would be glad of a hand-stitched romper suit, and Mrs. Marshall will make him one, of white, pink, blue, or yellow cotton broadcloth. One of her suits (for ages from six months to three years), embroidered with polka dots, has white handkerchief-linen collar and cuffs, and the same trimming across the front of the belt; $14.75. For little girls from one to three, there's a white dimity "dress-apron," which is really a very good-looking button-down-the-back dress. It has short sleeves, patch pockets, a Peter Pan collar, and a sash, all of which are edged with cherry-red rick-rack; bloomers, trimmed at the leg to match, complete the ensemble ($15.75). Albatross is not only a bird but a cloth, and a nice one—a fine, slightly crinkled wool, which Mrs. Marshall uses in pink, blue, or white to make a partyfied jumper. Accompanied by a ruffled blouse of imported white dotted swiss, whose collar and cuffs are embroidered to match the jumper, it's $29.75. A more grown-up jumper—for dancing classes, say—in blue, red, green, or black velveteen has a deep, square neck to show off the ruffled jabot on the white organdie blouse that goes with it, comes in sizes 2 to 10, and costs $39.75. A young man-about-town, from 2 to 6 in size, will cut quite a figure in shorts of brown-and-white, blue-and-white, or green-and-white checked Viyella flannel buttonholed to hitch onto a tucked shirt of white cotton broadcloth; $24.75 for both. And there's a package deal here that makes a good, easy, she-did-it-with-her-own-hands present. Mrs. Marshall has cut out a little girl's dress, attended to the fancywork, and left nothing for the customer to do but sew it up. The dress, in sizes 2 to 6, comes in blue, pink, or yellow cotton broadcloth, with a simple bodice, short puffed sleeves, a white piqué turnover collar, and a full skirt with a generous five-inch hem. The bodice may be either hand-embroidered with scallops and polka dots (five of the former, ten of the latter) or appliquéd with four hand-embroidered white piqué flowers—all, we emphasize, taken care of before you open the package. The dress may also be bought ready-made, although this naturally ups the price, from $6.50 to $10.95.

An industrious knitter who starts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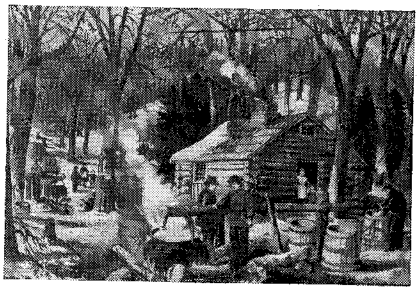

We have just in time for Christmas a fine group of WINTER SCENES, large and small folios by Currier & Ives—old of course—come in or write us.

The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. at 30th St., New York
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knitting now will probably be able to turn out a sleeveless sheath dress in time to give it away for Christmas. Alice Taylor, 556 Madison Avenue (55th), will provide knitting directions for a simple dress, V-necked fore and aft, in a stitch that gives the effect of allover wool embroidery, and will also supply the yarn, a fine French wool-and-cotton in black flecked with royal blue, cocoa, or pink; $50, and the price also includes sewing the finished product up and blocking it. You can buy the dress ready-knitted, if you prefer, but then the price is $125. . . . Susan Levrant, 108 West 57th Street, has directions for a crocheted circular skirt built of tier upon tier of scalloped strawlike lace, each tier three inches wide and crocheted with one long strand of white, navy, or black Swiss rayon yarn. After you've finished your homework, Miss Levrant will stitch it onto a matching net base. (This operation alone takes three weeks, so perhaps the skirt is more likely to be under the tree *next* Christmas.) The price is $170; if the shop does the crocheting, allow five weeks and $250. As for what to wear with this skirt, Miss Levrant has wool sweater blouses, machine-knit in England, that she will cut, fit, and festoon to your fancy. They, like the skirt, come in white, navy, or black, and have medium or low scoop necklines and short or pushup sleeves. One we liked particularly is appliquéd with lively strawflowers and embroidered green leaves; $65. Most of the sweater blouses take three weeks. . . . The premises of Alice Maynard, 558 Madison Avenue (54th), are in an uproar over a new kind of yarn, which is fifty per cent wool, nineteen per cent nylon, and thirty-one per cent Helanca. Helanca, it seems, is a special kind of synthetic yarn, notable for its ability to stretch and contract. A baby sweater of this yarn will expand with the baby for several months, and then contract again to fit his younger brother; a sock knitted from it will fit a foot from size 9 to 12, or 12 to 9. The yarn costs fifty cents a half ounce, and a pair of socks takes about two ounces. In the skein, it has a slightly nubbly look, but knitted up it is as smooth and soft as any pristine wool from Scotland, and it is supposed to wash and wear well. There are about a dozen colors, a good many of them baby pastels, to choose from. Among the make-it-yourself kits (socks, ties, slippers, sweaters, and so on), the most ambitious is one that enables you to produce a short-sleeved evening cardigan; the kit includes not only the directions

Kovarsky

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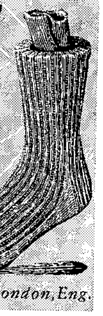

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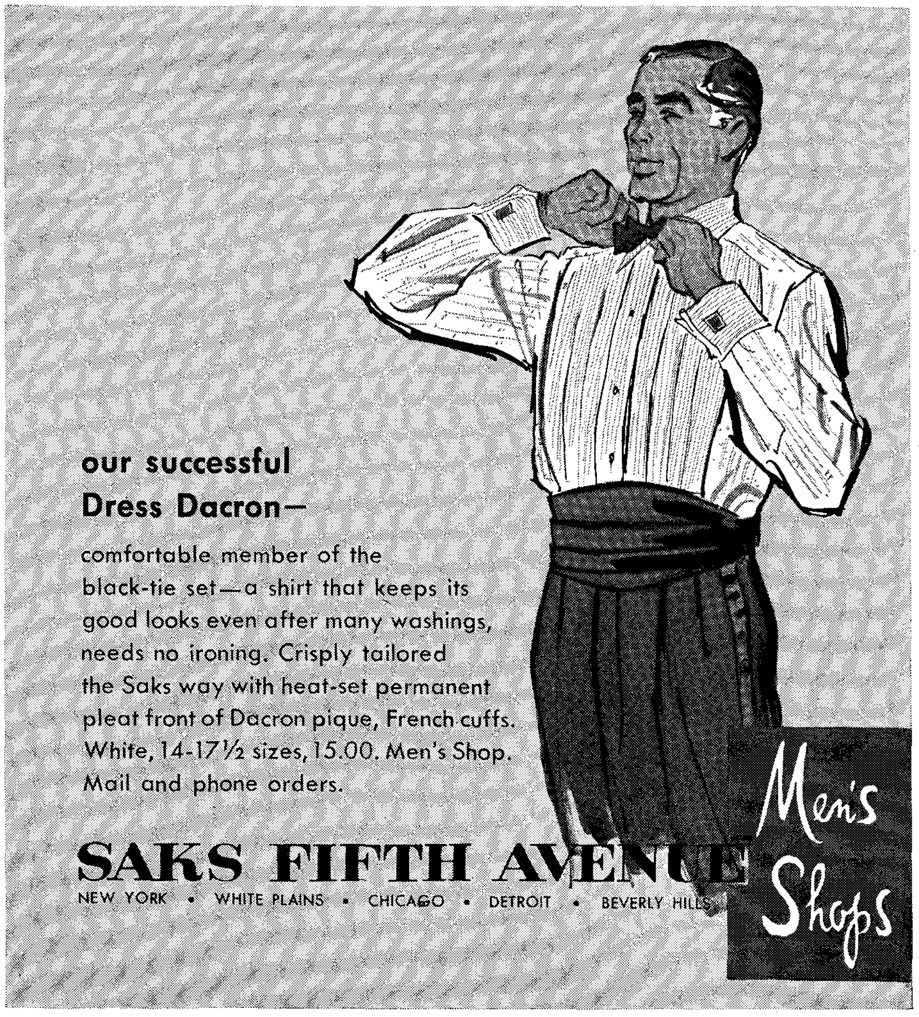
and the yarn but pea-size jewels in the color of the wool to sew onto the collar and down the front; all for $12.95. Even an inexperienced needlepointer should be able to get one of this shop's old-fashioned motto cushion covers finished by Christmas; there aren't too many stitches per square inch, and not too many inches. A ten-by-fifteen-inch one has a border framing two doves, a heart, some flowers, and the legend "I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me." Pattern and yarn cost $8, and $12.50 and ten days' time take care of blocking the cover and mounting it on a cushion.

To get back to dresses and away from all this work, Martha West, 444 Madison Avenue (49th), has a knitted dress that should be a boon to ladies who find wool too scratchy for comfort. It's of silk yarn, which is lighter and cooler than wool and less apt to stretch out of shape. One version has a plain round neck, three-quarter sleeves, and a pocket of coarse lace (of the same silk yarn) on the right hip; $110. Another, a two-piece job, has a shaggy collar, short sleeves, and a full-circle skirt; $95. Both take three weeks to make to measure, and come in black, navy, French blue, or cinnamon. . . . It's often hazardous to give a woman a dress unless you know *exactly* what she wants or looks good in, but Women's Haberdashers, 680 Madison Avenue (62nd), has a simple sheath that is so becoming to so many people that the shop keeps it permanently displayed in its window. The dress has three-quarter pushup sleeves, a deep-V neck, and a perfect fit; this last is accomplished by a belt at the otherwise unfitted waist; it looks fine in any fabric, but we think wool tricot has a slight edge over the others; $95. In velveteen, the price is $85, and in silk $55. Besides money, you need the dress size, length, and three weeks.

A lady's suit or coat of British tweed is a sure Christmas coup, and our list would be sadly incomplete if we didn't tell you about the well-tailored classic, and gratifyingly up-to-date, ones that Frances Rivoli, 143 East 62nd Street, makes from a store of nearly three hundred imported tweeds, checked or plaid wools, and suèdes. Prices start at around $300 for a suit and $400 for a coat, either of which takes Mrs. Rivoli four to six weeks to make. The pièce de résistance here, though, is vicuña, the softer-and-warmer-than-cashmere wool fabric that comes from the llama of the same name. Coats made of vicuña of this quality are extremely rare, except maybe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comfortable member of the black-tie set—a shirt that keeps its good looks even after many washings, needs no ironing. Crisply tailored the Saks way with heat-set permanent pleat front of Dacron pique, French cuffs. White, 14-17½ sizes, 15.00. Men's Shop. Mail and phone orders.

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among llamas, and, considering that a yard of vicuña (fifty-six inches wide) costs $100 and a coat anywhere from $800 to $1,500, we can see why. It comes in navy as well as in its natural deep tan. . . . We'd also like to recommend some hand-woven tweeds that Carol Brown, of Putney, Vermont, has imported straight from the weavers, in County Wicklow, Ireland. They are wonderfully woolly and warm, and come in soft colors, plain, striped, bordered, or blocked. An Irish hand-woven knee rug (or baby blanket, or stole, or sports-car rug) measures thirty-eight inches by fifty-six and would make a superior all-round family present. Miss Brown has stacks of these in solid pastels and various combinations of pastels. The price is $12.95. Mail orders are shipped within two days.

And now for skiers, explorers, Eskimos, and dwellers in the deep country. Andre, 49 East 47th Street, uses an Alaskan Eskimo design to make a fur parka that is roomy enough to go over a heavy sweater, is lined with milium and provided with as many milium pockets as you want, zips up the front, and has a magnificent hood, edged with a contrasting fur, which can snap together to cover the lower part of the face. The hipline and cuffs are trimmed with a contrasting fur border. In Australian opossum, with white lynx trim, the parka costs $175; a pony, kid, or raccoon parka can be had for $150; mink and ermine parkas are— well, more. Also on hand here are mukluks (ankle-high, semi-stiff, waterproof fur boots) with soles of walrus hide that the Eskimos have kindly chewed to the proper consistency. These cost $35. . . . G. Stanzione, 50 West 56th Street, has concentrated on making skaters' boots for nearly fifty years, and he has also taught his five sons, who work with him, just about everything there is to know about this subject. Each boot is sure to fit snugly, because it is handmade on a wooden mold that has been carved according to accurate measurements of the future wearer's foot and ankle. (Unless you know how to make plaster casts unobtrusively, we see no way you can spring a pair of these boots on somebody as a surprise.) The lining is suède or calf, with sponge rubber, felt, or lamb's wool on the inside of the tongue, and the outside can be black or white calf, buck, suède, or kid. An order takes from two to four weeks. To give you an idea of the prices, a pair of ladies' figure-skating shoes costs around $85; children's shoes are about $72.50; imported gold or silver kid runs about

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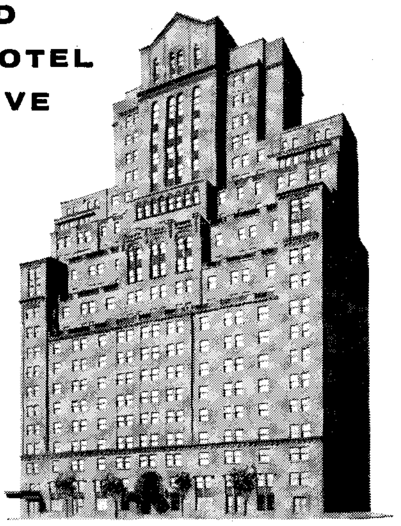
Our scouts have brought back glowing reports this year on the handbag situation. To start with, Miss Penn, 207 East 49th Street (fifth floor), has a new washable white calf that has been processed to look like a cotton piqué. She uses it to make a pair of oval-shaped box bags (about five by eight inches), which may be dangled from the wrist singly or, by knotting their chain handles together, doubly. A hundred dollars buys the pair, which may also be ordered in black patent leather or in any shade of calf or suède. . . . From old Paisley shawls, Sally Victor, 18 East 53rd Street, has contrived tapered carryalls about a foot high and fifteen inches across the top. They have a binding and double handles of black or navy leather, red leather linings, and enormous red leather change purses; the price is $76.45. Not quite as big but just as cheerful is her horse-blanket-plaid wool satchel bag, almost a foot square, with self handles, black or navy leather binding, and red leather lining; $65.45. . . . More conventional but very handsome handbags can be ordered at Milton Hefling, 997 Lexington Avenue (72nd) and 175 West 4th Street, where prices start at $12 and go on up to around a hundred dollars. One of the most elegant is a tall, lean bag, ten inches high and five inches across at the widest point; two pockets on the outside of the front provide extra storage space. Mr. Hefling will make this in any color and leather (llama, calf, or suède, for instance) in ten days for $42. A slightly larger edition, about a foot square, can be had for $48. . . . Capacious enough to hold an evening's supply of knickknacks and change but small enough to stuff into an escort's pocket are the beaded change purses at the French Bag Shop, 23 East 48th Street. Purses with the familiar multicolored Beauvais flower motifs embroidered on a contrasting beaded background are available without a wait; special orders take ten days. All the purses are lined with silk brocade, have gilt frames, and cost $12.50. An envelope evening bag beaded all over with tiny pearls and patterned with rows of gold-embroidered, rhinestone-centered clovers is lined with silk brocade and divided inside into a fitted compartment and a pocket for—well, billets-doux, maybe. It costs $125, and a matching contour belt is $40. . . . To continue with evening bags, the ones at Renée Montague, 667 Madison Avenue (61st), are beauties, too. A small



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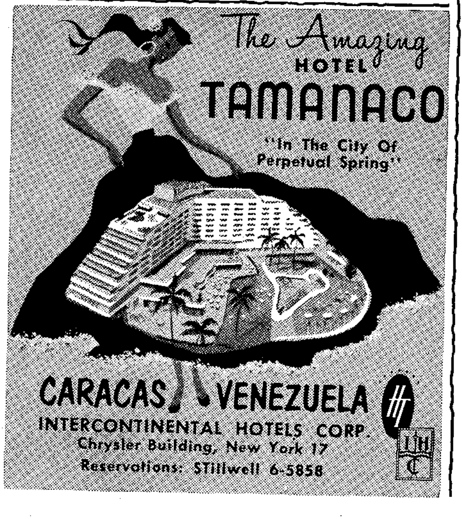

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brown taffeta bolster-shaped bag, for instance, is embroidered with rococo scrolls of black jet ($76.45), and a long, narrow envelope of brown taffeta is covered with reëmbroidered black French lace ($42.35). Ten-button hand-whipped gloves of the same brown taffeta are $32.50. A red Maracain leather pouch bag here is large enough to carry essentials for an overnight trip. It is sixteen inches wide and thirteen inches high, has an outer pocket—convenient for a passport or a map—and a handle that can be expanded into an over-the-shoulder strap. The lining is one of the nicest things about it—icy-green unglazed chintz with a superimposed black-and-red medallion pattern; $121. . . . A. L. Workman, 424 Madison Avenue (49th), likes to make old pieces of fur, needlepoint, or embroidery into beautiful new handbags. If you supply the material, a thirteen-by-ten-inch bag with a stiff rectangular base, a leather-covered metal frame, and a faille lining costs approximately $71.50.

Hats can be risky presents, but at Sally Victor the risk is not great. Among some engaging bits of party headgear, we liked a wreath made of pearly-white composition snowdrops with pearl-bead centers and entwined gold-foil stems; a bright-blue velvet plaque (to wear either perched on the front of the head or over a chignon) that is covered with hydrangea-blue silk rose petals around a center of bright-pink camellia petals; and a figure eight that is a mass of fuchsia and white (or all white) satin hyacinths, with two little fuchsia feather wings to cover a chignon; $25 for each of these. Another Sally Victor furbelow is a wired white ermine circlet with a pearl-bead pendent clasp, which may be worn not only as a headband but around the throat as a dogcollar or around a chignon. It costs $27.50. . . . Thea, 333 East 79th Street, makes fur dog collars, for dogs. She will make them in any fur, and any width, for anything from $5.50 up. (The hours here are noon to seven.)

The Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, 110 West 45th Street, dresses up a stocky little travelling umbrella (short enough to fit into most overnight bags) by setting two or three hundred rhinestones into its two-inch handle and its stub of a ferrule. This is on hand in black silk, with a braid wristband and a plain sheath, and can be made in any color; $25. This shop also has a large collection of antique umbrella handles—of rolled gold, sterling silver, mother-of-pearl, ebony, and the like, in

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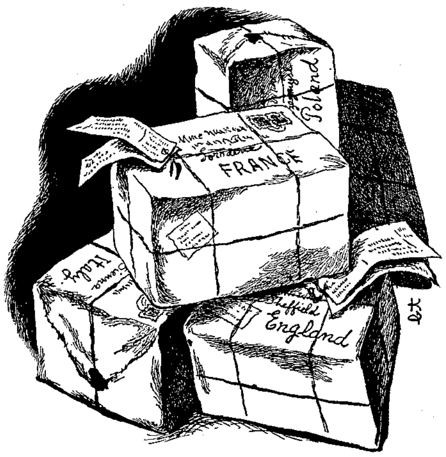
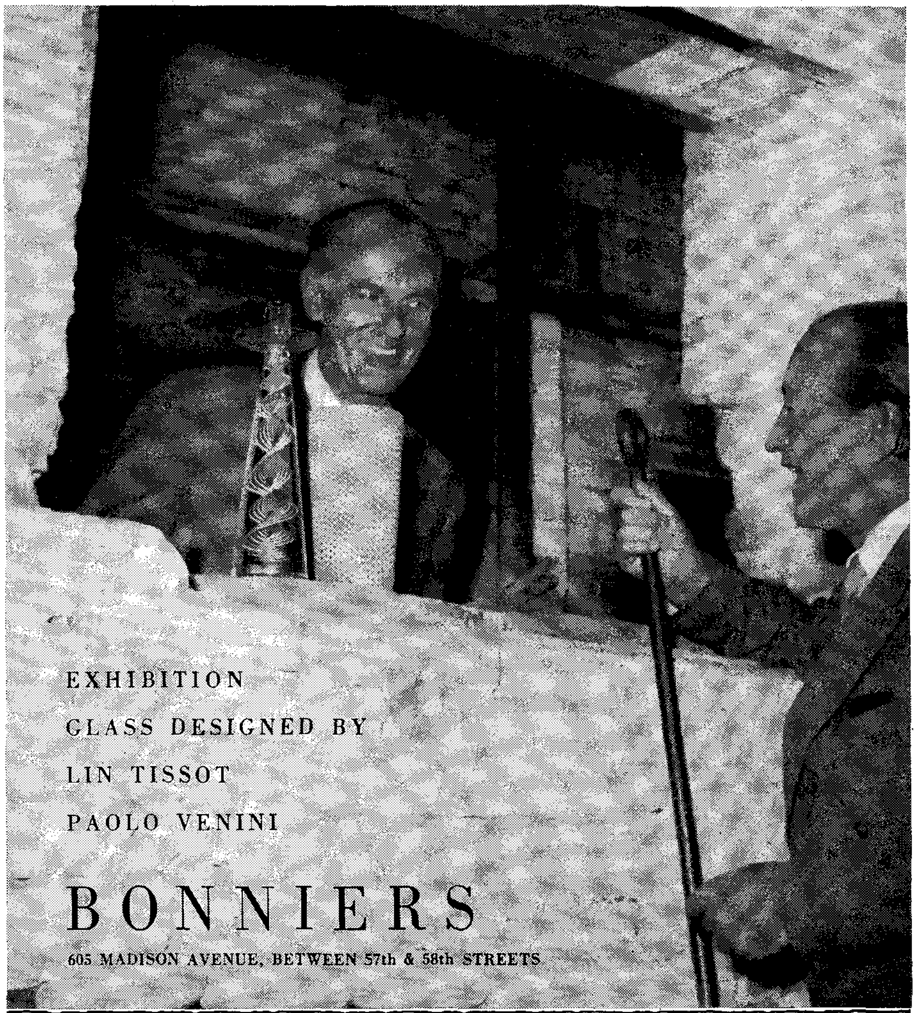
various combinations. A tall silk umbrella fitted out with one of these handles costs from $25 to $75. Uncle Sam will even manufacture an umbrella that supplies its own rain, if you ask him to. He once made such a thing for Joe Cook.

The darkening effect of oxidation on metal is a look much admired these days by the avant-garde jewellers in Greenwich Village. Art Smith, 140 West 4th Street, shows a necklace that reaches halfway to the waist and is made of sixteen graduated spirals of oxidized brass ($27.50) or silver ($55). *Un*oxidized brass makes a crescent necklace (three-quarters of an inch wide at its widest point) that surrounds half the neck, and is anchored by a ten-inch brass chain and a crystal ball; $15.40. The same design can also be executed in silver for $29.15. . . . One of Sam Kramer's (29 West 8th Street) favorite creations is a silver necklace from which depends a flat, roundish, gray beach stone three inches across, with a somewhat non-objective octopus carved on it in relief. It's set in a sunburst of silver prongs that have been treated with a blowtorch to give them a melted-down look, and a gold prong set with a star ruby is turned back over the stone. The pendant hangs on a long chain of inch-and-a-quarter crenellated silver bars. This costs $350 and takes four weeks. Not all his things are so bizarre. One appealing pin, for instance, is an uneven-sided oblong of softly polished silver, rounded at the corners and embellished with a cabochon moonstone set slightly off center; $48. . . . It's hard to describe the jewelry at Paul A. Lobel, 165 West 4th Street, because it's all exceedingly abstract in design, but we're going to try our best on a pair of earrings representing an abstract conception of bell buoys. Each consists of a sort of flat triangle of heavy silver wire with a coil of wire for a base; inside the triangle is a dangling silver ball. The whole thing tinkles. A three-and-a-half-inch pair

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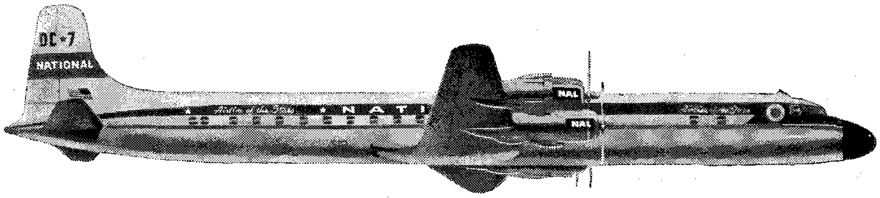

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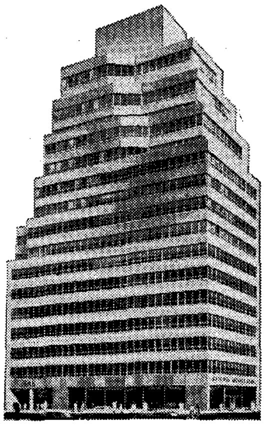

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costs $25, and a slightly smaller and lighter pair costs $15; in gold, the bell buoys come to $125 or $150. . . . Julian Goodenow, a craftsman whose tiny workshop, at 18 Christopher Street, has room for just about one customer, has contributed to the course of progress and learning by figuring out a way to make gold and silver casts of sea horses. These he hangs from shell-shaped earpieces; $130 in gold, $20 in silver. . . . Marjorie Raven, 698 Madison Avenue (62nd), has brought back from England a bevy of early-Victorian gold bracelets, no two of them alike. Stiff or flexible, jewelled or plain, they range from $55 to $264. A narrow flat-mesh item is set with three pearls and two diamonds, and costs $220; a chain, made of twisted links and tiny star-pierced discs, has as a clasp a gold serpent biting its own tail, and costs $88. Mrs. Raven also makes tiny jewelled butterflies, the largest with a wingspread of just over an inch. They all have filigreed, antiqued gold-plated bodies, and their wings are clustered with fake pearls, turquoises, and garnets; the prices are tiny, too—$3.30 to $6.60. . . . If you happen to have an unset diamond kicking around, Charles Dell' Amore, 665 Fifth Avenue (53rd), Suite 511, would like to put it in a gold ring, surrounded by a double circle of thirty-two tiny diamonds—each set on a separate gold prong, in a snowflake effect. The setting costs $525. Mr. Dell' Amore also offers an unusually pretty pin-and-earrings set, called Lily of the Valley. The pin is a two-and-a-half-inch spray of seventeen cultured pearls, with a gold stem and a bit of gold foliage, and the earrings are scaled-down versions of the same. The set costs $95; separately, the pin is $52, and the earrings are $49.50. Finally, we direct you to a magnifying glass with a leaf design set with cultured pearls and real sapphires along its lower rim, and a short handle of twined gold: $155, in a black, navy, or red leather case. . . . Henry Steig, 590 Lexington Avenue (52nd), takes a black ebony violin peg and adds silver wire, for arms, a curving silver bar, for bow legs, and two silver rivets, for bug eyes. The result is a jaunty aborigine that can be worn as a pendant or can simply stand on a mantel to outstare the company; $10. A neat shirt collar of silver looks just like a broadcloth collar, except that it fastens at the back and has a variegated oval moonstone, set in silver, dangling between the collar points; $75. . . . The engraved carnelian and sardonyx rings that fashionable Greeks

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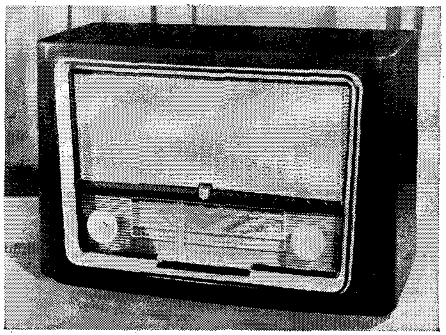

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wore on their toes had swivel mountings, so that the center was reversible. The copies of these available at Charles Walker's Petit Musée, 16 West 58th Street, are intended for fingers, but, because of the swivel centers, they could also hang on a chain, either side up, as a pendant. With a crest, a coat of arms, or a portrait engraved on the stone and a monogram on the reverse side, which is of gold, the ring—also of heavy gold—costs about $200. The hand-engraving, which is done in Germany from your sketch, takes five weeks or so. Simpler work, such as engraving a plain gold oblong on three sides and mounting it as a seal ring ($125), doesn't take so long, because it's done here. . . . J. Partridge of London, 50 East 56th Street, is a collector and connoisseur of buttons, and will have fire-gilded buttons hand-engraved in England for you with a school insigne, a family crest, or whatever it is you'd like. These (priced at $4 and $5 apiece, according to size) can be put on a blazer or jacket, or be converted into cuff links ($11 and $13.20), earrings ($9.90 and $12.10), stickpins ($6.05 and $7.15), or a bracelet of six buttons, each mounted in gold and joined by gold-filled links ($41.80 and $48.40). Also in this shop are mounds of antique silver coins, some of them over two hundred years old, and these, like the buttons, can become cuff links, earrings, and so on, and for somewhat less money.

Some gentle homebody of a lady would no doubt be delighted with one of the gold thimbles designed by Adda Husted-Andersen, 887 First Avenue (49th). If you can get the lady's precise finger measurements (and we aren't going to help you with *that*), Miss Husted-Andersen will make up an impeccably fitting thimble, engraved with a delicate band or plain initials, for from $35 up, or a more elaborate one, banded in gay enamel, for from $50 up. Among the other handsome enamelwork in this shop is a pin composed of a black-and-green abstract design set in a silver frame ($55), and plain narrow enamel bracelets in any color you choose, edged with silver ($8).

SCATTERED RETURNS: Miss Penn, 207 East 49th Street, makes a neat little pin-seal checkbook cover with fourteen-carat-gold corners. Since it is only three inches long and two inches wide, it is not too bulky for even a small handbag; $20, plus three weeks' wait. Miss Penn does beautiful bookbinding, too. A Webster's New Collegiate Dic-

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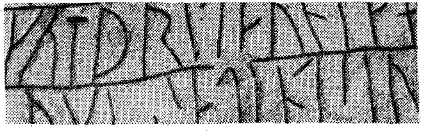

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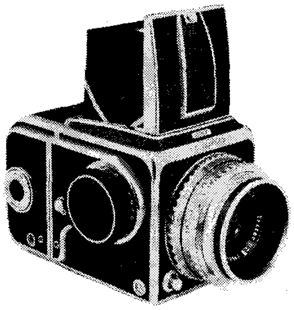

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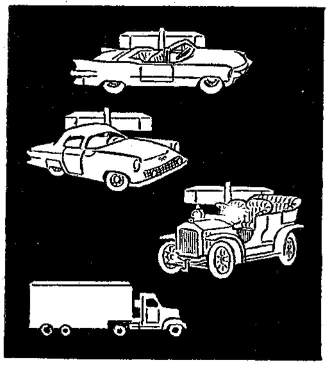

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tionary, seven inches by ten, can be bound in Niger leather, with the cover hand-tooled in gold and the pages edged in gold leaf, for $55; it may be ordered in almost any color. . . . Léron, 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), is using a new process for monogramming towels that gives the work the look of fine hand embroidery but costs only about a third as much. Your choice of color and style on a pastel bath towel costs $4.75, including the towel, and can be accomplished in two weeks. A terrycloth-covered, monogrammed bathroom scrapbasket costs $19.95, and a matching laundry hamper comes to $24.50. One of Léron's sumptuous sheets, of the best percale, embroidered in pink, blue, or white, costs $13.75, and for $7.35 you can have it monogrammed in the same sort of embroidery; a matching ruffled and embroidered blanket cover (no monogram) costs $39.50 in nylon seersucker or $42.50 in batiste or dotted swiss. Two to three weeks required. More modest in price ($5) but no less luxurious is a box of six cakes of scentless French soap, pink or white, with any name or monogram you specify deeply imprinted in each cake.

Is someone on your list short of writing paper? Mrs. John L. Strong, now at 714 Madison Avenue (63rd), takes orders for five hundred or more sheets and envelopes, at prices beginning at $30. Dies for monograms, addresses, yacht flags, and so on, cost from $8 up; die-stamping on five hundred sheets costs from $12 up; and the whole business takes two and a half weeks. The stationery Mrs. Strong has on the premises includes a smooth-finish, letter-size paper with horizontal watermarked lines, in gray, aquamarine, deep blue, pink, maize, light tan, or white ($7.50 a hundred), and some refreshingly different airmail paper, either ice blue or sea green with a white border, or light gray with a yellow border ($12 a hundred). The envelopes are lined with white tissue. . . . For short notes, Bergdorf Goodman favors a smooth white triple-fold sheet with the sender's name and address engraved in the narrow top fold in robin's-egg blue, to match the border and the envelope lining; a box of fifty costs $16.50, all engraved. . . . A number of these presents we've been describing would fit into an outsize Christmas stocking made by Renée Montague, 667 Madison Avenue (61st). It's fifteen inches long, and made of bayberry-green felt, with a cuff of crimson rayon satin heavily embroidered with antique gold metallic

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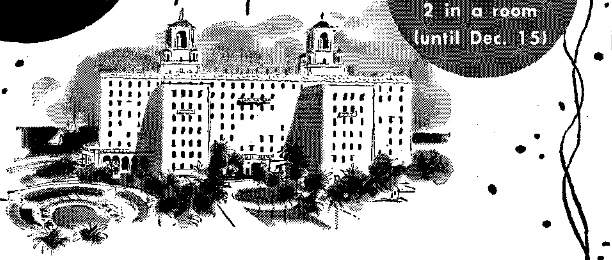
### *Custom Gifts for Men*

SOMEONE who ought to know told us the other day that there are four million skin-divers in this country, a lot of them right in New York, and since we were just starting out to do the Christmas marketing for everybody in sight, we thought we'd better look into the subject at once. It's a good thing we did, because, like practically everything else we're discussing this week, some of the more important items of underwater paraphernalia have to be made to order, and take time. Assuming that you have a skin-diver on your list, and that he has his mask, snorkels, fins, gloves, Aqua-Lung, spears, and underwater guns, the chances are that he would be delighted to receive for Christmas either a special-order rubber diving suit or a waterproof housing for his camera—or, of course, both. The Spearfishing Supply Company, 87-10 92nd Street, in Woodhaven, Queens, which is operated by Richard Ferg, a champion diver (he once stayed underwater for twenty-four hours and twenty-three minutes, which seems an odd thing to do, but it established a world's record), takes orders for the Belaqua suit ($70) and the Neptunic ($60), both of which consist of long-sleeved, hooded shirts, and pants with Dr. Denton-type feet. They hold up well against sun and salt water, and keep a man's heavy underwear dry and warm when he's sounding real depths; it gets cold down there. Given the necessary measurements, Mr. Ferg will provide one of these suits in a week or ten days. Incidentally, he has invented something called the Wrist Seal, which keeps water from seeping in between a diver's gloves and the wrists of his suit; $5.95. Abercrombie & Fitch, who have undersea champions of their own on hand to advise you, recommend a suit made to order in Italy by Pirelli; this one is lined with wool jersey, for extra warmth, and costs $82.50. (Two weeks.) Abercrombie has a few suits of standard sizes in stock, but it reports that about half its customers require custom-made jobs.

As we understand it, one of the first notions that occur to a man who paddles into the submarine world, with its strange population and scenery, is to take photographs of it, and, as you might imagine, this presents its difficulties. However, great advances have been made during the past few years in providing waterproof housings for cameras, and already there are a few cameras



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designed for undersea work. Abercrombie & Fitch has plastic housings on hand for certain models of certain cameras—for the Leica, at $99.50; the 8-mm. Brownie, at $49.95; and the Nikon, at $110.50—but it finds that about sixty per cent of its orders for such equipment are custom jobs; the vital machinery differs so widely from camera to camera that no universal housing has yet been worked out. The Abercrombie custom housings are made in Florida, where practically everybody is a skin-diver (maybe those underwater lots are going to be worth something after all), and you'd better allow at least three weeks for delivery. All you have to do is tell Abercrombie what model of what camera you want a housing for. Generally, these housings permit the cameraman to work nothing more than the film advance and the shutter control; some of the more elaborate—and a lot more expensive—ones permit underwater focussing. Anyway, a good many underwater photographers do their focussing on the surface, after a preliminary dive with an underwater light meter (the Norwood meter, in a waterproof case, is $29.95); naturally, the lighting range isn't very wide, and every diver knows he must get within about eight feet of his subject to get a decent shot. (Octopuses have eight feet, and make splendid camera subjects.) As long as we're on the topic, we might as well mention here that if your diver has no camera to house, Abercrombie can fit him up with anything from the Shark, a fixed-focus camera that is designed for shallow-water work and doesn't need a housing ($24.95), to a magnificent torpedo-shaped Bell & Howell 16-mm. underwater movie camera with an Elgeet f1.5 lens ($1,990). Spearfishing Supply likes the Rolleimarin, made in Germany by Franke & Heideke; the camera costs $250 and the housing $375.

If your problem is a man who wouldn't go underwater on a bet, how about a nice bookplate for him? The fellow to see is Leopold London, of 115 Fulton Street, a former commercial artist who has been turning out bookplates for the past five years and has three dozen stock designs on hand to help you find a plate for someone to paste in a book on Christmas morning. The stock designs include such general and reliable *ex-libris* ornaments as an open book with some keys on it, an owl, a classic Greek head, and a peacock, as well as more restricted subject matter—a stethoscope for a doctor, Moses with his law tablet for a lawyer, and—don't

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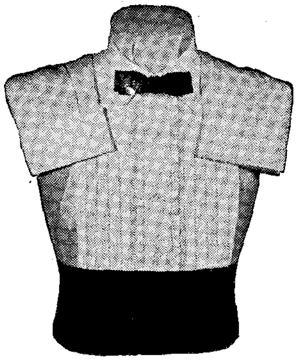

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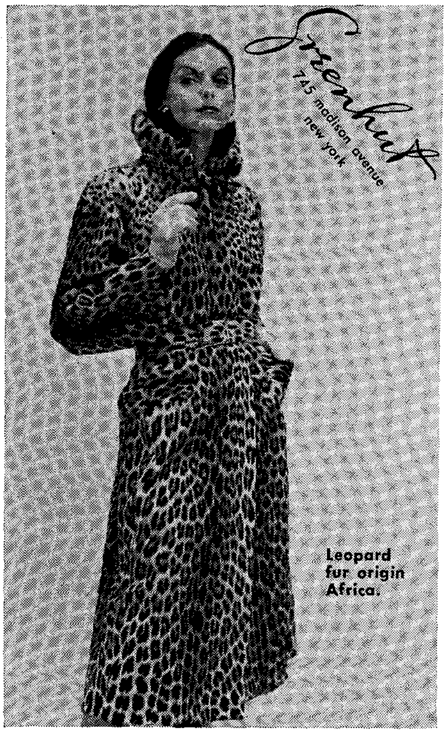

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ask us why—a large eye superimposed over a fountain pen for a writer. Stock bookplates with a name printed on them (there's a wide variety of type faces to pick from) cost $15 a thousand; they come in two sizes—three inches by three and seven-eighths, and one and three-quarters by two and a quarter—and have gummed backs. If you have a snapshot you'd like worked into a bookplate, Mr. London will have a halftone engraving made of it, and the bill for a thousand bookplates will run around $45. A ten-day wait for any of these. If you have your own ideas about what should be on the bookplate, Mr. London has several artists lined up, in France, Austria, Scandinavia, and Mexico, or he will take on the job himself. The whole operation and a thousand bookplates will cost about $250. Sometimes as much as a couple of months are required.

It is quite possible that among the menfolk of your acquaintance there is one who has never had a portrait medallion cast in his honor, and you can correct this oversight and make him a very happy man at Christmas by consulting the Medallic Art Company, 325 East 45th Street, who will do the necessary sculpture, from a photograph, if necessary, and cast it in bronze. This runs into money, of course; a twelve-inch medallion, for instance, costs anywhere from $1,000 to $2,000. Prize animals can be sculpted just as easily as prize friends, and if you'd like to sculpt your own medallion, you can do it in any size that is easy for you, and have it reproduced in miniature, without losing any of the details, for between $50 and $500, depending, naturally, on the difficulty of the project. You'll have to allow six to eight weeks for any of the jobs mentioned above. The Medallic people are old hands at medal work, having executed the Eisenhower Inaugural Medal and about twenty per cent of our military medals. They also made the dies for the buffalo nickel and the Lincoln penny. Unfortunately, these are not for sale, but if you would like to give somebody an enlargement of Mr. Lincoln's penny head, on a seven-by-ten-inch plaque, you can get it within two weeks for $60. Among numerous other plaques and medallions that can be ordered is a series of thirty medals showing typical American Indians; they are five inches in diameter and cost $25 apiece.

And by the way, Max Granick, the picture framer at 52 West 56th Street, makes splendid cases, hinged in the middle, for collections of medallions, coins,

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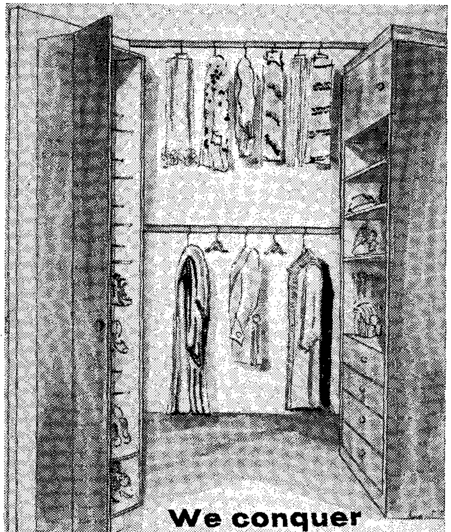

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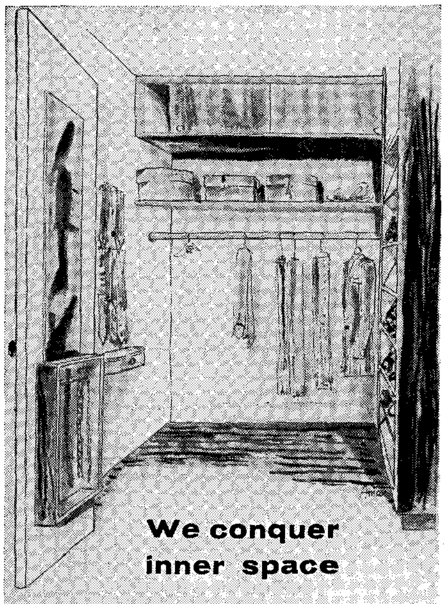
snuffboxes, and so on. Such a case looks like a handsome book when it is on the shelf, but it opens up to reveal two glass-covered sections lined with felt or velvet. The cases are made to order (five weeks), in any size you want; the quarto-size case costs $50, which will give you an idea of the prices. The Pem Bookbindery, at 65 West 56th Street, makes a perfectly beautiful baby-calf binder for an ordinary cardboard expanding file, or, for that matter, for practically anything a man might like to have bound; composers are said to be fond of a spring-back one that measures thirteen inches by seventeen and costs $17.50.

Anyone who is trying to encourage a man to spend more time in God's great open spaces and is getting nowhere because the fellow is afraid there are snakes out there can eliminate that difficulty easily by ordering him a pair of snakeproof boots from the Gokey Company, 94 East 4th Street, St. Paul 1, Minnesota. Called the Botte Sauvage, this is one of the toughest boots you ever saw—waterproof, slip-on in type, made of superior bullhide with an inner thickness of a softer leather, everything hand-sewn with waxed thread, eight interlocking stitches to the inch—and, of course, it is proof not only against snakes and water but against every other affliction of the outdoors, from thorns and underbrush to barbed wire. There's a pull strap at the top of the boot, and a strap-and-buckle fastening at the top and across the instep. The firm will send you a foolproof order blank (everything at Gokey seems to be proof against *something*) with directions for obtaining the necessary measurements, and an order will take from five to six weeks for delivery. The price is $50.

Maybe your man would prefer a dressing gown. Alexander Shields, in his new shop at 484 Park Avenue (58th), has some silk ones that aren't snakeproof but are washable, if the washing is done by hand. They are cut like kimonos, and have narrow (eighth of an inch) stripes of yellow, pink, brown, or white alternating with black; $35. Shields, by the way, has been making jersey jackets for some time, and this year is offering them in a pebbly sort of wool jersey—navy, black, beige, brown, red, or white. The jacket is wrinkleproof and has a solid-color lining; three weeks for this, and $125. Dudley G. Eldridge, 11 West 50th Street, turns out washable dressing gowns of silky Scotch poplin in solid colors—green, beige, gold, gray, or blue—and gives them piping of a contrasting color and



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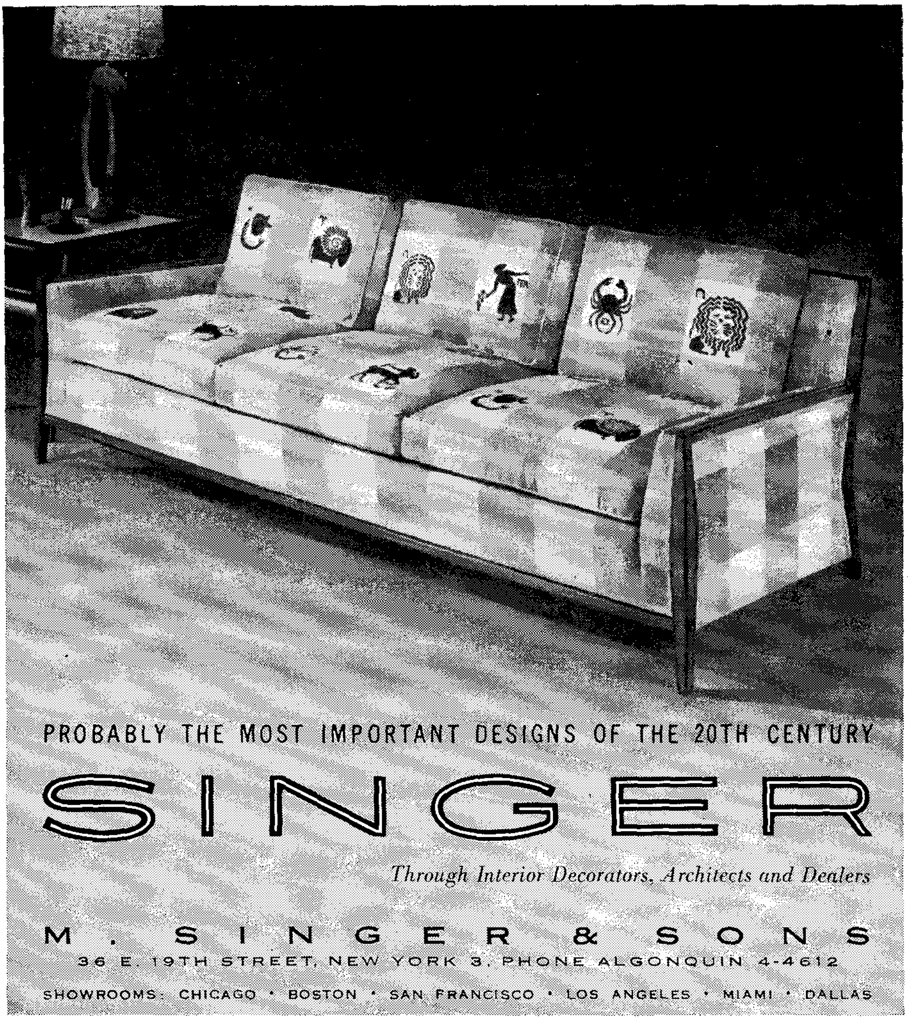
a monogram that matches the piping; all this costs $50 and takes a week. Some new dressing gowns at Bronzini, 5 East 52nd Street, are lustrous things of an unusual silk-and-wool fabric—black with flashes of gold glinting in it. The lining is white silk twill ornamented with small golden crowns; the price is $285, and the wait is about a week.

If there's anybody on your list who goes South every winter, you'll probably want to hear about a washable white dinner jacket we saw at Knize, 24 East 56th Street. It's made of medium-weight crease-resistant Irish linen, and has no lining except a yoke across the shoulders. Knize says it can be tossed into the family washing machine without damage, which seems a reckless thing to do with a coat that costs $250, as this one does. (Four to five weeks for delivery.)

A man who has a back yard or a terrace that he feels lacks a certain sylvan something might respond joyously to a beekeeping outfit, and if you know such a man, we refer you with confidence to Mr. F. W. Gravely, of 12 West 21st Street, who is the local representative of the A. I. Root Company, of Medina, Ohio. He is in bees. A beginner's beekeeping outfit, consisting of a bee veil, a pair of bee gloves, and the makings of a first-rate beehive (local bees apparently don't go in for this do-it-yourself nonsense, but the beekeeper has no choice), can be ordered for $19.95. All the recipient has to do is assemble the hive and put it in a reasonably protected spot. But he may have trouble getting tenants if he simply waits for the occasional bee that visits New York back yards and terraces, so it might be a good idea to put in an order now for a three-pound package of live bees, to be delivered when the first metropolitan flowers bloom. The package will include some twelve thousand eager young bees of the Italian variety—pretty little things, light gray with three vivid bands of yellow over the abdomen—and a queen, in a small separate box; all this for $6.20, including post-



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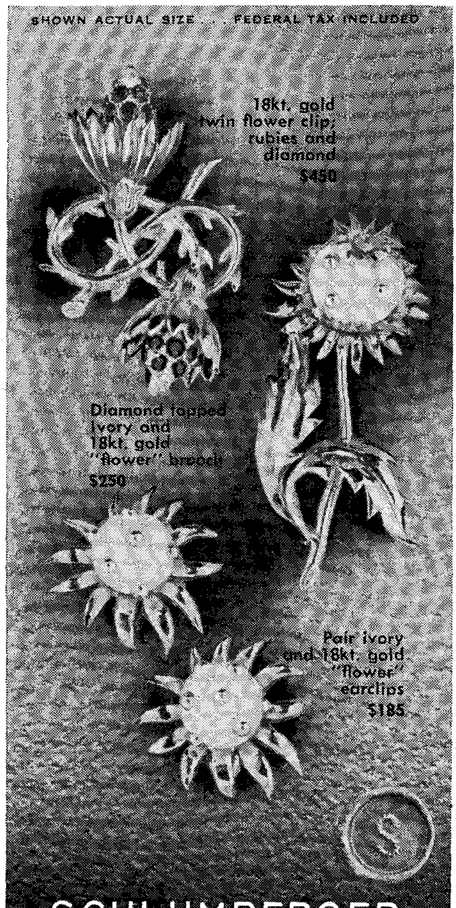
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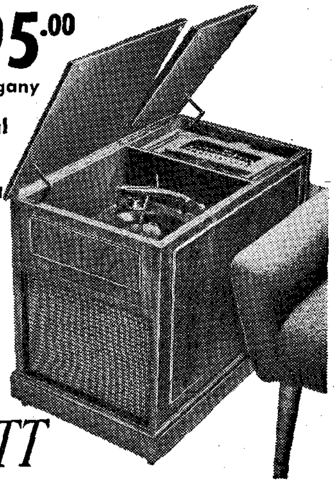
age. The bees will get busy immediately, and by the time next winter rolls around, they will be resigned to the local climate and producing honey—far more than their owner will need for his waffles. They won't have much competition in Manhattan, because the only other hive we know of is on the grounds of the Museum of Natural History. There used to be a colony in Rockefeller Center, whose job it was to pollinate a Victory Garden on the terrace there, but they've been out of business for three years. Moved to the suburbs.

And how doth Sulka improve each shining hour? Why, by insinuating tiny cockerels or horses' heads or dogs into the designs of some of its colored batiste and broadcloth shirtings; the little creatures show up (but only if you look very closely) in the small checks and stripes Sulka uses against backgrounds of clear blue, gray, green, or tan, and a shirt made of such a material—the job takes from four to six weeks—costs from $33 to $39.50, depending on the weave you select. At Sulka—and nearly everywhere else—we find that white is coming back into the picture, and some superb new white-on-white shirt patterns have been worked out by combining threads of different weights and weaves—batiste with a striping of broadcloth, say, or a voile weave with a broadcloth pattern. Brooks has come up with a couple of closely woven Japanese-silk shirtings that are new to us—a white one called *shioze*, and a natural cream-colored one called *fuji*. A pleated evening shirt of either is $35, and Brooks will sew on white or smoked-pearl buttons if your man is impatient with studs; a daytime shirt of either stuff is $30. There's a six-week wait on these. The people at Newell's, Ltd., at 290 Park Avenue (49th), tell us that over their way the demand for boiled shirts is increasing, indicating a revival of white-tie formality in some quarters. Newell's views this revival with interest, for they have a nice supply of stiff bird's-eye-piqué bosoms on a body and sleeves of linen, for $22.50, or on longcloth, a fabric once reserved for baby clothes, for $18. You'd better hurry if you're counting on these, because they won't promise delivery for Christmas on orders placed after November 20th. Dudley G. Eldridge, 11 West 50th Street, is proud of a fine, firmly woven Scotch oxford cloth, shirts of which cost $20, with a ten-day wait. It seems to be most popular in a clear gray, but it also comes in white and blue. Albert Leonard George, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), has a new shirt fabric made of



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cotton and a little bit of wool. The texture is something like that of wool taffeta, and the stuff comes in a dashing variety of small checks and plain colors; $22.50 per shirt, and a one-month wait. A dress shirt here has bosom, collar, and cuffs of heavy *silk* piqué. With body and sleeves of cotton, it is $35; made entirely of silk $75. And the Hatton-Case Shop, a department of Gourielli, 16 East 55th Street, produces a white English-broadcloth dress shirt with a crocheted bosom of acetate yarn; $37.50 and two weeks. Charvet, 18 East 53rd Street, has unearthed a group of embroidered shirt bosoms made in France from fifty to a hundred years ago, before the art of embroidery began to wane. They are made of piqué with hairline wales, or of linen cambric, and a narrow vinelike design, interrupted here and there by a tiny flower, is embroidered in incredibly accurate detail on either side of the center pleat. These magnificent bosoms are installed on evening-shirt bodies of present-day longcloth, with linen collar and cuffs; $50. Tucked evening shirt fronts, also from France but not antiques, with eighty vertical pin tucks to a front, show up on longcloth bodies with linen collars and cuffs, at $28.50. Charvet requires two to three weeks for any of these shirts.

Let's get back to the outdoor man for a while. Andre, the ski specialist at 49 East 47th Street, about whom we spoke a while back in connection with his skiing parkas for women, also does his stuff for men—namely, sealskin parkas (spotted seal, Norwegian blueback seal, or rock seal) that are just like the sealskin parkas Eskimos wear, except that Andre's are lined with milium, which the Eskimos haven't caught up with yet. The parkas have a patterned black-and-white border on the cuffs and at the hem, and the hood and the hems are edged with lynx. These are also said to

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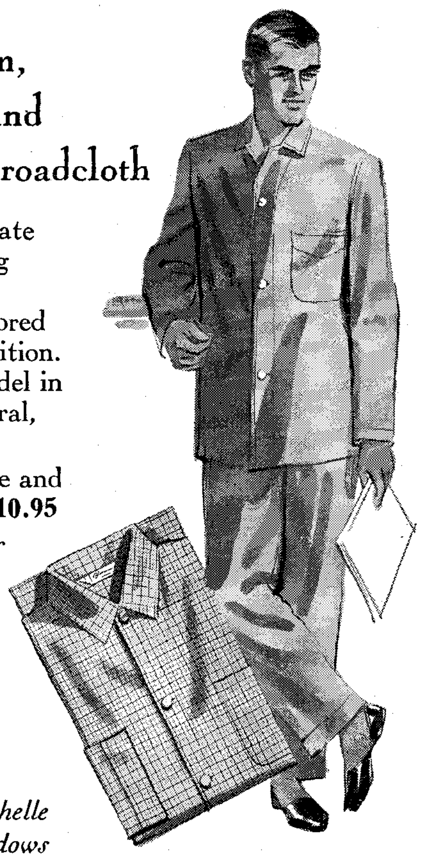

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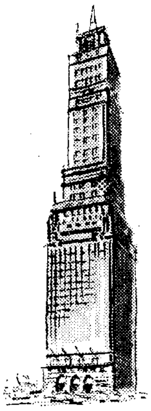

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be great for sports-car owners; $150, and two or three weeks' time. A new one-piece sleeveless ski suit, of the coverall type, is made of a forty-sixty combination of nylon and wool that looks like gabardine. It has a three-inch stretch to the yard, which means that it can be cut rather snug and will still give all the freedom a skier has to have; $79.50, in black, navy blue, blue gray, or brown. Pants of this material are $49.50, and jackets $59.50. . . . Burgess Ship Models, 223 East 32nd Street, has a splendid Christmas notion for the armchair sailor—a model of his favorite ship in fiction or legend. The three-masted square-rigger Arabella, from "Treasure Island," for instance, or the brigantine Mary Celeste of eerie repute, is done in fairly complete detail, thirteen inches long, for $65. Captain Ahab's Pequod and Captain Bligh's Bounty, both three-masted square-riggers, are twenty-two inches long and come to $125 each. Six to eight weeks for any of the models, and there are a hundred and fifty to choose from.

If you'd like to give somebody a custom-made hat and don't know how to go about it, Cavanaugh, 247 Park Avenue (47th), will solve your problem by asking a few questions. (How big is the fellow's head? will be one of them.) Then, as far as you're concerned, Christmas is in the bag—or perhaps, if you're willing to go to $100 for a superb hat of the softest beaver, in the luggagelike hatbox Cavanaugh reserves for these masterpieces. Cavanaugh will also turn out a tweed cap to match a man's topcoat if you bring in the tweed and $8.50.

## *Jewelry for Women*

THE season-to-season change in jewelry design is not sweeping, jewellers being reasonable people and willing to subdue their creative fires in the realization that the owner of a marquise-diamond necklace doesn't want to feel dated in it after just a year or two. Nevertheless, there's a style evolution going on all the time, and this year there's a perceptible trend toward sentiment, which means that the emphasis is on a gentle delicacy of design rather than grandiose show. One of the loveliest necklaces in years, a recent triumph of Tiffany's designers, has four-leaf clovers of brilliant Imperial jade, with diamond centers, strung along a fourteen-carat gold chain and separated by other diamonds; in the center are three pear-shaped jade pendants. The price is $3,600, and there are small diamond

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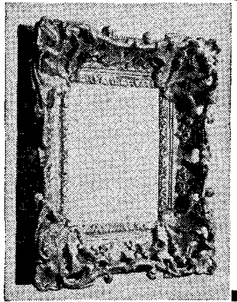

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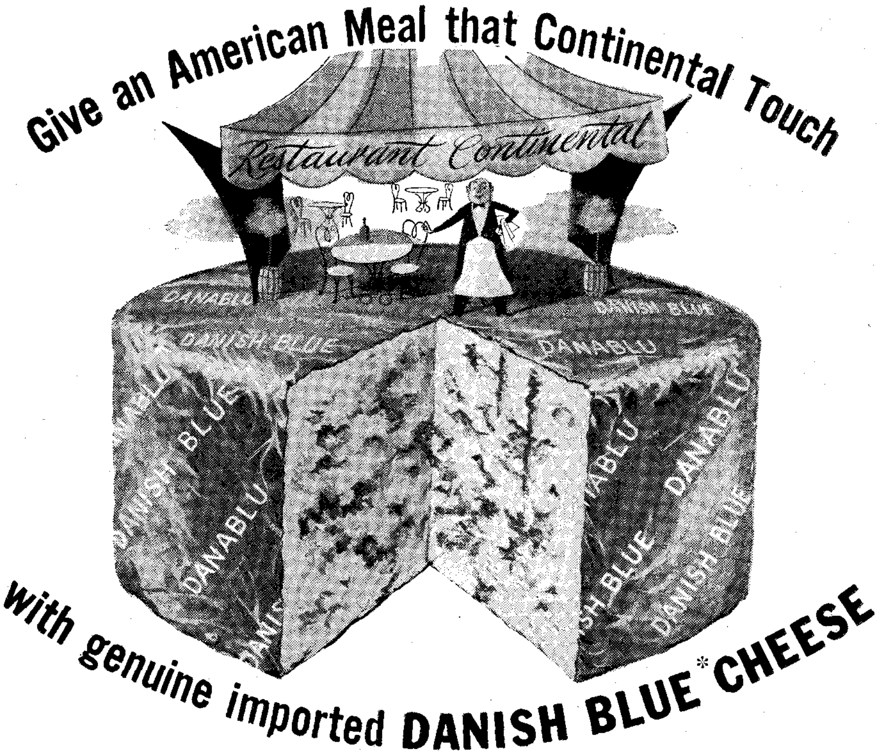
earrings, each with a jade pendant, to accompany it; $1,650. Harry Winston, 7 East 51st Street, shows a half-inch-wide collar made entirely of marquise, round, and pear-shaped diamonds in an ingenious setting of platinum wire. Because the wire can't be seen from the front, the necklace looks as light and fragile as lace; in fact, the whole thing is flexible enough to be crumpled up in the hand like a Kleenex. Any resemblance to Kleenex ends there, however; the price is so high that Mr. Winston would prefer to break it to the customer himself. Old-fashioned sentiment blooms at Raymond C. Yard, 607 Fifth Avenue (49th), in the form of a frosty, half-opened rose, realistically contrived of paved diamonds; it has a baguette stem, and makes up into a clip-pin a good two and a half inches across; $7,480. At Cartier, the roses are of carved ivory; one has a ruby among its curling petals, and three diamond-veined gold leaves beneath, all adding up to a two-and-a-quarter-inch clip-pin that goes for $1,150. And Wedderien, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd), has grown a gardenia from a hundred-and-ninety-five-carat milky-white Australian opal; it has leaves of transparent green enamel veined with eighteen-carat gold. This is another clip, and, with matching earrings, will set you back $4,500. At Schlumberger, 21 East 63rd Street, a floral clip begins with gold leaves on a gold stem and terminates in two buds, each made of eleven small rubies. One bud points up and the other down, and each is tipped with a small diamond; $425.

More evidence of the sentiment of the times is the number of hearts that are throbbing as rings, clips, and earrings. At Lambert Brothers, Lexington Avenue and Sixtieth Street, heart-shaped diamonds set between tapered baguettes appear on, of all things, engagement rings. At Tiffany, where there are always heart shapes in every imaginable stone, a startler is a ring set with a heart-shaped topaz quartz, which, by some oven alchemy, has been turned a luminous deep red; $510, including a trimming of three diamonds on each side of the heart. The biggest hearts in town would appear to be at Verdura, 712 Fifth Avenue (56th). One of turquoise, for instance, is a couple of inches high, with tiny diamonds set into the stone itself, and with a gold Cupid holding a tiny bird carved from sapphire and reclining on top of it; $3,000. This is a clip, and so is a deep-pink tourmaline heart, also sparkling with set-in diamonds, that has a gold-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and-diamond cherub peering over the top and resting his chin thoughtfully in his hands; $2,500. A third clip, exemplifying one of the most unusual color combinations in a year full of them, is of heart-shaped olive-green peridot, surrounded by blazing blue sapphires, with a diamond sash stretched across the heart and a diamond knot above; $4,500.

Turquoises from Persia and Turkestan, elegantly handled by the big jewellers, continue to gain in popularity, and are a far cry from the souvenir-of-the-Navajo-country variety. Verdura, a wizard at color combinations, sets them with amethysts in casual little corsage pins, which cost $3,500. Brilliant Imperial jade is also to be found all over the place this year. At Cartier, for example, a beautiful pair of earrings combines paved-diamond buttons with round jade danglers encircled by diamonds; $3,210. Tiffany, which has a private hoard of fiery-red garnets, sets them in a flexible bracelet—square-cut stones with tiny gold prongs between; a half-inch width costs $650, a three-quarter-inch width costs $900, and an inch width $1,175.

There are a number of new weaves and textures in gold, which we'll describe as we come to them, and there is also a new treatment of gold wire. In this, the wires are bound very close together into a sort of cable, with frayed ends, which are often tipped with precious stones. A good example of it appears in Schlumberger's two-inch gold clip, which is a circle of loosely knotted gold rope, with four cabochon emeralds at the frayed ends; $545.

Snowflakes and formal floral shapes are in partial eclipse these days, but asymmetrical floral shapes, consisting of diamond branches and sapphire or canary-diamond flowers, continue to be the special art of some jewellers—notably Raymond C. Yard. Even the most important necklaces can be asymmetrical—one of the more blinding displays at Harry Winston is a necklace of round diamonds with a tangled crisscross of three baguette-diamond bands at the side of the neck. Also at Winston is a paved-diamond pin in the shape of three plumes, which curl lazily forward from a baguette tie at the base. This production is three and a half inches high.

NOW let's proceed into some of the shops, take a closer look at the dazzlement, and turn a few of those modest white price tags right side up. Cartier, uniting gold and diamonds,

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which is a frequent combination this year (and every year for centuries), has a beautiful inch-wide bracelet with paved-diamond and deeply ridged gold squares alternating in a sort of basket-weave; $5,500. A clip composed of three wavy gold leaves, each with a diamond center, exemplifies a new gold texture that looks like a fine porous knit; $725. Among the wristwatches here, a particular stunner has a three-quarter-inch band of fabric-like gold cord encircling the wrist and completely concealing the watch face. This band is edged with two rows of rubies and divided by a middle row of diamonds, and at the almost imperceptible hump where the watch is, there's a tiny lid that can be lifted up; $3,650. An open-faced watch surrounded by diamonds has a strap of gold woven in what Cartier calls a "palm weave," and it does resemble the bark of a palm tree, at that. The price is $890. A good-sized magnifying glass comes in an oblong sheath of woven gold ($250); another magnifying glass, this one sheathless, has a gold-wire frame and handle ($35).

The stately house of Van Cleef & Arpels has succumbed to a lighthearted mood and come forth with some frivolous lapel pins about an inch and a half long. They're in the form of heads of young girls, the faces being clouded crystal, the mouths rubies, the eyes emeralds or sapphires, and the hair gold cord or wire in a choice of hairdos—pageboy ($470), topknot ($600), and pony-tail ($700). The trend to old-fashioned sentiment is here represented by delicate butterfly pins, a bit over an inch across, with enamel bodies paved with diamonds, and diamond edges on the enamel wings; there are forty-nine diamonds in all, and the price is $490. Among the charms is an eighteen-carat

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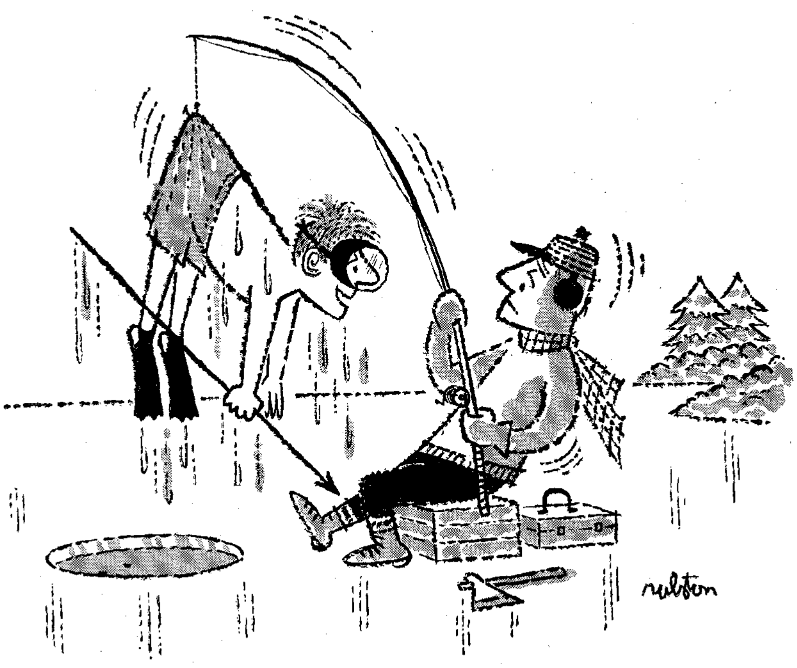

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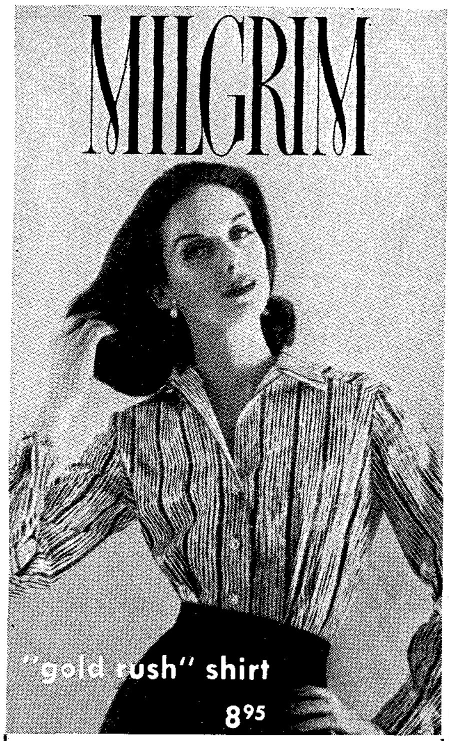

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gold model of the Place Vendôme in its entirety; $200. A woven-gold case intended to hold cake face powder is $590, and a similar engine-turned case, peppered with twelve tiny diamonds, is $650. In the money-is-no-object class, there's a gold-and-diamond necklace, consisting of two yellow-gold cords, plaited together in a zigzag pattern, with triple clusters of round diamonds planted at each zig and zag; sixty-four diamonds and $3,600 altogether.

At Raymond C. Yard, we found ourself gazing into a pair of perfectly matched cat's-eyes. They're set in earrings, and round and baguette diamonds curl around the outer edge of each. Mr. Yard doesn't like to mention the price, but if you take a checkbook and some wild horses over there, you can probably get it out of him. We were also impressed by a brooch in the form of a house, which is viewed catercorner to give it a three-dimensional effect. The house has a ruby chimney, a gold-shingled roof, diamond clapboards, and cabochon-emerald shrubbery, and it costs $2,112, mortgage-free. Supplied with a snapshot of a specific house, the designers here will copy it in jewels for you, but maybe not in time for Christmas—you wouldn't want it jerry-built. In the midst of all this rainbow glitter, some black-opal brooches stand out. A couple have diamond décor around them, like the swags on an old-fashioned mirror; one is $3,000 and the other $5,000. Another pin that caught our fancy here is an Inca figure made of oblongs of tourmaline, except for the head and hands, which are of gold; $825.

Tiffany sets great store by a bracelet that is all swirls of baguette diamonds arranged around six round-cut diamonds, ranging in size from 3.85 to 5.07 carats. Also visible is a double row of small, round diamonds—twelve of them—which, Tiffany says, "breaks up the monotony of the baguettes." There are no decimal points to break up the monotony of the price—$93,500. If you don't really *want* a bracelet, you might have a look at a bulky moonstone ring with three diamonds on each side ($470, and quite a show), or a graceful pin of frosted rock crystal that has been carved into the shape of a leaf and embellished with a gold vein and stem, an enamelled ladybug, and a round diamond dewdrop ($138).

Verdura, one of the most imaginative of jewellers, offers a clip-pin of turquoise carved into a unicorn's head, with a diamond-studded gold mane, a

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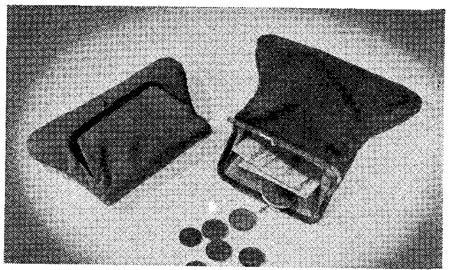

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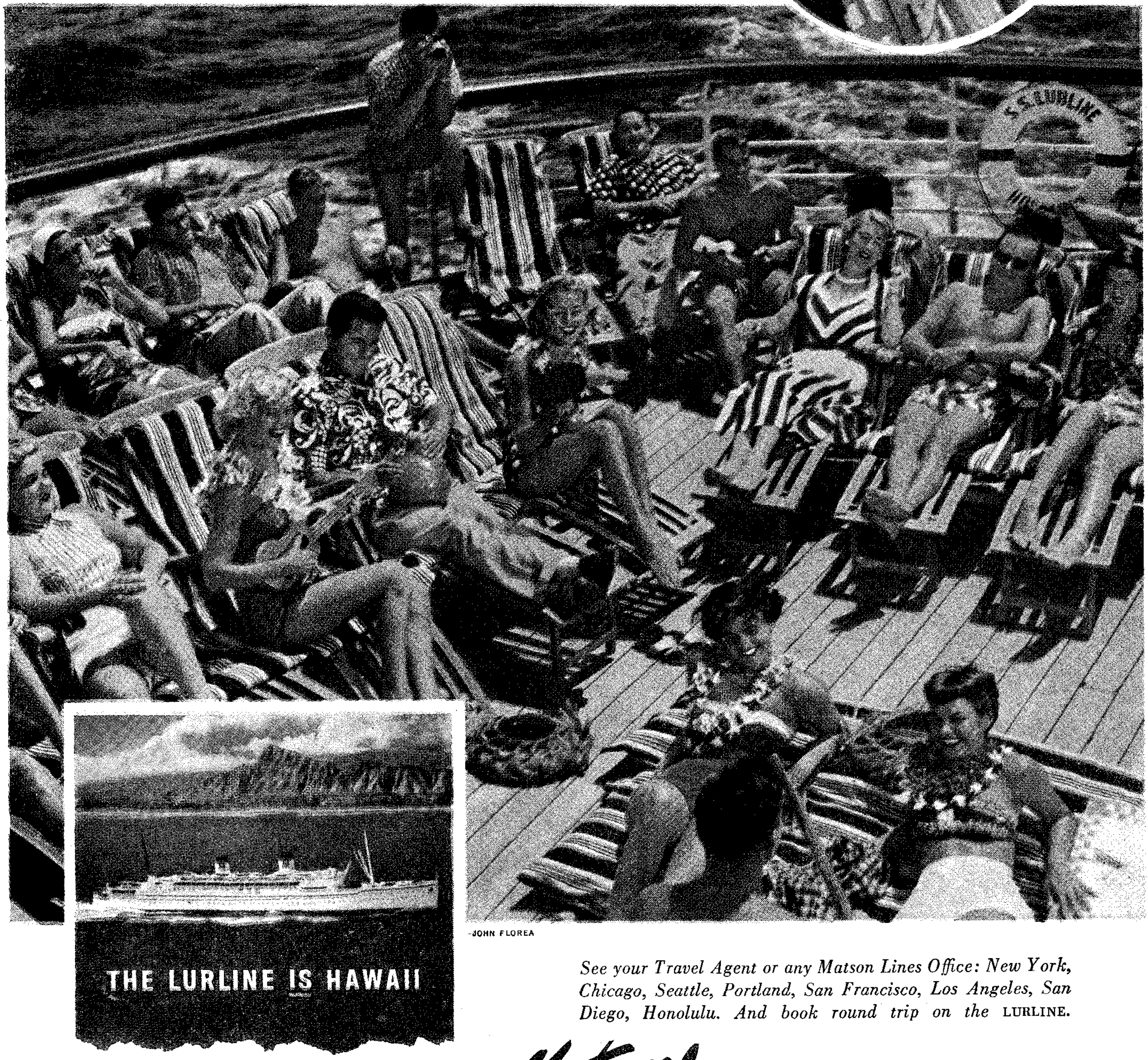

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diamond horn, and a sapphire necklace; $2,500. Turquoise is also the star of a superb necklace; this has turquoise ovals alternating with pairs of diamond-studded gold feathers; $3,850. Wings portrayed in three dimensions are another conceit here; the paved-diamond neck of a swan with a fresh-water-pearl body is turned backward toward his outspread gold wings; this is a clip and it costs $4,500. Big cultured pearls, which are hard to find and even harder to match, have been found and matched here in the form of pendant earrings.

Pinwheel and starfish shapes are the latest preoccupation at Schlumberger. In one beautiful clip-pin, each spoke of the pinwheel is made of overlapping bands of gold spattered with diamonds, and tipped with pear-shaped rubies, while the center is a large round ruby surrounded by small diamonds; $3,500, with matching earrings available. A gold latticework bracelet, an inch and a quarter wide, is sprinkled all over with tiny flexible gold flowers whose centers are made of diamonds and gold beryl, a stone that looks a good deal like a canary diamond; $2,850.

Olga Tritt has a new address—424 Park Avenue (55th)—and a newly designed eighteen-carat-gold flexible chain with a finish that looks like lizard skin. The chain, which can be made up flat, round, or oval, and in varying widths, is particularly successful as a ring, a flat half-inch band of the stuff being edged with two tiny round bands and held together by a vertical band of five round diamonds; $210. And while we're on the subject of rings, there's a beautiful dome ring of gold cord twisted into the shape of a beehive, with diamonds scattered here and there; $395.

Ross Pennell, 698 Fifth Avenue

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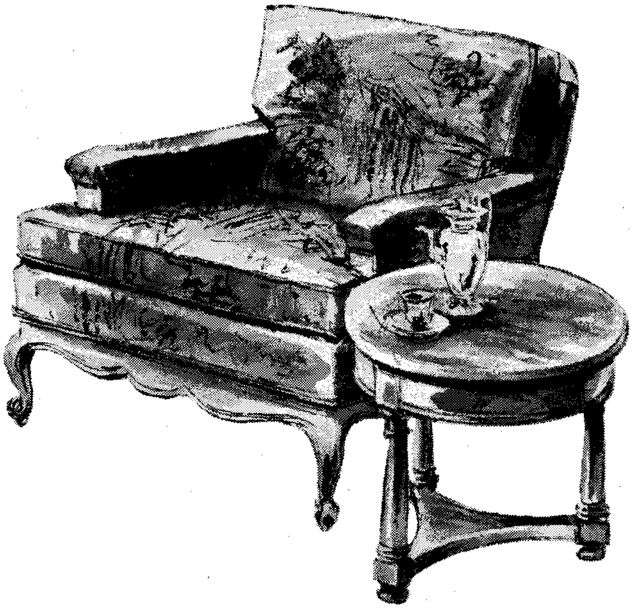

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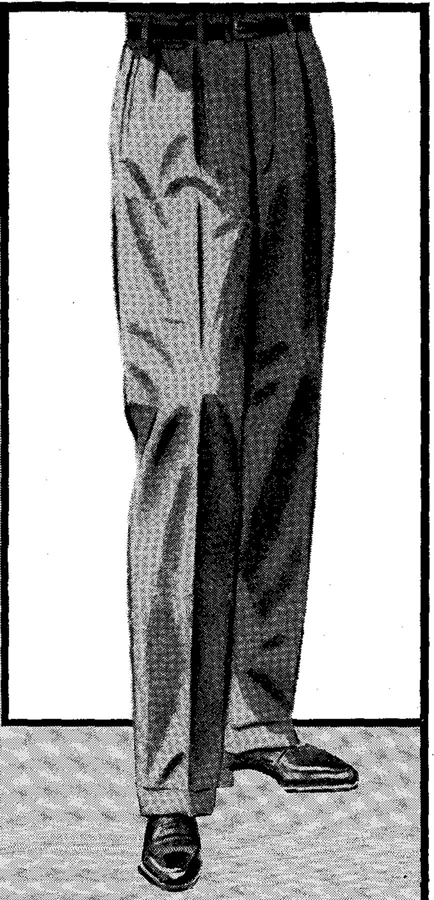

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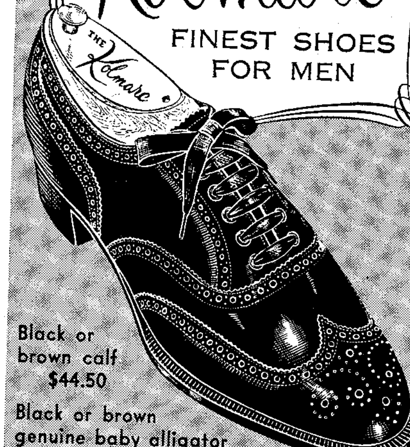

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(55th), has a circle pin composed of leaves of round diamonds alternating with formal flowers of sapphires; $1,100. Another, slightly jagged circle consists of overlapping bands of round diamonds and baguette rubies; $825. Among the earrings, we took to a guileless pair in the form of four-leaf clovers of aquamarine, on stems strewn with round diamonds. The clover leaves are separated by diamonds, and there's another diamond in the center; $770.

The jewelry of Mario Buccellati, 40 East 51st Street, is made in Italy, all by hand and no stinting—the backs are as perfect as the fronts. There is more than a hint of the Renaissance in his work, though it is never overelaborate or vainglorious. He likes to work with twenty-four-carat gold and to mix a silver alloy with platinum, thereby giving the platinum a softer look. In twenty-four-carat gold, there's an inch-and-a-half-wide cuff bracelet worked to look like popcorn quilting; $405. Another bracelet in this pattern has three cabochon rubies set among the popcorn; $671. Small, rose-cut diamonds set in the platinum-and-silver alloy make lacy-looking clips and earrings; the same lacework decorates each side of a square-cut emerald, set in an eighteen-carat-gold ring ($960). An eighteen-carat-gold snake bracelet has two ruby eyes and a dappled curlicue tail; there's a concealed spring in the middle for opening the bracelet, and the price is $935.

Black, Starr & Gorham makes a special study of cultured pearls and has set some of them in extremely neat earrings. A pair of button earrings, for example, have diamond centers surrounded by two circles of small pearls; $300. Cultured black pearls also abound here; a circle brooch of them has dainty round diamonds on the inside of the circle and little pointed marquise diamonds, like leaves, outside; $600. A ring consists of a swirl of white-gold wires with a black pearl at the center and tiny diamonds at the outermost tips of the wires ($175). Feathers form the chief motif in a collection of gold-and-diamond jewelry. Hand-carved feather earrings have a vein of diamonds up the quills ($900), and a ring formed of two converging feathers, half eighteen-carat gold and half paved diamonds, is topped off with two fair-sized round diamonds ($2,000). From a frivolous group of imported gold pins, we picked out a satin-finished gold horse with a diamond tail and mane ($423.50), and a Pekinese mother and pup in two shades of

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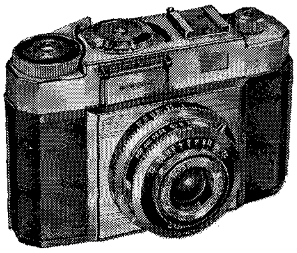
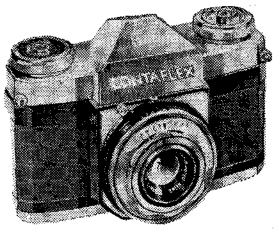
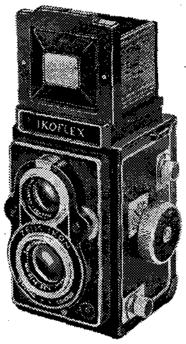
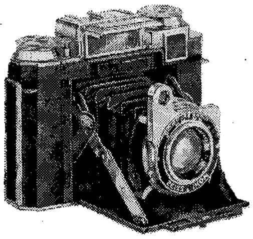
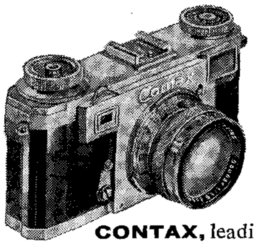
gold; $220. This year's gold charms include a puppet show, and a cannibal head with rolling eyes; $165 each. The circle pin, a conventional but lovely standby, is represented here by a broken circle, one half curling inside the other, in sapphires and diamonds; $1,200.

## *Jewelry for Men*

THE main thing we have found out about men's jewelry this season (and we don't know why it came as a surprise) is that you can spend important money on the stuff without once raising a diamond to the light. Not that we have anything against diamonds, mind you, but the lapidary at the corner tells us that most men shy away from them nowadays—too flashy. This state of affairs, if not distressful to Christmas shoppers (harried at enough turns already), has at least been a challenge to jewellers. What else, pray, could they use to convert mere cuff links into Christmas presents that really put the old message across? After a careful study of the situation and an examination of their inventories, they have come up with a variety of answers. For instance, there is nothing flashy about dark-blue, square-cut sapphires, so Cartier has implanted two dozen of them in a quiet pair of stirrup-shaped platinum cuff links, which are equally unobtrusive with midnight blue and with charcoal gray. They cost $1,320. The star sapphire is another good bet, especially if it is a blue-gray one with a steady gleam, rather than an erratic, eye-catching glitter. Ross Pennell, 698 Fifth Avenue (55th), uses four large, perfectly matched stones of this sort (forty-eight carats in all) in a pair of platinum-mounted cuff links, which come to $2,200. Then, there is jade—unusual in cuff links, perhaps, but wholesome. Wedderien, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd), has cuff links of apple-green jade for $5,000, but if you want to go the whole hog this Christmas, the firm has a pair consisting of four small slabs of Imperial jade that are nothing less than staggering. The price is $30,000, and if you had something a little more expensive in mind, we're sorry, because that's as high as we're going in the men's department this year. Before we get away from high-calibre cuff links, though, we should mention a pair at Schlumberger, 21 East 63rd Street. In these, large gray pearls are at one end, not-so-large white pearls at the other, and eighteen-carat gold in between. Lest the gray pearls seem too sombre, they are pin-dotted with—

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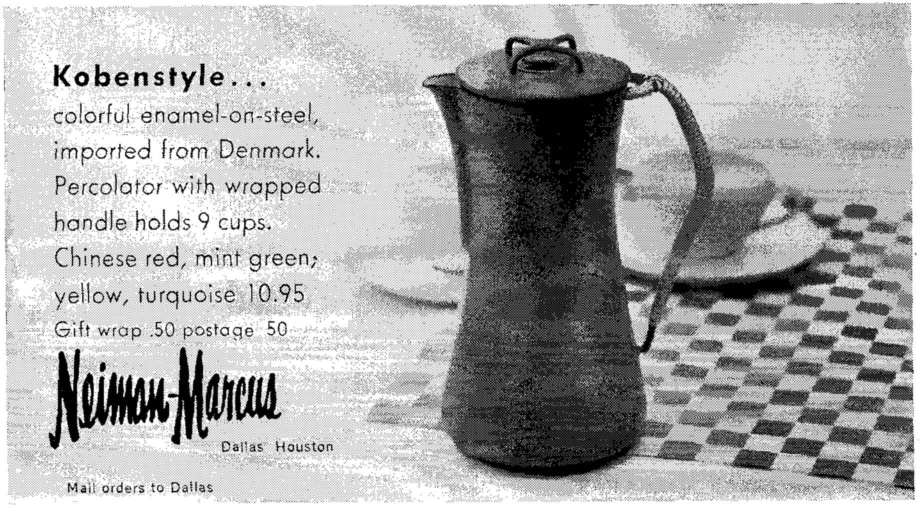

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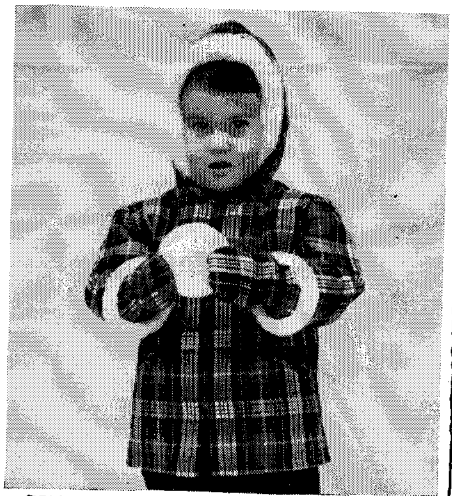

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All matches are Safety matches and the Giant box is approximately 7¾" long x 5¾" wide x 2¾" deep.

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Garrison, New York

well, there seems to be no getting away from diamonds after all, but these are infinitesimal yellow ones, hardly conspicuous enough to alter our original thesis. The price is $1,500.

The objections men have to jewelry that flashes have also made things difficult at the cigarette-case counters, and years of gallant effort have been devoted to subduing the crass shine of solid gold. The current idea is to give the stuff a sort of lambent sheen, and this is achieved, as you might expect, by etching, chasing, or engine-turning patterns on large golden planes, or knitting gold into various weaves. Verdura, 712 Fifth Avenue (56th), has combined the two techniques in a cigarette case (it holds a full pack) that is carved to give the illusion of infinitely fine basketry; the result is a shimmering surface that any goldworker might well be proud of, and the price is $1,200. Cartier has woven yellow gold and green gold into all but transparent basketwork and made a trim, fifteen-cigarette case of it, with a line of tiny sapphires on its catch; $1,350. A matching lighter is $375. A woven-gold case at Van Cleef & Arpels, which is priced at $950, holds twenty cigarettes and can be accompanied by a lighter of the same majestic fabrication, for $450.

Mario Buccellati, who runs jewelry stores in Rome, Milan, and Florence, as well as at 40 East 51st Street, strives to give his precious metals a mat surface that looks like cloth of gold or cloth of silver. (He is, by the way, as strong for silver as William Jennings Bryan was, and he applies himself to it with a skill that raises his productions far above the artsy-craftsy things that are pouring out of some of our native cottage industries.) To this mat surface he attaches silver Renaissance rosettes or Florentine fleurs-de-lis. The latter look particularly elegant on the back of a silver cigarette case that opens up to reveal a gleaming silver interior strewn with minute engraved stars. A beautifully chased gold bar holds the cigarettes in place, and the price is $132. Another silver case, rather severe in style, has a hinged opening at the top, into which is built a small, extra escape hatch, making it possible to shake out one or two cigarettes at a time; it holds twenty, and the price is $69.50.

This is a good place to mention a splendid sterling cigarette box, designed for a man's desk. It stands on small, carved feet, the lid is topped by a small, sprightly Chinese dragon, and the interior is divided into cedar-lined compartments for both king-size and citi-

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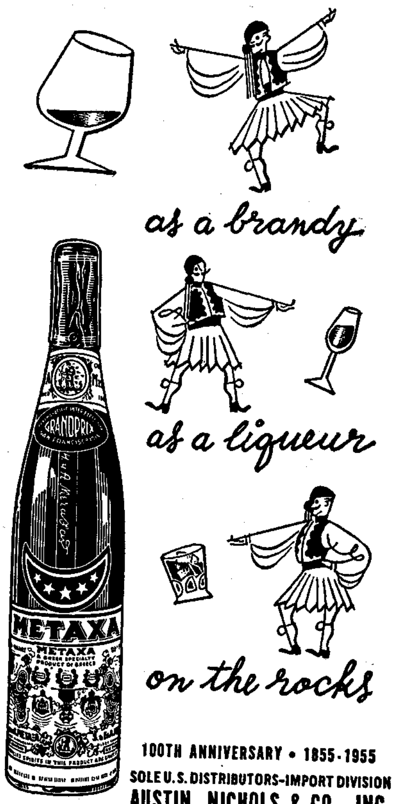

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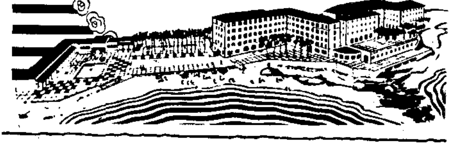

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zen-size cigarettes. It's at Tiffany, for $115. Tiffany's silversmiths have also produced a plain cylindrical sterling cocktail shaker, with a straight, light-colored wood handle and a conventional crystal snowflake applied where the handle joins the shaker; $130, and it holds a full quart. A long-handled silver stirring spoon with the same snowflake at the top is $15, and silver goblets, three inches in diameter, with a snowflake where the stem joins the goblet, are $32.50 each.

LET'S slide along now to the watch departments, and see what extravagances await the Christmas shopper there. Well, what Time Mart, at 425 Madison Avenue (49th), is proudest of is a master stroke by the eminent firm of Audemars Piguet—a round pocket watch of a thinness known in the trade as *sept douzième*. A *douzième* is a French measurement for the thickness of a watch movement, and there are five and one third *douzièmes* to the millimetre. A millimetre is .03937 of an inch, so we divide that by five and a third and we get—let's see now—.00738 of an inch. That's one *douzième*, and *sept douzième*, then, would be .05166 of an inch. Yes, sir, it's a very thin watch. It costs $2,100 in platinum, and $1,400 in eighteen-carat gold. At Tiffany, a new, 1955-model wristwatch by Patek Philippe is water- and shock-resistant, self-winding, and possessed of an unbreakable mainspring (a new steel alloy had to be invented for it) and a sensational balance wheel, which is larger than the balance wheels in the ordinary run of watches and, as we get it, needs fewer screws, thus insuring more accurate timing. Not only that, but there are thirty jewels in this timepiece, twelve of them lavished on the self-winding machinery. And the rotor, which is the heart of that mechanism, is of eighteen-carat gold—not for looks but because only eighteen-carat gold has just the right weight for the job. With a round, eighteen-carat-gold case and an alligator strap, the watch is $725. A pocket watch at Van Cleef & Arpels is embedded in a domino-size slide case of chestnut-colored hardwood, handy to knock on; the price is $90. There's a twenty-three-jewel Patek Philippe wrist stopwatch at Raymond C. Yard, 607 Fifth Avenue (49th), that splits seconds into fifths, which is about as fine a line as you can draw with a wrist stopwatch; it has a round, eighteen-carat-gold case, and costs $594. A Movado wristwatch at Lambert Brothers boasts

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K-V 790—PAN RACK
Holds 14 handled utensils neatly.

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4-bar carrier on a top-mounting bracket.

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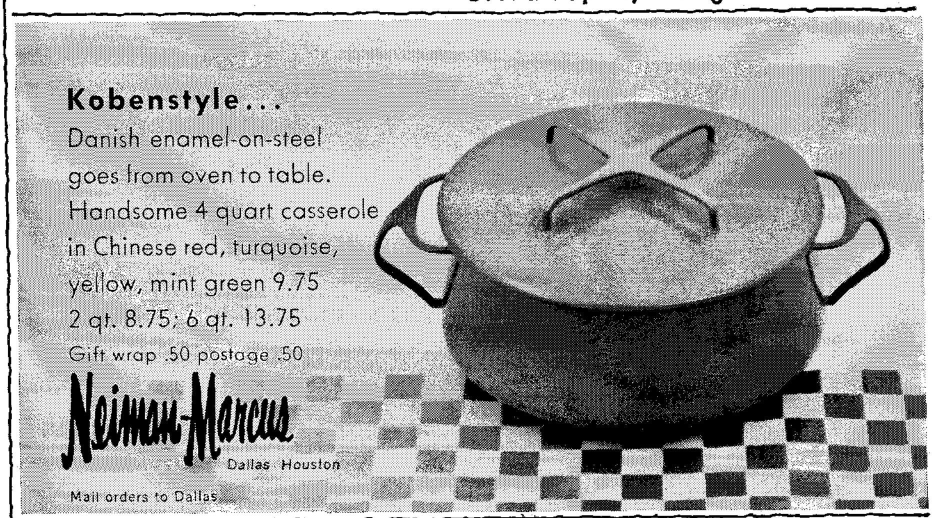

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goes from oven to table.
Handsome 4 quart casserole
in Chinese red, turquoise,
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2 qt. 8.75; 6 qt. 13.75
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a guaranteed-everlasting mainspring, a protected balance shaft (that's what makes a watch "shockproof"), and seventeen jewels; it comes in a round yellow-gold case, with gold numerals on a gold dial, and costs $225. A new pocket watch, also at Lambert, is put out by Hamilton, the make traditionally favored by railroad men, even those on the New York, New Haven & Hartford. This one operates on twenty-one jewels and has a clear round dial with Arabic numerals and a fourteen-carat-gold case; $185. To get back to wristwatches, Cartier offers a thin, round little platinum beauty with a seventeen-jewel Vacheron Constantin movement and an uncluttered dial about the size of a fifty-cent piece; $1,050. A dial that could not be called uncluttered but is none the worse for that turns up on a round, seventeen-jewel International wristwatch at Black, Starr & Gorham. Four acanthus leaves of greenish-yellow enamel ornament the center of its plain gold face; $330, in eighteen-carat gold. And the dial of a seventeen-jewel, eighteen-carat-gold Vacheron Constantin wristwatch, also at Black, Starr & Gorham, is decorated with a sort of relief map of North America, done in blue-green enamel; $550. So much for watches.

BILLFOLDS? The sleekest thing at Tiffany is a black borosa (baby-shark skin) affair with a fourteen-carat-gold hinge and fourteen-carat-gold corners, the latter not only outside but inside, on the sections that separate big bills from the small fry; $86. Cartier makes a specialty of evening billfolds—black silks and brocades, mostly, with gold corners. They cost $25, and, if you like, Cartier will make up a wallet to match a man's waistcoat, if you furnish the material. This is also $25, and there's a two-week wait. Cartier's silk or brocade wallets for the breast pocket cost $31, and gold nameplates to attach to them start at $7. A passport case at Lambert comes in pale-tan ostrich, with gold corners and, in a small leather envelope that snaps onto the case, a gold-topped key blank—for the villa at Cannes, likely as not; $95.

Come to think of it, gold-topped key blanks are neat little presents in themselves, and they are all over the place. Olga Tritt, 424 Park Avenue (55th), has one for a car key, and the top not only is of gold but serves as a container for coins, so there'll always be change handy for toll stations; $27, without toll money. Either because a lot of doors

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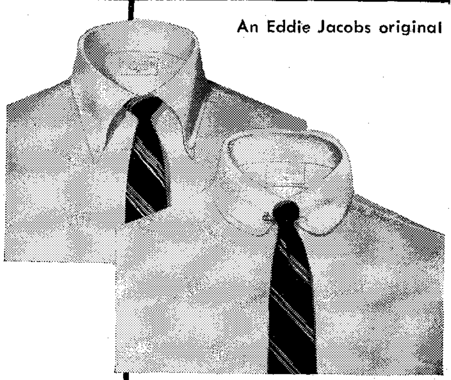

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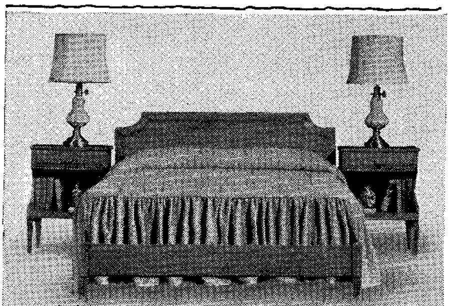

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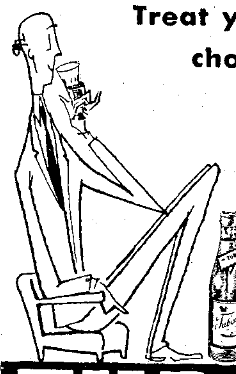

By appointment to
THE ROYAL DANISH COURT
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THE WORLD-FAMOUS BEER
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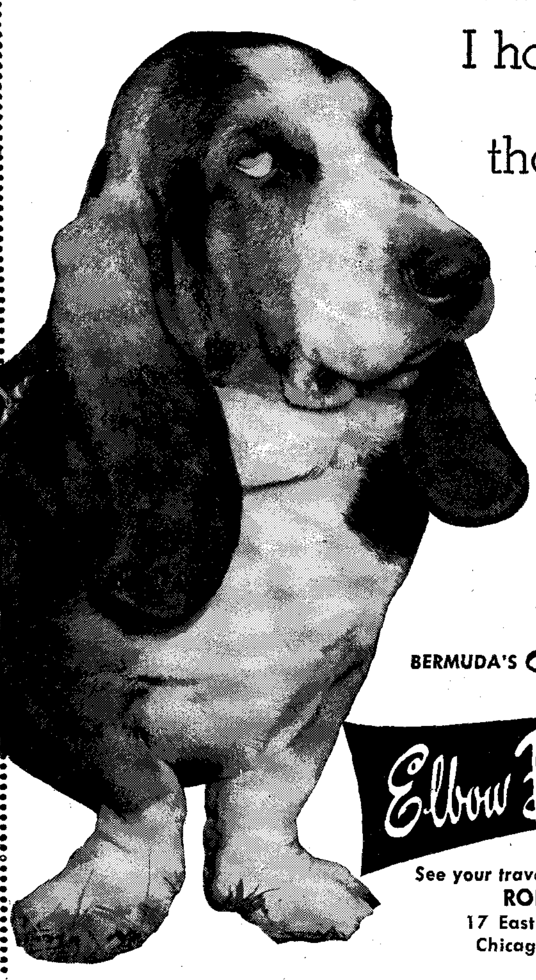
have two locks or because a lot of people have two doors they keep locked, Lambert's key blanks—gold-topped, of course—come in pairs, fitted into a neat gold slipcase; $50. Ross Pennell has a single key blank in a case that doubles in gold, since it is also a whistle, for summoning cabs or calling dogs; $49.50. Tiffany has something new in a key ring—a small horseshoe-shaped one that plugs into a fine engine-turned disc of fourteen-carat gold, which is meant to have a monogram. It costs $49.50, and we'd better mention right here that Tiffany will make no Christmas promises about monograms on any of its wares after December 15th.

WE started off this exercise with a discussion of cuff links, but we got into stratospheric price levels very soon, and the air was so thin that we had to retire for the moment, winded. We are now prepared to continue the discussion. The word we get is that those enormous devices for holding cuffs together have already seen their best day (and high time, too), so we'll concentrate on links of moderate size. Buccellati turns out silver links with that mat surface we were talking about, and plants a gold rosette or acanthus leaf in the centers; oval links are $49.50 and square ones $47.50. Round, oval, or square links of mat white gold with a yellow-gold rosette in the middle are $121. At Van Cleef & Arpels, square links with lopped-off corners are trussed up, like carefully tied packages, in a rope of fine twisted gold, which forms a pattern of small squares. (Van C. & A. call it a *paquet* pattern.) The corners are filled in with round emeralds—a total of sixteen to the pair—and the price is $350. Schlumberger makes links in the shape of a dumbbell, one end of which is a ball of semiprecious stone studded with tiny gold pegs and the other a swirled golden ball. In lapis lazuli, the price is $150; in coral, $145; in hematite, $100; and in ivory, $87.50. Olga Tritt has come up with V-shaped golden clamps that grip the end of the sleeve and are held on safely by a gold bar that goes through the buttonholes; $100 if the edges of the clamps are ribbed, and $95 if the surface of the clamps has a mesh finish. The same store turns out a nice set of evening jewelry—cuff links, studs, and fancy waistcoat buttons—made of ground crystal with sapphire centers; $365, all told. Lambert goes in for English sporting crystals on its cuff links; a pair decorated with carefully carved and painted miniature trout runs to $95, and a pair



I hope it's not one of those deadly dull places!

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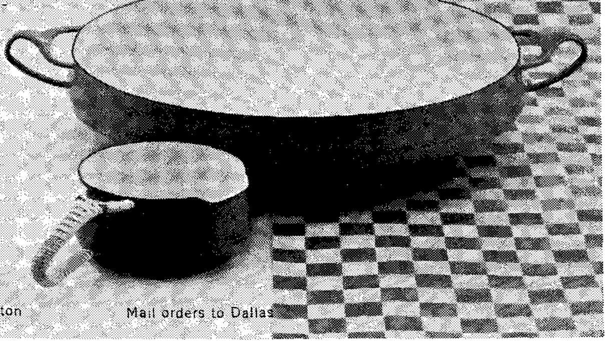

Kobenstyle...
oversized buffet bowl and wrapped handle saucepan set a festive table. Lightweight enamel-on-steel from Denmark, for cooking and serving. Chinese red, turquoise, mint green, yellow.
Bowl 9.00 saucepan 3.75
Gift wrap .50 postage .50
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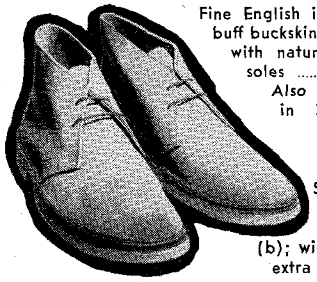

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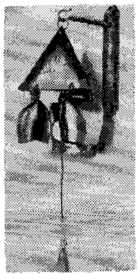

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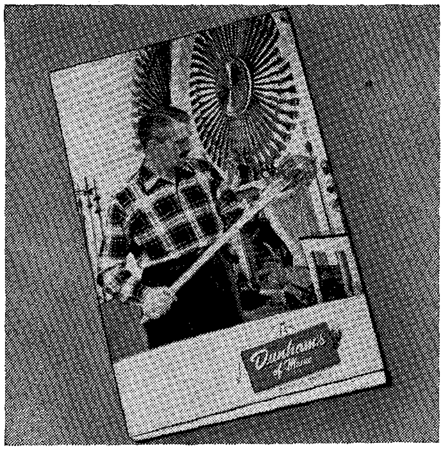

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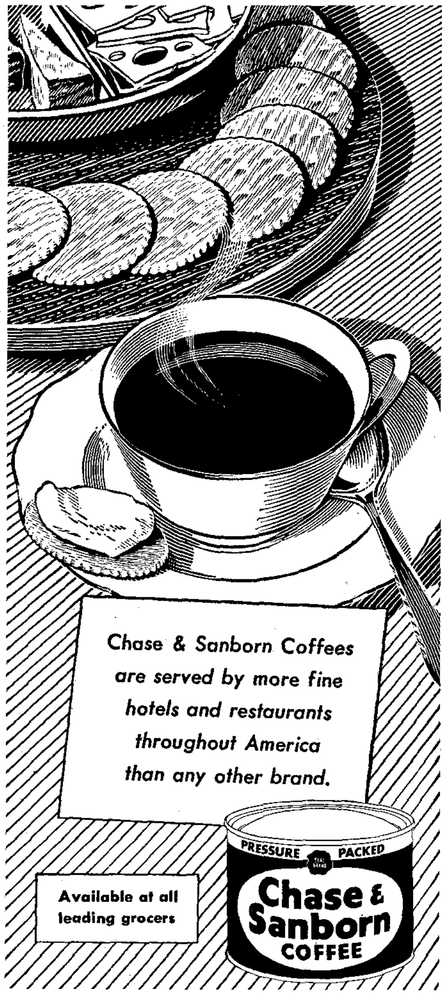
Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand.
Available at all leading grocers
PRESSURE PACKED
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COFFEE

with tiny trout flies embedded in them costs $48. And, finally, at Tiffany, for $64, there are good-sized ovals of black onyx, nicely cut and topped with fourteen-carat-gold plates, for monograms.

GOLDEN ODDS AND SILVER ENDS: An Austrian gold piece about the size of a silver dollar and bearing a likeness of Franz Josef and the date 1915 glorifies a money clip at Verdura; $175. Tiffany uses an American double eagle for the same purpose; $165. . . . A Republican key chain, of gold harness links with a trumpeting elephant at the end, costs $55 at Olga Tritt. . . . A cousin of the ball-point pen you can buy at the drugstore costs $35 at Ross Pennell, but it's made of gold. . . . Black, Starr has a pocket magnifier, with a lens two inches long and an inch wide, in a fourteen-carat-gold case with fine barleycorn turning; $190. . . . A rectangular tie clip of engine-turned, ribbed gold is $60 at Tiffany; a gold tie tack shaped like an owl, who is given ruby eyes, is $11.50 at Olga Tritt; jade tie tacks are $75 and on and on at Wedderien; narrow tie clips of engine-turned ribbed gold are $36 at Ross Pennell; and bow ties are $2.50 at Brooks. . . . An ivory paper knife banded with gold and ornamented with a gold-studded orb at the pommel will set you back $50 at Schlumberger. . . . A fourteen-carat-gold pocketknife with a steel bottle opener at one end, and two blades, is on hand at Lambert, for $110. . . . And in conclusion we report, without prejudice, that for $20 Ross Pennell will gold-plate the head of a man's favorite putter.

•

*To the Post-Intelligencer:*

I read with great interest the story in which you reported that the owner and operator found guilty of pouring an inexpensive brand of whisky into a bottle labeled for a more expensive brand, stated he did it on the advice of one of his bartenders.

As president of the Seattle Bartenders Union, and state president of the Culinary Alliance, which boasts a membership in excess of 40,000, I feel that the following facts should be brought to the attention of the general public:

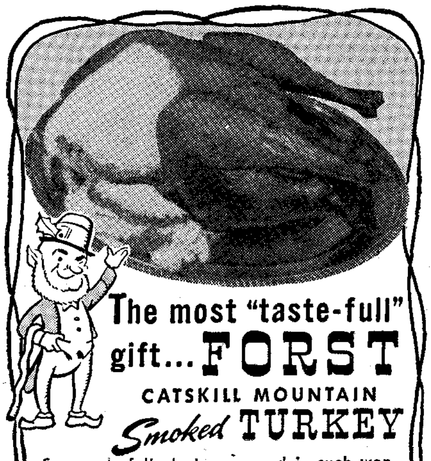
Bartenders employed by this individual and other operators are paid by the hour.

I feel that it is only fair to those of us who consider bartending an honorable profession, that these facts are brought to the attention of the public.

JOSEPH SHABAZ, President
Washington State
Culinary Alliance

—*Letter in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Thank you very much, Joseph Shabaz.



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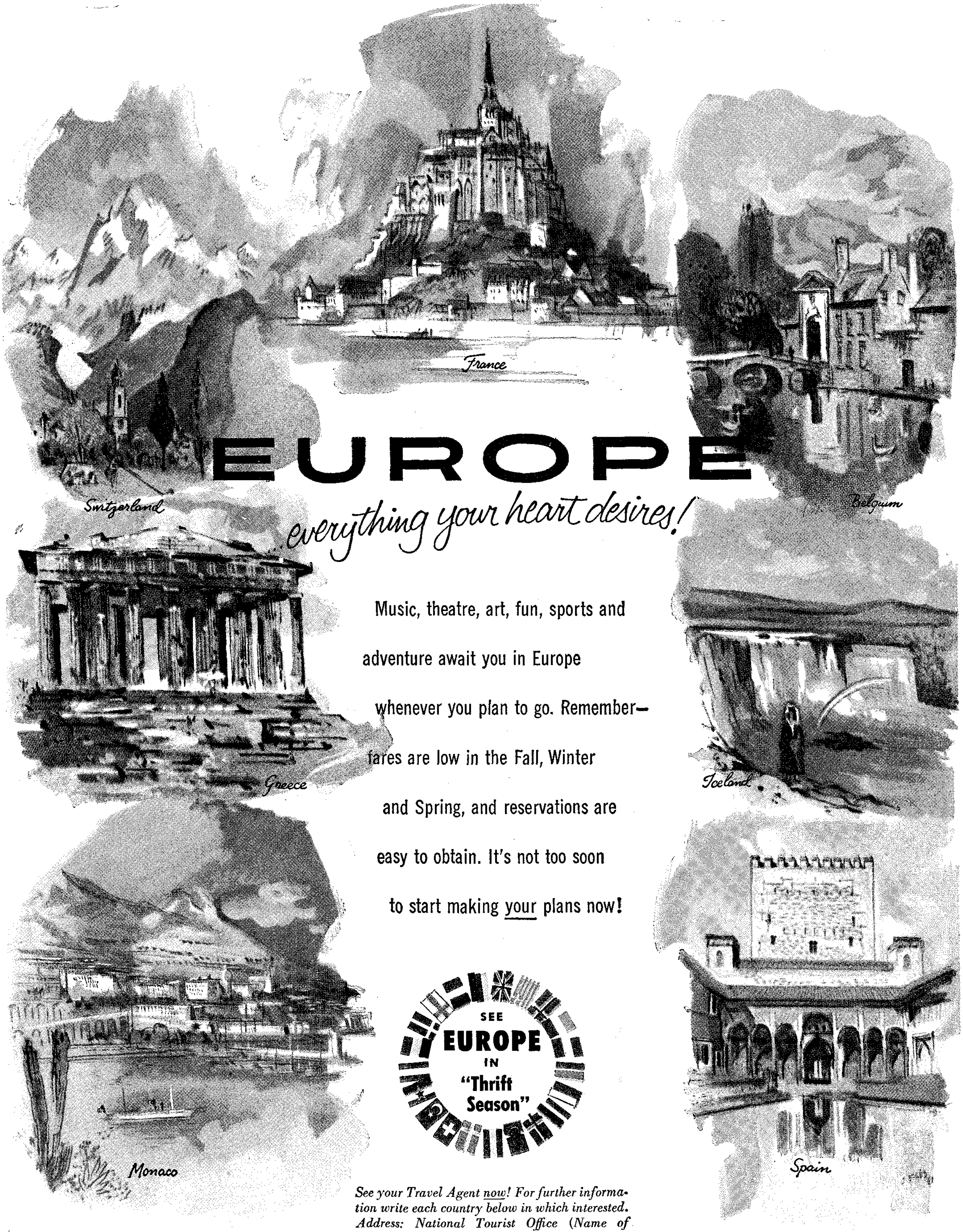

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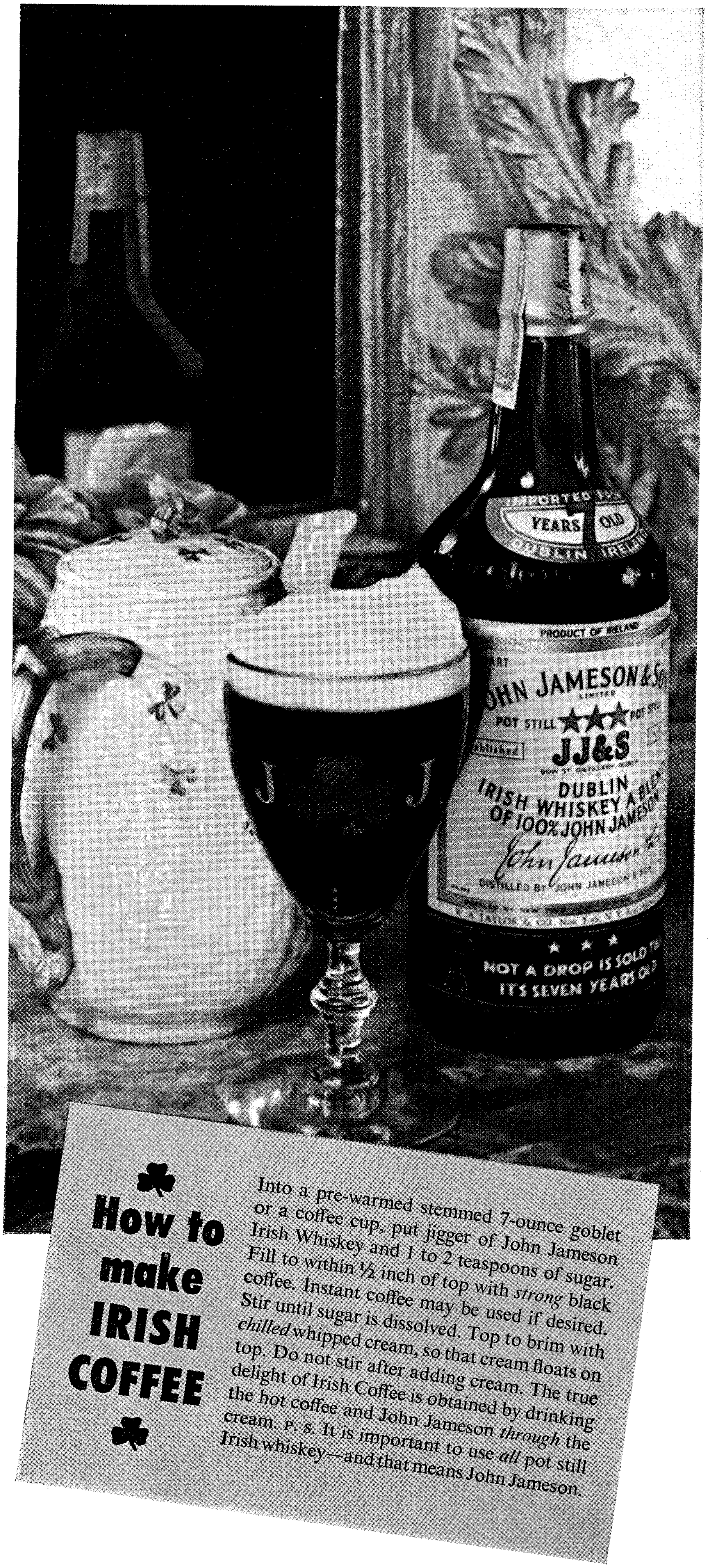
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# THE ART GALLERIES

## *Transition*

PARIS, NOVEMBER 1

IF French art today, as I was saying a week or so ago, seems a little cautious, it is also intensely serious—sometimes to the point of solemnity—and this again is a change from the moods and attitudes of the nineteen-twenties, on which most of my own on-the-spot experience is based. Indeed, one of the preconceptions that I had to get rid of, and quickly, on coming over here this year, was that I would still find something of the hurly-burly and happy confusion of that earlier period, and the difference between fact and fancy was at first startling.

In the twenties, a cheerful combativeness was the rule, and the rows over matters of the minutest dogma reached fantastic proportions. There were schools within schools, and factions within factions—Cubists, Futurists, Dynamists, Neo-Romanticists, Dadaists, Orphists—all splitting up, warring briefly, and uniting again with such furious rapidity that it was advisable for the outsider (and the American, to a certain extent, was inevitably an outsider; we just didn't have the Frenchman's capacity for exuberant contentiousness) to keep a constant check on the disposition of forces, a sort of daily war map, if he wanted to make his way through the melee without embarrassment. (A friend of mine who failed to do that found himself giving a dinner party for two men who had been friends when he had last seen them, a month before, and had since become bitter enemies. It was an experience he was a long time getting over.)

Critics, too, served a different function then. It may well be, for instance, that Charles Estienne, who writes for *Combat* and favors the Expressionists, has no great amount of love for Michel Seuphor, who is rather a specialist on the Abstractionists, but it is hard to imagine them getting into physical combat about it. Once, however, an occasional fist fight (never quite to a finish, though) was an integral part of existence in the world of art, and, for reasons I've never quite fathomed, the critics were a good deal more truculent than the artists. Each one acted not only as spokesman for his own little group of favorites but as a bellwether and champion, shepherding them through their domestic and other difficulties as well as their artistic ones and, when a rival group's favorite café was to be attacked or an exhibition invaded, leading the group into the fray.

It was all sort of fun, for no one really took the whole thing seriously, but it was a trifle silly, too, and the change in the artistic temper is an improvement. This is not to say that there aren't rival groups and influences at work; it would hardly be France if there weren't. Surrealism is dead, or almost so, and so, apparently, is Existentialism, a literary movement that has had certain pictorial overtones, though their former adherents—such as Ernst, Miró, and Masson on the one hand and Sartre, Sartre, and (who else?) Sartre on the other—keep on producing. But other tendencies are evident, and while I listed some of them in my last report, it might be well to go over them again, and more fully.

PICASSO is still an influence, but he is the only one of his generation who is; it is as if Braque, Matisse, Léger, and the rest had never existed, for all the effect they have on contemporary artists. Among the painters of the past, van Gogh is the most recent to command the attention of the profession, and so great is his influence that not only his work but his life is constantly being reëxamined—the latter in ways that are not always entirely gracious; one writer recently came up with the unsettling theory that the artist's younger brother Theo, always taken as a model of brotherly patience and understanding, was not so at all, or not completely, and that van Gogh's suicide may have been the result of a rupture between them. Offhand, it seems a theory that would take a lot of proving. As for van Gogh's work, its influence can be seen immediately in both the style and the general tenor of a good many of the traditionalists. But it spreads out also in other directions, affecting the palette, at least, of even such an Abstractionist as Claude Venard (a man whose work I admire increasingly as I see more of it), flowing out into the whirling patterns of

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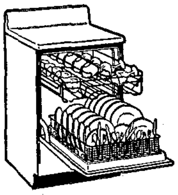

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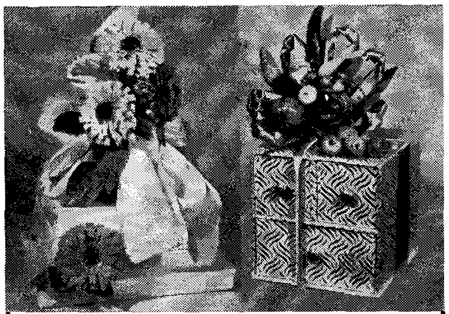

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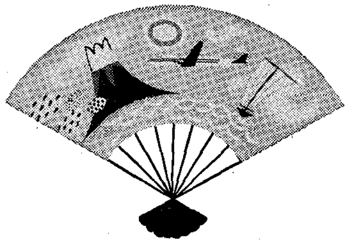

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many of the Abstract Expressionists, and coloring the whole point of view of men like Robert Bonneville, Bernard Buffet, and Sinko, another of the artists who prefer to use only their last names. There has been, too, a tendency to turn back to the Impressionists, not so much because of their theories or their artistic principles but rather because of an inclination to use their discoveries about the interrelations between light and color, and the technical devices they invented to exploit them, as a point of departure for the development of new, abstract tonal patterns; and another faction of painters, active mainly just after the war and now pretty well dispersed, but whose influence is still apparent, undertook to go back to the Gothic styles, and especially the stained-glass windows of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, for their inspiration.

This last may seem a long reach back into the past, and an out-of-the-way one, at first glance, but of the artists concerned, there are several, among them Jean Bazaine, Maurice Estève, Charles Lapicque, Edouard Pignon, and Pierre Tal Coat, who have lately achieved considerable prominence, and though it may seem odd to find the cathedral of Chartres and the ancient abbey museum of Cluny becoming places of pilgrimage for not only tourists but for modern artists, the fact is that the ideas behind the movement made more sense than might be supposed. Intrinsically, it was an attempt to find a fresh approach to abstraction, and the artistry of the Middle Ages, with its lack of interest in the uses of perspective (indeed, its total ignorance of that science), its stiff, geometrically exact use of outline, and its flat stylizations seemed to offer an admirable field for research and experimentation.

Things worked out differently, of course, as they're bound to do when artists venture into the recondite regions of theory. The revival of interest in Impressionism by many of these painters led at times to a blown-up version of the Pointillisme of Paul Signac and Seurat, and the canvases of that school, being made up of little more than serried dapplings and dabblings of color, can be fairly monotonous. Because of the dislocations of forms the style entails, it is fashionable now, in dealing with its more advanced practitioners, to speak in such atomic phrases as "bursting forms," "inner energies released," and so on. And medievalism, for the most part, served these artists, more healthily,

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as a jumping-off place for departures in other directions; while it gives a certain sparkle to the canvases of its former disciples, as of the glintings of light through cathedral windows, it survives mainly in its emphasis on sharp contours and strict design, and in this respect it tends to influence at least to an extent a number of painters who were never connected with the movement.

Basically, however, as I see it, all these movements have had one thing in common, an irresistible desire to overleap the immediate past and get back into something remoter and presumably solider. There are a number of reasons for this impulse. Discontent with the lengthy dominance of the titans of the prewar generations—Braque, Picasso, Matisse, and the rest—inevitably suggests itself, for why else should they now be ignored so completely? And it may be, psychologically, that underlying this is a deeper discontent with the trials and humiliations of the war and the Occupation, and a desire to escape from them into a happier, surer, and prouder era. A psychiatrist would, I think, be interested in the prevalence of what I call the "cage" design, in which such color as the canvas contains is seen, as it were, far off, through a crisscrossed barring of foreground blacks (for example, many of the paintings of Hans Hartung and Pierre Soulages); this alternates with an "air-map" style, in which the forms are disposed in patterns reminiscent of a landscape seen from the sky. All this, though, is only speculation, and, as I have suggested before, it's probably too soon for anyone to undertake a deep-seated interpretation of the period.

AMONG the living members of the older generation, Jacques Villon, I'm told, has a very strong influence, though it is moral rather than purely aesthetic. His history, if long in years, is a fairly simple one. Born in Normandy, away back in 1875, and named Gaston Duchamp (he changed it, while he was in his twenties, out of admiration for the fifteenth-century French poet François Villon), he's the eldest son of an artist family. One brother, who called himself Raymond Duchamp-Villon, became a sculptor and architect of some note, and the other, Marcel Duchamp, is now legendary as one of the leaders of the Dadaist movement and, before that, as the author of the celebrated "Nude Descending a Staircase" of the 1913 Armory Show; their sister, Suzanne, though less eminent, was an artist of considerable talent. Like Lyonel Fein-

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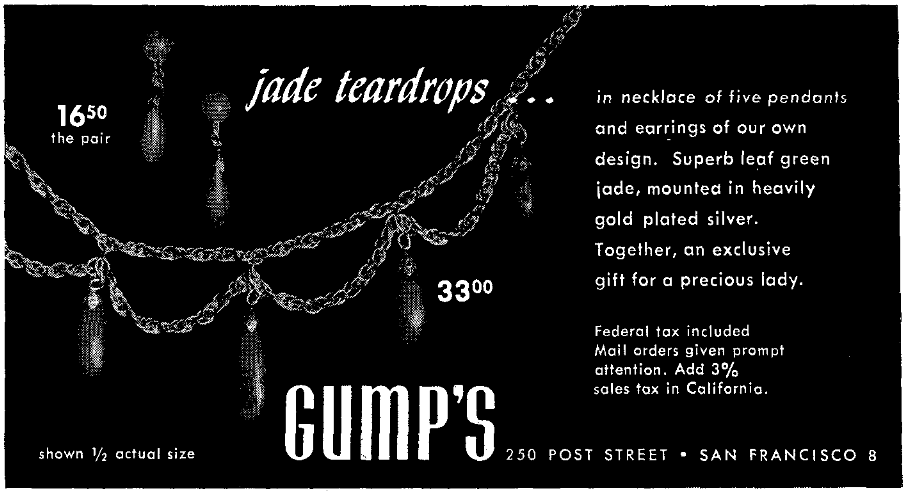

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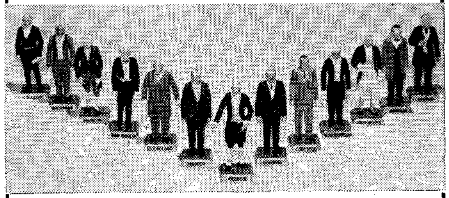

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inger, another oldster, whose work his own somewhat resembles, Villon began as a comic artist, and in his linework particularly he still reveals a summary quickness of touch that betrays his origin. He was painting steadily all the while, however, and by the time he reached his middle thirties, he was deep in the Cubist movement. The trouble was that he vacillated, or perhaps it would be fairer to say that the "static" side of Cubism never appealed to him as it did, for instance, to Braque and Juan Gris, whose effort, fundamentally, was always to achieve a monumental immobility in their pictures. Villon sought to include movement, which led him eventually closer to the Futurists, and for a long time his work suffered through his efforts to combine these two basically opposed techniques. A good many of his earlier associates, such as Jean Metzinger, Robert Delaunay, and Albert Gleizes, foundered in the same endeavor, and in the thirties and early forties Villon himself was in partial eclipse. It was the war and the Occupation, paradoxically, that brought him into prominence again, and served, additionally, to enrich his style. There were other men, like Picasso, who met the issue of defeat more defiantly, and still others, like Braque, who met it with dignity. Villon simply went away from Paris, first to Normandy and then deeper into the countryside of the Tarn, and there was something about the spectacle of so old a man (he was sixty-four when the war began and a full seventy when it ended) painting steadily away through it all that appealed to the younger painters.

At any rate, on his return to Paris he found his reputation considerably enhanced. Certain changes in his work may have had something to do with this. For my own part, I've never greatly admired the work of his I've seen in the States. Composed always of faceted planes and fine shadings of color, through which the object is seen brokenly, as if through a prism, it had an arbitrariness that troubled me, and such dislocations of the design as occurred seemed to me capricious and superficial. In his more recent paintings, these faults are less apparent. Though he still makes use of the prismatic distortions, they seem to "belong" more, as an integral part of the design, and since his color is richer, too—possibly because of a revival of his interest in landscape painting—his latest canvases have a truly authentic glow. There's a shimmer about the best ones, too, tremulous and be-

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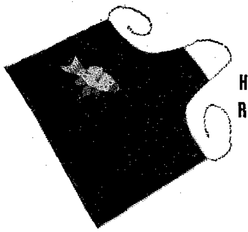

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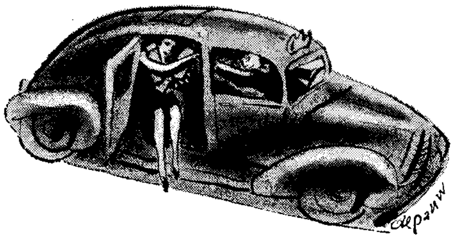
guiling, that makes one think that, at eighty, he is at last managing to combine abstraction with at least a suggestion of movement.

I WOULD like to come back, though, to the general scene of French art, and the changes in it. There are reasons that can be given for many of them. If the work seems more serious nowadays, it may be because the world is more serious. (It must always be remembered that, incredibly, we all believed in the twenties that the "war to end war" had just been concluded and that the world was entering upon a new Golden Age. I still remember the shock of Laurence Stallings' supposed cynicism when he compiled a picture album of battle scenes and called it "The First World War.") Furthermore, if the artists seem less helter-skelter and rebellious, it should be recalled that in a very important sense they have less to rebel against. After all, Picasso's "Demoiselles d'Avignon," of 1907, was a slap at all traditions and a plunge into a wholly new culture, of the African Negro, as well. Léger's Dynamism, in which he sought to use only machine forms, constructing his figures as if their parts had been turned out on a lathe, involved a search for entirely new subject sources, as did Archipenko's experiments with Cubist sculpture, in which he tried to portray the figure against a kind of plastic mélange of its background of buildings and so on—an attempt that, incidentally, although it failed in itself, may have a faint relation to the current emphasis on what might be called aerated sculpture (Henry Moore's perforated figures, and the like), in which the background is seen *through* the sculptured figures.

In contrast to all this, the contemporary modernists rebel only within the established forms of Expressionism and Abstractionism and their various combinations, and such a situation is bound to get a little ingrown. It leads, too, to that slight feeling of monotony one gets from so much of the work today. At all events, the abstract styles here are becoming so stereotyped that people are remarking on it, and



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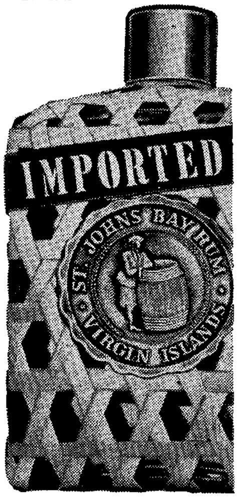

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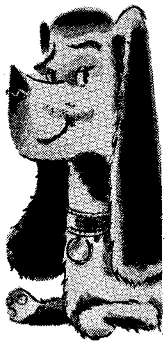

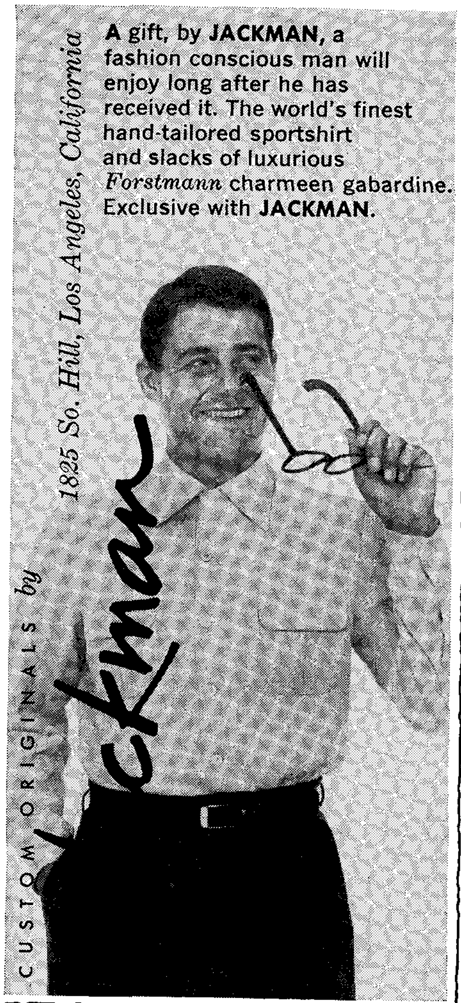

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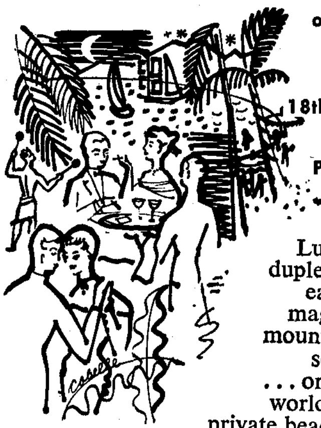

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one of the leading art journals carried a long article recently under the heading "Is Abstractionism Becoming the New Academy?" This, of course, is a question that has been asked many times in America by the embattled traditionalists, always with a rousing "Yes!" for an answer. But though the verdict this time was a qualified "No," the fact that the question should come up at the very source of the movement, in Paris, seems to me significant. In this regard, the somewhat forced extremism of the younger Abstract Expressionists may be taken as only another aspect of the situation, since in its context their work is far less adventurous than, say, Soutine's was.

Another reason for the feeling of monotony is that as yet no really big figures have emerged in contemporary French art. There are no mountains; it is a level plain with a few scattered eminences. Though I realize that this impression is inevitable in the closeness of the contemporary view (in art, as in nature, one has to get off a little distance to sort out the peaks from the foothills), I still feel it's a characteristic of the times. To be sure, there are a half-dozen figures among the maturer artists who most on-the-spot observers would say had achieved special prominence. Such a list might include anyone from Charles Lapicque and Maurice Estève to the more extremist Léon Gischia and Vieira da Silva. But almost certainly the top three would be Jean Bazaine, Alfred Manessier, and Edouard Pignon, and I think for the moment I'll confine myself to these.

They are, to begin with, extremely competent and interesting painters. Bazaine, in particular, now fifty-one and the oldest of the lot, has that quality, immensely valuable in any artist, of being able to impress his personality on his canvases, and of conveying a feeling of force and robust intention as well. An Abstractionist with a fine feeling for rhythm in his compositions, he varies his attack more than most, and a couple of his canvases at the Galerie Maeght, one a seascape called "Les Pins Maritimes," all stormy whites, blues, and greens, and the other, and quieter, one called "Paysage Rocheux," are impressive for the controlled violence of their movement. Manessier, whose "Couronne d'Epines" has just won the 1955 paintings first prize at the Pittsburgh International, by the way, works in a more elaborate, more considered vein. He is primarily a colorist, and his design is sharper, more delicate, and more static. On the whole, of the three,

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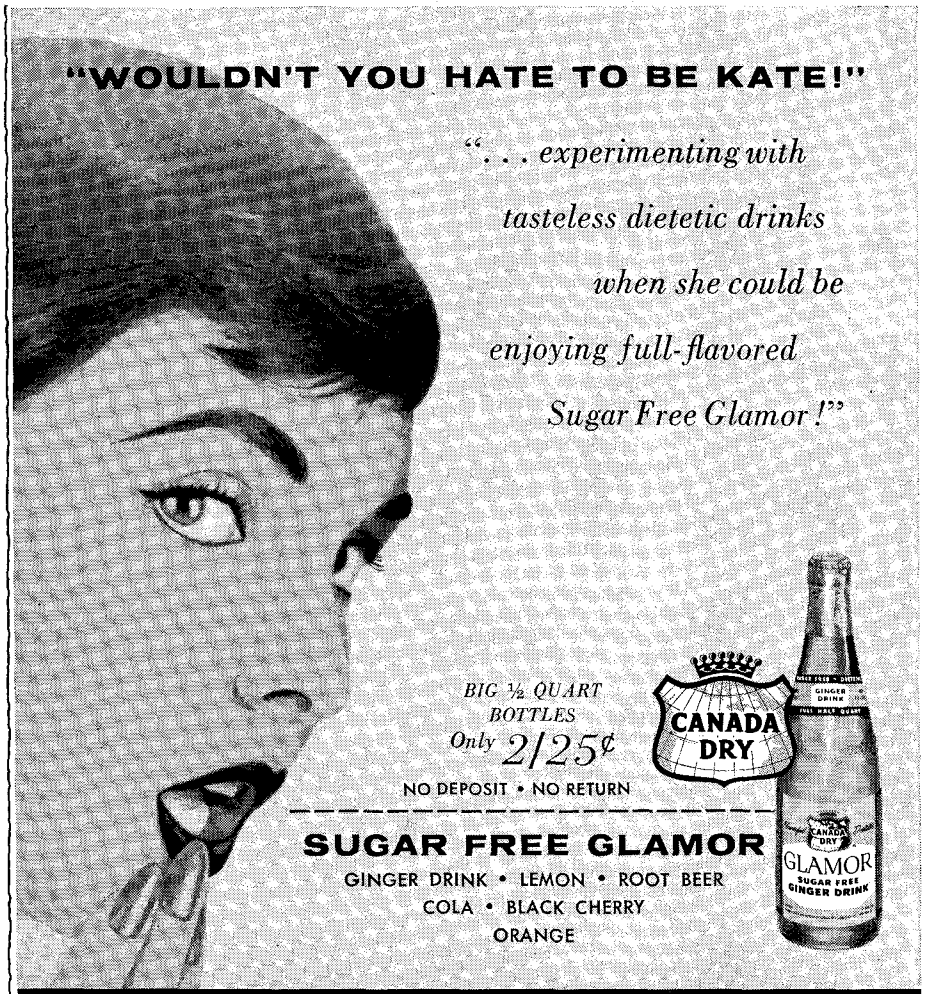
I prefer Pignon, who, while he has neither the power of Bazaine nor the richness of Manessier (his color, indeed, is his weakness, being rather too dry and thin, as well as a little sombre), has a directness of expression that the others lack. An Abstractionist, too (who isn't now, in France?), but one working with more reference to the primary image, he is one of the few who have obviously been influenced by Picasso, with whom, indeed, he worked for a while in his earlier years. His style now is reminiscent of that of Graham Sutherland, both in its thorny contours and in its ability to infuse the most uningratiating subjects with a mild but winning touch of romanticism. I like especially his landscapes, among them "Paysage Vert," with its figures of farm workers under an arch of trees, and the rather brighter "Paysage au Champ Jaune."

BUT at the moment, in the larger sense, I find myself wondering whether I am being too demanding, whether one can pass judgment at a time when French art is so obviously in a state of transition. One of the last shows I saw here was the big "Ecole de Paris, 1955," at the Galerie Charpentier, on the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré. Some hundred and fifty paintings and other works were included in the collection, and if it didn't change my basic feelings about the state of things in France, it did do some nibbling away around the edges. It was not, I should say, as sprightly and varied as a Whitney Annual, to which, I suppose, it might be compared. (I don't want to seem chauvinistic, but such comparisons inevitably arise.) Yet there was competence on every hand, and in many instances even brilliance.

Most of the major figures were represented, in particular Maurice Estève, with a sweepingly patterned heraldic figure study called "L'Emir," and Manessier, with a curiously attractive "Formes Champêtres," full of swirling little shapes like blown twigs and of ruddy colors; and in addition there were a number of my own private preferences, such as Francisco Borès (an interior, "Personnages à Table," that suggests a lighter, lacier Bonnard), Serge Poliakoff (a large, broadly handled abstract "Composition"), Claude Venard ("Nature Morte aux Fleurs"), and Jean-Michel Atlan, with a bristly but attractive little painting called "Végétation." There were surprises, too, as when Bernard Buffet, whom I'd never thought of as much of a color-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ist, came forth with a handsome red still-life called "La Marmite Rouge," and Auguste Herbin, a man almost as old as Villon (he's seventy-three), produced an abstraction called simply "Minuit," of white, spindly tower shapes against a blue-black sky, that was as clangorous as a steeple bell. But the thing that impressed me most was the quantity of good, solid painting one saw by the (to us, at least) less well-known men. I won't do more than mention a few names, for future reference—Yves Ganne, Max Papart, Raoul Pradier, Jean Piaubert, Eugène de Kermadec, and Prassinos—and these are chosen at random from a long list of catalogue notations. None of them is outstanding, but all are competent and capable, and it strikes me that maybe our standard of values is a bit wrong. France, after all, has had close to a century and a half of continuous preëminence in the arts, and it is possible that because of this one tends to expect too much of her—so that a slight slowing down now seems more perilous than it really is.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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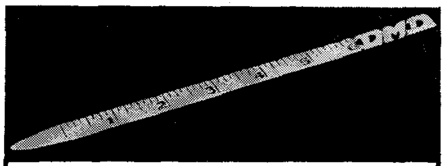

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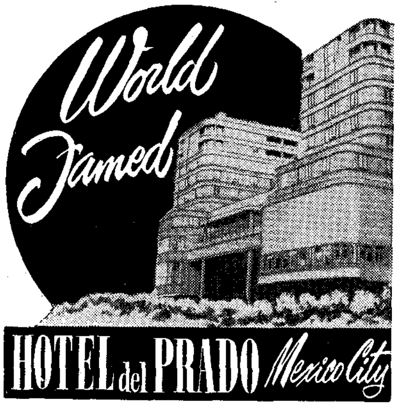

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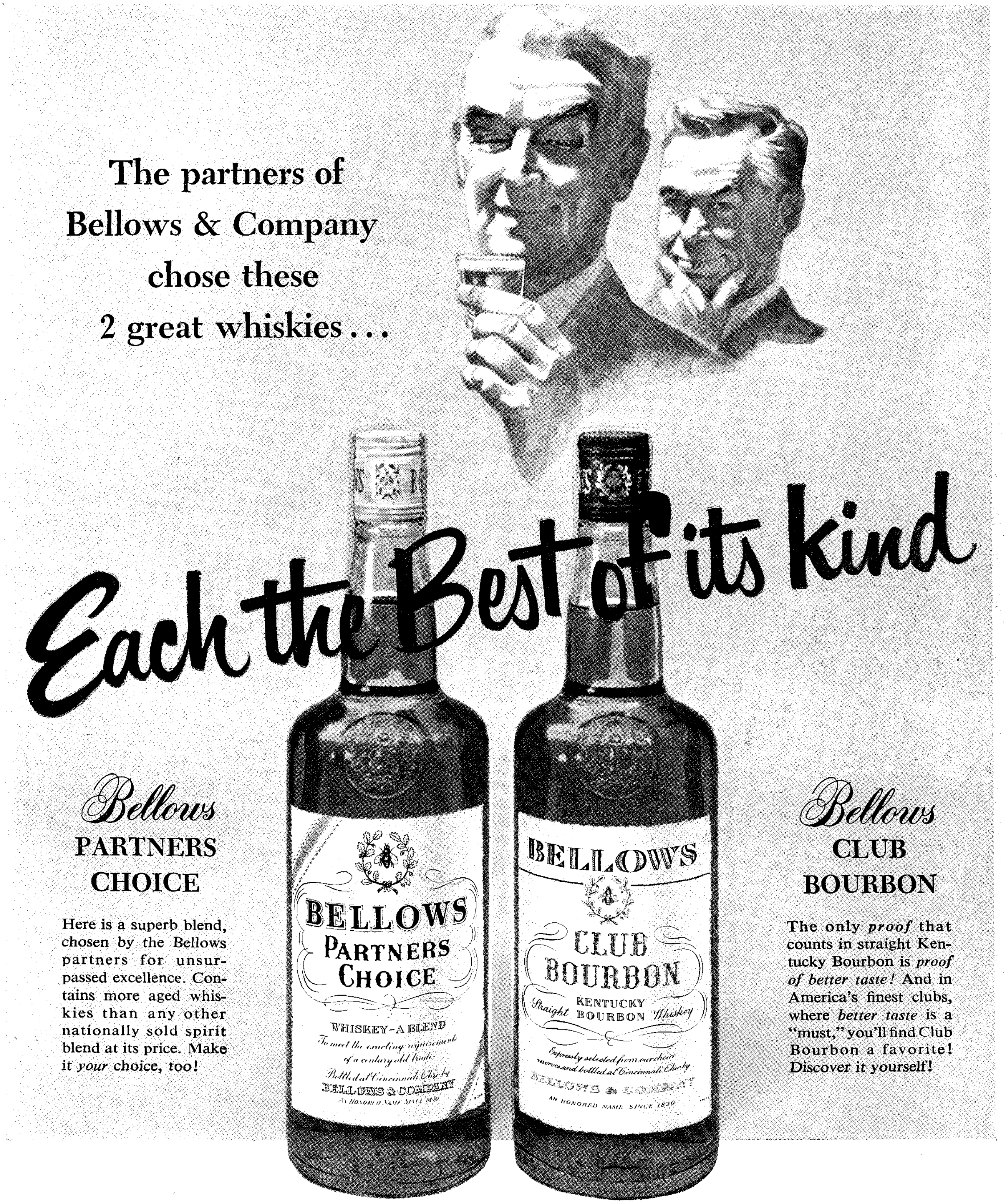
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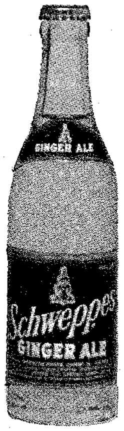
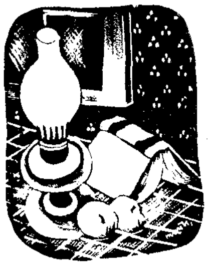


# BOOKS

## *Inside Truman, China, and Africa*



THE first volume of Harry Truman's "Memoirs" (Doubleday) provides a more detailed report on life at the summit of American politics than a President has given since the early days of the Republic. John Quincy Adams was the last man to do a really creditable memoir of the Presidency. Ulysses Grant turned out to have a kind of genius for history and autobiography, but he elected not to use his gifts on the melancholy story of his administration. Rutherford B. Hayes, one of the most inward of Presidents and one of the most perceptive, published some White House diaries; though they are interesting, they are fragmentary. In this century, Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, and Herbert Hoover have written autobiographies that cover their White House years, but Roosevelt and Coolidge dealt sketchily with the events of their administrations, and Hoover did not get around to writing until the experience had lost its vividness for him. Truman, seemingly the least literary of Presidents, is the first in a century and a quarter to attempt a memoir in the grand style. This first volume, "Year of Decisions," gets only as far as September of 1946, when the author told Henry Wallace to stop his public apologies for the Soviet Union or clear out. A sequel, "Years of Trial and Hope," will be published early next year. It seems odd that the first volume should be devoted to seventeen months (it also contains an account of Truman's career before 1945, but this is an inconsiderable part of the whole) and the second to more than six years, but perhaps the project will work out all right, and meanwhile there is this absorbing book. It goes into events in as much detail as Churchill's history of the war and with a comparable mass of documentation.

Truman's work invites comparison with Churchill's in other ways. It is the story of great military and diplomatic undertakings told by a head of government; it deals in part with events in which Churchill also had a hand and later wrote about. Naturally, the comparison favors Sir Winston, but not as overwhelmingly as might be supposed. Truman will harvest no awards from academies of arts and letters, but where he argues the American view as against the British—and there were several points of conflict in the brief period in which he and Churchill overlapped—he is fully as persuasive as the former Prime Minister and on occasion a bit more so. Schoolboys will not be called upon to memorize passages of his rhetoric. His writing does not attain much elevation. On the other hand, it is seldom wanting in dignity. The language is, in general, entirely adequate to its expository function. The prose is what might be called "American state paper," and if it misses eloquence, it avoids cloudiness and ambiguity and lets through a fairly sharp idea of the author's personality. The Truman who wrote this book—with a good deal of assistance, as he freely acknowledges—is not the polemicist who once said of the man who was to succeed him, "Why, that fellow don't know any more about politics than a pig knows about Sunday." There are times when one rather misses that Truman, for there are quite a few touches of stuffiness and pharisaism in the book. It is, surely, a Truman posturing for posterity, or still mindful of the Epworth League vote, who goes out of his way to advise us that the Folies-Bergère, seen by him in the course of a happy leave in Paris after the 1918 armistice, was "a disgusting performance." But most of the time an authentic, agreeable, and admirable Truman comes through.

In particular, one feels very much in the presence of the man whose career so unmistakably revealed the power of the Presidency to broaden and strengthen a man in need of such development. There is no evidence that Truman is himself aware of what to so many seemed the extraordinary transformation wrought in his outlook and character by the stupendous responsibility of his office. On the contrary, he seeks to have us believe that the sources of his conduct of the Presidency are to be found in the extensive reading in American history and political theory he did in his youth. If his recollection of his self-education is accurate, that education was more extensive than anyone

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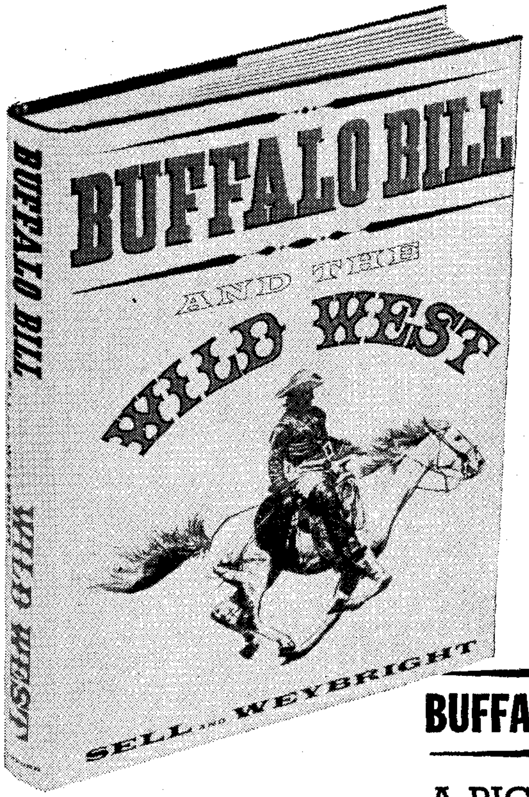
might have guessed, and it doubtless contributed to the veneration in which he held the power thrust upon him as it was never thrust upon any man before him. But nothing that came out of books could account for the fact that in less than a year the Vice-Presidential candidate who had been acceptable chiefly because he was inoffensive became a resolute President, filled with the courage of some very recently acquired convictions. Though Truman has nothing to say about this, one gets the notion that his book is in a sense an unconscious recapitulation of the process of growth. It is curious, for example, that the only flagrantly self-serving passages are to be found in the short section in which he summarizes his life up to the time of Franklin Roosevelt's death. He brushes off his years of affiliation with the Pendergast machine by presenting, as just about all that is needed in the way of an endorsement, Boss Tom's warning to a group of road contractors that Harry Truman was one man who could not be fixed. The implication is that if some of his brothers were fixable, he was not, after all, their keeper. He offers a terribly lame explanation of his opposition in the Senate to Roosevelt's appointment, as United States Attorney, of Maurice Milligan, the man who had caught the Pendergasts voting the cemetery population of Kansas City: "I had opposed his confirmation because I thought that more qualified lawyers were available for the job." Even where the pre-Presidential record is lilylike, Truman gilds. "We did not want publicity," he says of the Truman Committee, which did a fine watchdog job on war contracts and which not only wanted publicity but had to have it in order to serve the public interest. He says the committee served the public interest by making "recommendations resulting in the estimated saving of fifteen billion dollars to the American taxpayers." The figure is almost as bogus as some of McCarthy's figures on the Communists he chased out of government.

When Truman gets to the Presidency—which, fortunately, is soon—he abandons apology for straightforward elucidation. He no longer minds admitting mistakes. He tells of his "first bad experience in the problem of delegating authority"—his signing, without troubling to read it, of an order that brought lend-lease shipments to an abrupt end after the German collapse. At the time, a number of people thought that the offense this gave Stalin was at the root of our difficulties with



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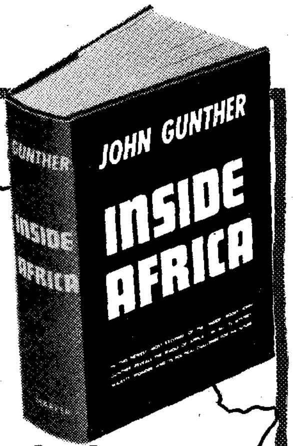
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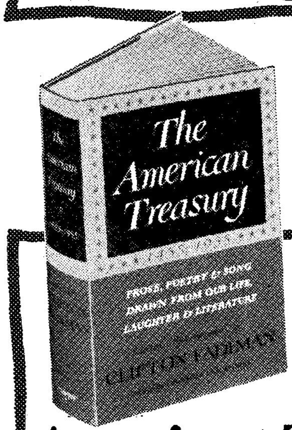
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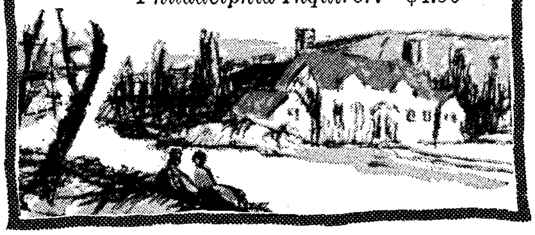

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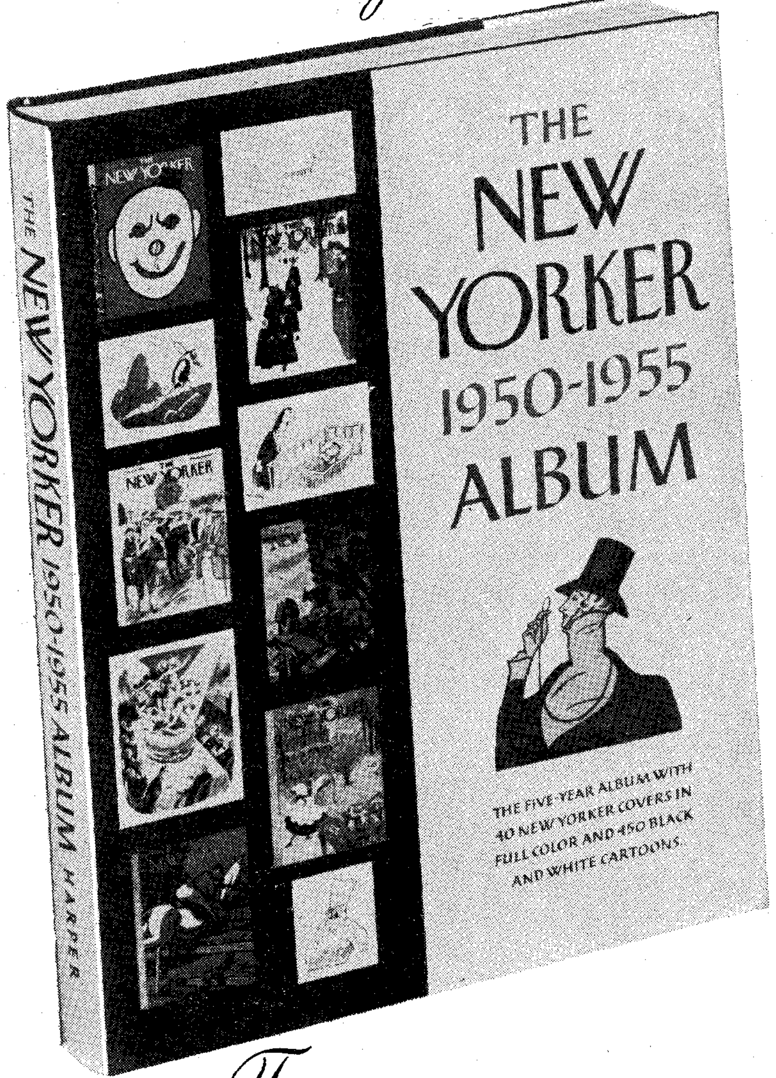
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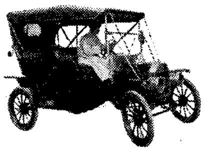

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him; Truman knew better than that, but he also knew that he had unintentionally provided Stalin with a talking point, and he was both chagrined and instructed by the blunder. "That experience," he says, "brought home to me not only that I had to know exactly where I was going but also that I had to know that my basic policies were being carried out. If I had read the order, as I should have, the incident would not have occurred. But the best time to learn that lesson was right at the beginning of my duties as President." There is a kind of manliness in the statement that was characteristic of Truman as President and that now characterizes his memoirs, and a large part of this account of his first year tells of his application of the principle of "delegating authority [while] retaining responsibility." It was really his major work in that first year. The Cold War had started before the World War had ended, and the Communists gave a lot of trouble throughout 1945 and 1946, but until 1947 there were few places in which the issue was joined. Once Germany and Japan had been defeated, Truman was more or less at liberty to establish his own administration, and that is what he did. Though he fails to see any process of transformation in his own character, he is very much aware of the need he had at that time to transform the view of his character that other people held. It was hard to convince anyone that he intended to be and was fully capable of being as assertive a President as Roosevelt had been. He knew, in other words, that he did not command the respect a President needs and that he had to change the image of himself in the minds of the people around him. He had known lack of appreciation earlier. He tells us that in his early days in the Senate some of the great men in that body—he names George Norris, of Nebraska, and Bronson Cutting, of New Mexico—"looked upon me as a sort of hick politician who did not know what he was supposed to do." And he adds, "This attitude did not bother me, however. I knew it would change in time." He was wrong about that; it hadn't changed much by 1945. He seemed pitifully lacking in substance on the day he was sworn in, and a number of people on that occasion fell to wondering if more attention shouldn't be paid to the selection of Vice-Presidential candidates. He appears to have done some wondering himself. "Boys," he said to a group of newspapermen, "if you ever pray, pray for me now. I don't know whether you fellows ever had a

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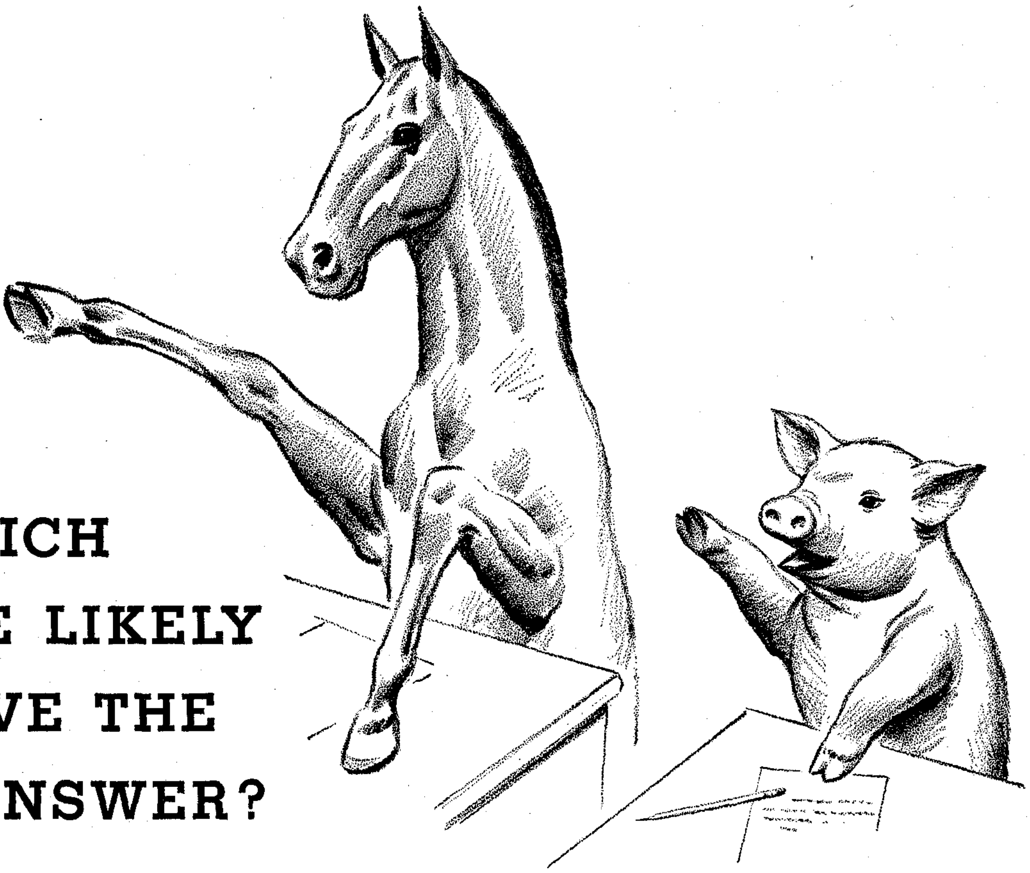

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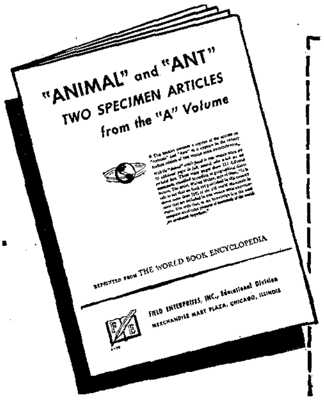
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load of hay fall on you but [yesterday] I felt like the moon, the stars, and all the planets had fallen on me."

He crawled out from under this cosmic load of hay and devoted himself, for the first seventeen months, largely to setting things to rights with men who found it hard to overcome the conviction that they were dealing with a hick politician. He had major trouble with James Byrnes, Henry Morgenthau, Harold Ickes, and Henry Wallace, and minor trouble with many more. He read the riot act when he felt he had to. Several of his old associates are now disputing his recollection of their controversies with him, and it may be that his memory has played him false on a few details. But Truman is right about essentials: the problem was one of delegating power and retaining responsibility, and in most cases he handled it with a sureness of instinct that must have been a surprise to him, as it was to others. What is more, he handled it with a magnanimity born of his respect for the office. The vindictiveness that sometimes seemed part of his nature when he was President never shows up in his memoirs. He respects what is worth respecting in each of the men he worked with, not excluding Harold Ickes, who said some poisonous things about him. Truman says nothing poisonous about anyone, and it cannot be said that this softness of spirit has been brought on by the hazy twilight in which he is writing. "Well, I had to fire Henry [Wallace] today, and of course I hated to do it," he wrote his mother and sister on September 20, 1946. "Henry Wallace is the best Secretary of Agriculture this country ever had unless Clint Anderson turns out as I think he will. If Henry had stayed Sec. of Agri., as he should have, there'd never have been all this controversy, and I would not be here, and wouldn't that be nice? . . . I called Henry and told him he'd better get out, and he was so nice about it I almost backed out. Well, now he's out, and the crackpots are having conniption fits. I'm glad they are. It convinces me I'm right."

He didn't actually think it would have been nice not to be President. Once the planets were off his back, he thoroughly enjoyed himself. Within a few weeks after his inauguration he began to show a real zest for the job in his "Dear Mama and Mary" letters, of which eighteen are printed. They provide a relief from the state-paper style and some wonderful insights into Truman's style as a human being: "Well, I've been the President for nine

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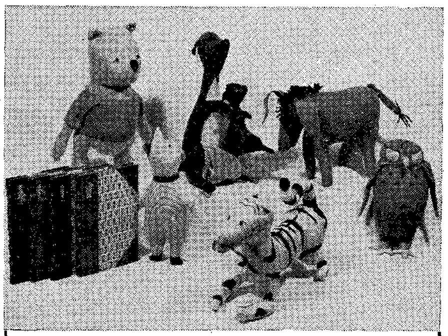

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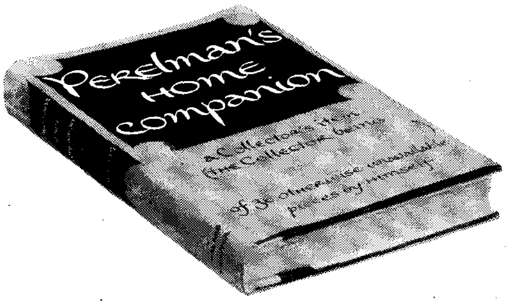
days. . . . It has been necessary to talk to all the people you read about." "I am sixty-one this morning, and I slept in the President's room in the White House last night." "Three generals came to see me yesterday." "I am getting ready to go see Stalin & Churchill, and it is a chore. I have to take my tuxedo, tails . . . preacher coat, high hat, low hat, and hard hat." "The king of England has asked me to call, as have the kings of Denmark and Norway." "Found a boy on board whose name is Lawrence Truman. He comes from Owensborough, Ky., and is the great-grandson of our grandfather's brother." He had a zest for it all, and the zest comes through.

James Cameron's "Mandarin Red" (Rinehart) is a stunning piece of political reporting and an immensely entertaining travel book. Cameron is a correspondent for the London *News Chronicle*, and he was one of a number of British journalists who were given visas for limited observation of Communist China a year ago. He saw Shanghai, Peiping, Mukden, Chungking, Hangkow, the Great Wall, and a charming village called Shao-San, which his Communist guides insisted was the birthplace of the man they all spoke of as Chairman Mao, though one of them admitted it had taken the government quite a while to find such an attractive spot for the Chairman to be born in. Cameron attended the opera; observed a divorce court operating under the new laws; had a chance meeting with the Dalai Lama of Tibet, who gave him his autograph; interviewed a playwright who before the revolution had written comedies of manners and had occupied a position analogous to that held by Somerset Maugham in Anglo-American letters but under the new dispensation is cheerfully turning out lyrics exhorting workers to achieve new production goals; talked over business conditions with Liu Kung-tsen, a cement manufacturer and member in good standing of the New Chinese Capitalists Association, the motto of which is "Long Live Private Enterprise in the Glorious Revolution;" and sought out the company of as many Chinese as he could, all of them likable and polite and most of them talking like animated brochures. There was a lot he could not learn much about—most notably Chinese foreign policy—but his book demonstrates how a lively mind, a sharp eye, and a true ear can overcome many of the most ingenious hindrances to the acquisition of knowledge that totalitari-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Some while ago, when *Perelman's Home Companion* was still in the works, the author wrote a letter to his editor describing the book's probable contents and character. He said:

"It will consist of approximately thirty-six pieces unobtainable elsewhere. It will have an introduction by the same hand at once sinewy and flaccid, grave and gay, sweet and sour. The entire volume, insofar as I can control matters, will endeavor to be funny but not facetious, jolly but not jocose."

And that's exactly what it turned out to be. Highly recommended to people who (1) enjoy the company of a truly great humorist, and (2) delight in watching the English language dance to wild but melodious tunes.

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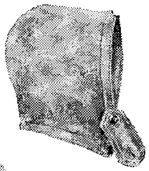

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an politicians can devise. "Mandarin Red" is a thoroughly plausible portrait of a society midway in revolution, with social change cutting to breathtaking depths in some sectors and getting nowhere at all in others. In general, Cameron seems persuaded that Chairman Mao's management of things is as astute as it is ruthless. He thinks the Chinese Communists, whose ascent to power was not the unexpected culmination of years of frustrating exile but who made it in slow stages and had a chance to experiment with limited authority before winning all of China, in 1949, are a good deal more sophisticated than Lenin's Bolsheviks were at a comparable stage. They are anything but agrarian reformers, but they know from hard experience that the Chinese will resist some forms of change as enthusiastically as they will welcome others. The politicians avert their eyes when young Marxist-trained architects provide for threshold barriers to discourage the penetration of devils, and they endorse the coexistence in one hospital of herb doctors and practitioners of the approved Western type of medicine, to which Karl Marx had such frequent resort. Some of the Chinese revolution is as inconsequential as the changing of Morrison Street in Peiping to Former Morrison Street, but the better part of it is real as rain and a stubborn fact of global politics.

CAMERON does not carry on much about global politics, but there can have been few recent books in the field of the force and weight of his. As a specimen of British journalism of a fairly familiar sort, it contrasts interestingly with John Gunther's latest behemoth, "Inside Africa" (Harper), which is a specimen of a well-known sort of American journalism. The Gunthers travelled forty thousand miles, visited a hundred and five towns, took notes on conversations with fifteen hundred and three people, and, except for breakfast, he says, ate only one meal alone in a five-week stretch on the road. He has written a three-pound book that must contain over six million words and that seeks to give, according to him, "a conspectus of the whole gigantic continent with at least passing reference to every major problem—human, social, religious, racial, economic, political." The book is as full of gadgets as Lewis & Conger's. There are charts, tables, maps, graphic representations of the De Beers interests, quotations from everyone who has ever written a line about Africa, thumbnail sketches, and summaries for

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easy reading ("Just one word on the Pyramids. A pyramid is a tomb, no more and no less"). Despite a tendency toward malapropism (he explains that he is writing about the "most copious of continents"), Gunther is a lively writer, and this is an informative and entertaining job, but whereas one has something of the feeling of having seen China through Cameron's eyes, one gets from Gunther only the feeling that one is reading a whale of a big book about Africa. —Richard H. Rovere

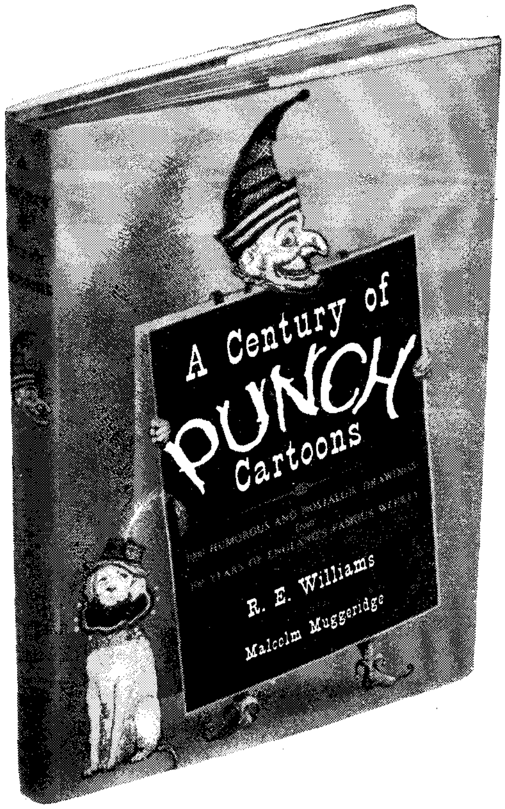
## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

The Revelations of Dr. Modesto, by Alan Harrington (Knopf). Mr. Harrington tells what happens to Hal Hingham, a mediocre and unhappy young Boston insurance salesman, when he follows the advice of a mysterious counsellor-by-mail known as Dr. Modesto, who preaches that complete satisfaction and success can come only with complete conformity, and that in order to gain confidence a man has only to rid himself of every shred of individuality. Mr. Harrington is a quick, clever writer, and the final picture he gives of Dr. Modesto and his army of anonymous followers is an eerie one, but the book is much too long, and Hal Hingham is so nearly invisible to begin with that his complete disappearance does not seem to matter at all.

A Stormy Spring, by Alice Acland (Coward-McCann). Emily Caterham is married at twenty to a handsome and spoiled young man who is an expert in emotional blackmail and lies around like a log while she struggles to save their marriage. Miss Acland has an admirable talent—honest, intelligent, and searching—but her work suffers from her reluctance to come to absolute grips with her subject, and this reluctance disjoints her writing to an extent that first puzzles and then alienates the reader. The scene is England and France.

The Lost Sheep, by Henry Bordeaux, translated by Frances Frenaye (Macmillan). This is the story, spelled out in shadowless prose, of Mélanie Corbier, a young French peasant woman who commits adultery and is banished from her home and her two children by her husband, Joachim. After five years with her lover, she repents and, through the intervention of a Carthusian monk, is taken back



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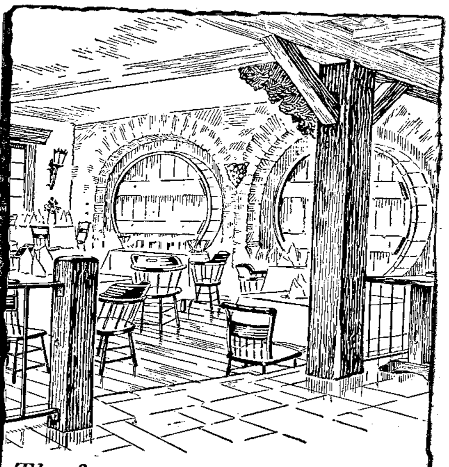
by her husband, but only as an unpaid servant, who must eat and sleep apart from her family. In time, Joachim forgives her, but Mélanie, out of sorrow and guilt, falls ill and dies. M. Bordeaux, a prolific, eighty-five-year-old French writer, has fashioned, in the setting of a mountain village in southeastern France, an almost pure little book. Yet the few strokes of sentimentality that he allows himself at the close of the story—Mélanie dies on Christmas Eve, and there is something watery about Joachim's abrupt change of heart—suddenly and irreparably alter it from a resilient fable into a soft fairy tale of evil and victorious good.

FAMILY PORTRAIT, by Elizabeth Corbett (Lippincott). Winifred Carson abandons Milwaukee for New York, where she spends a good many years balancing a broken heart in one hand while with the other she manipulates a career that enables her to buy and maintain a house in Sutton Place and put aside a little money as well. Very faint.

LOVE, DEATH, AND THE LADIES' DRILL TEAM, by Jessamyn West (Harcourt, Brace). Fourteen stories. Miss West, an estimably versatile writer, penetrates just as deeply as she wishes into the hearts of the fairly ordinary people she writes about. Under her oblique, but respectful and attentive, gaze, the most everyday occurrences become interesting, and sometimes important.

### GENERAL

THE EXPANSION OF ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND, by A. L. Rowse (St. Martin's Press). The second volume of the author's projected three-volume study of the causes and manifestations of England's triumphant, if reluctant, awakening under Elizabeth I from its long medieval sleep. It would also seem to be the keystone of the series. In the opening volume, Mr. Rowse, an Oxford historian, examined the structure of sixteenth-century English government, and it is his intention to round out his trilogy with a survey of the renaissance in arts and letters for which the period is celebrated. But the subject here is the sequence of security measures that, beginning with the subjugation of the Scottish border regions, Cornwall, Wales, and Ireland, led England beyond the limits of its Channel moat into the Western World and into the inescapable conflict with Spain, which forced



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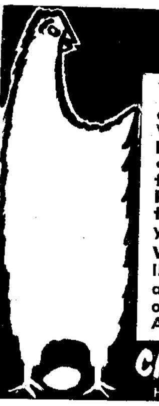

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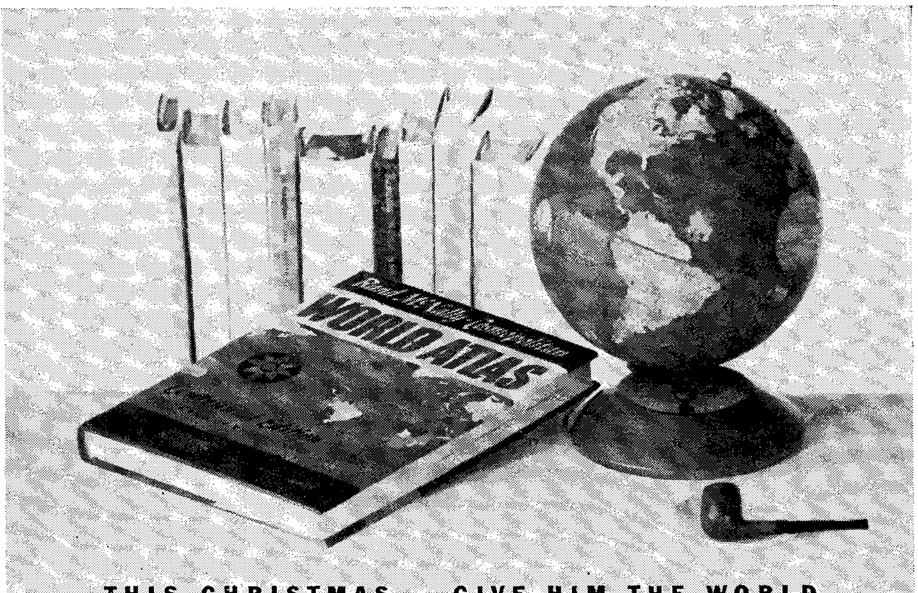
England's emergence as an international power. This is, of course, a subject whose significance far transcends the urgencies of Elizabethan policy, for, as Mr. Rowse suggests, "in it one sees in embryo the whole subsequent history of our people—or, I should say, peoples—and their astonishing fate and fortune in the world." It is a pleasure to report that he has brought to its examination a wit, a vigor, and a sense of perspective that are altogether satisfying. Illustrated.

THE SUNSET OF THE SPLENDID CENTURY, by W. H. Lewis (Sloane). A sequel, of a sort, to "The Splendid Century," the author's recent and memorably polished prowl through the multi-scented France of Louis XIV. It differs from its predecessor most notably in that the focus of attention is not the nation as a whole but an individual—Louis Auguste de Bourbon, Duc du Maine, the eldest bastard son of the Sun King by Madame de Montespan. Lame, lacklustre, and lucklessly married to a wolverine of a woman, the Duc du Maine would hardly seem an adequate eminence from which to view the decline of a glittering era, and it is a measure of Mr. Lewis's skill that this poor creature not only fulfills to perfection the function that is thrust upon him here but manages to win our sympathetic understanding. Contemporary drawings and portraits.

HOW FAR THE PROMISED LAND?, by Walter White (Viking). The late Mr. White's last book is an enormously encouraging account of progress toward equal rights for Negroes in such areas as education, the franchise, the armed forces, employment, housing, health, and even sports—although the Boston Red Sox and their farm teams inexplicably continue to hold out. Mr. White alternates heart-warming anecdotes with reminders that quite a lot remains to be done, but the tone is resolutely optimistic, and the foreword, by Ralph J. Bunche, reports that Mr. White had hoped to see the job substantially completed by 1963, the centenary of the Emancipation Proclamation. Mr. White explains that the heretofore inevitable chapter on lynching "no longer needs to be included;" since the time when he wrote "Rope and Faggot," he or the United States, or both, appear to have come a long way.

THE GODS WERE KIND, by William Willis (Dutton). The summer be-



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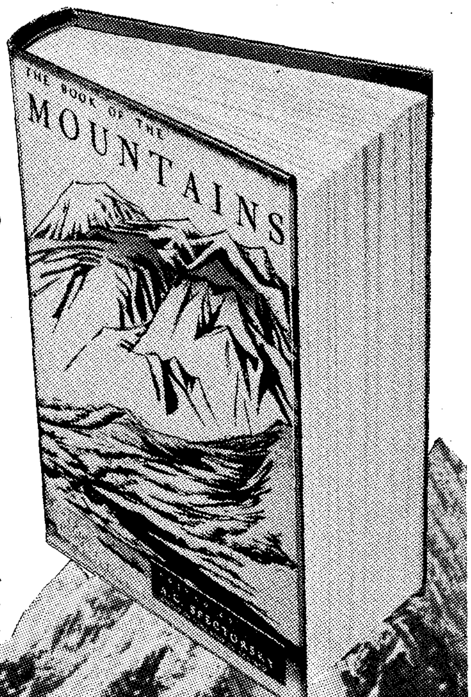

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fore last, at the age of sixty-one, the author sailed alone on a raft across the Pacific from Peru to Samoa—a matter of sixty-seven hundred miles and a hundred and fifteen days—and his account of the trip will almost certainly take its place in the classic annals of solitary voyaging. He tells how he lashed together a raft of balsa logs and rigged it with a mainsail, jib, and mizzen, as well as a rudder, so that it could be sailed into the wind almost like a boat, and he goes on to describe in engrossing detail how he managed to survive—and even thrive—for four months on barley flour, fish, and salt water. The author, whose philosophy seems to be a crude but genuine mystical pantheism, succeeds in communicating the wonder and terror of being alone on a storm-tossed raft in the middle of the world's widest ocean. Photographs.

THE EXURBANITES, by A. C. Spectorsky (Lippincott). An entertaining, if exceedingly parochial, field report by a disciple of the Russell Lynes school of social anthropology. "The exurbanite," the author tells us, "is a displaced New Yorker. He has moved from the city to the country. So, indeed, have hundreds of thousands of Americans, especially since the Second World War; but for the exurbanite the case is different. . . . These short-haul expatriates really never leave town, though they live in the counties of Fairfield, Rockland, Bucks, Westchester, or on the North Shore of Long Island. They are not urbanites, or suburbanites, or ruralites." They differ from their fellows in several ways. For one thing, they are "almost exclusively gainfully employed in some facet of that vast and ill-defined activity known as communications." Also, and most importantly, they are unhappy. They are ceaselessly bedevilled by a very special, ulcerating, soul-shattering malaise, and it is to the detailed examination of this unhappiness—its etiology, its manifestations, and its apparently hopeless prognosis—that Mr. Spectorsky has largely devoted his book. A little pretentious at times, and more than a little inflated, but enjoyable all the same. Drawings by Robert Osborn.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT, by Charles Merrill Mount (Norton). A man of gelid reserve who had few intimates, never married, and left no paper trail of written memorabilia, Sargent makes a tough subject for the biogra-

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pher; all things considered, the present author has done remarkably well. He shows us first the healthy little boy following his expatriate American parents around the less expensive cities and spas of Europe in the eighteen-sixties, then the prize pupil in the studio of Carolus-Duran, and, finally, the man who became, when he was barely out of his twenties, the most sought-after portrait painter of his time. Sargent has been characterized by some memoirists as a dull man socially, but Mr. Mount proves that, provided he liked the company, he was nothing of the kind; he had broad culture, loved to sing, played the piano like a professional, enjoyed food and drink and laughter, and often displayed a perceptive, edgy wit. The book also contains a serious, even technical study of Sargent's art, and the author commendably wastes no time apologizing for it; he assumes what must be apparent to anyone with eyes—that Sargent, at his best, was one of the finest portrait painters in history. There are black-and-white illustrations, but there aren't enough of them, and those there are were chosen, from the looks of them, by whim.

HILAIRE BELLOC, by J. B. Morton (Sheed & Ward). A personal memoir, amounting to an informal biography of Belloc in his middle years and old age, by an English newspaper columnist who met Belloc in 1922 and, after a rather sticky beginning, had a long friendship with him. In mid-career, Belloc became out of tune with his times (or they with him, as he might have said), and lost his former influence on contemporary thinking. In an age when collective, Fabian man was creeping to the top, Belloc struck uncompromising Catholic attitudes and took up the cudgels for such unfashionable personages as Louis XIV and Franco. Today, he would probably find a wider and more approving audience, but the nice thing about Belloc is that today he might think differently; agreeing with people bored him. Mr. Morton concentrates on the lighter side of Belloc's nature—his conversation, his singing, his talent for verse and phrasemaking, and his curiosity, as well as his short way with fools—and presents us with a speaking likeness, not in the least sugar-coated, of a personality who was enchanting *malgré lui.*

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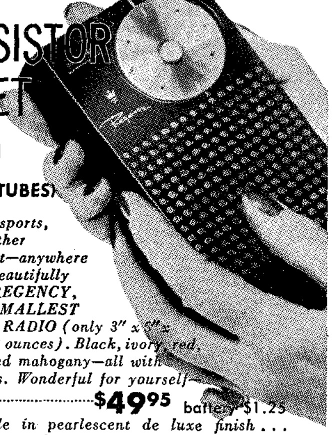

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Rives (Doubleday). The salty, and peppery, memoirs of a veteran American career diplomat, who retired in 1935 after twenty-five years in the Foreign Service, interspersed with the memoirs of his wife, who was at one time a well-known novelist. The Wheelers, writing alternate chapters, zestfully even up old scores, relay the gossip of long-dead courts, reveal the vicious intricacies of State Department intrigue, show up certain august dignitaries for the fools they apparently were, and in general flout every canon of diplomacy. The book is fascinating, amusing, and, when it describes the inner workings of the State Department, shocking. It is recommended with one caveat: we have only the Wheelers' word for it that the Wheelers were right in every fracas and ruction they got into.

MY NINE LIVES IN THE RED ARMY, by Mikhail Soloviev (McKay). Still another personal history by still another Soviet citizen who has found asylum in the West. The author, a former military correspondent for *Izvestia* who for a time gave history lessons to the Soviet general staff (some of the marshals, he says, were sorely in need of such lessons), served in the Red Army during the so-called Little War against Finland, was captured by the Germans during the defense of Moscow, and escaped in 1942. His book is cheery and anecdotal, and it is notable not only for its intimate portraits of such people as Bulganin, Malenkov, Budënny, and the ill-fated Bukharin, who was Soloviev's editor on *Izvestia*, but for the author's total lack of pretension to anything more than a cynical devotion to democracy.

THE DARK EYE IN AFRICA, by Laurens van der Post (Morrow). After Stuart Cloete's recent tub thumpings, the views of any white South African on the subject of race in Africa may not seem very promising, and since this particular effort consists of a lecture Colonel van der Post delivered to the Jung Institute at Zurich, together with his replies to questions from the audience, it would seem even less promising than most. It is extremely gratifying, therefore, that what the Colonel has to say is courageous, honest, wise, and often quite beautiful. An important book.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ACADEMIC FREEDOM IN THE UNITED STATES, by Richard Hofstadter and Walter P. Metzger (Columbia). In the first half of this substantial volume,

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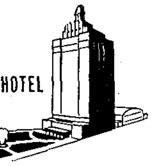

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prepared for the American Academic Freedom Project, Professor Hofstadter sketches in the European background from Socrates on and proceeds to describe the difficulties of such early American educators as Horace Holley, the president of Transylvania University, in Kentucky, who in 1823 was charged by the Presbyterian clergy with encouraging his students to study on the Sabbath. Professor Metzger picks up the story after the Civil War, when the Darwinian theory produced a real crisis in American colleges, and carries it down to 1917, when Professor Charles Beard's resignation from Columbia showed that things were little, if at all, better than they had been before.

Academic Freedom in Our Time, by Robert M. MacIver (Columbia). A sequel to the above. The issues are no longer such matters as theological heresy and pacifism, but academic freedom is still hanging from the cliff. We enter a world of loyalty oaths, a world in which sex education is branded "a Communist plot to destroy the fibre of youth" and in which Governor Theodore (The Man) Bilbo, of Mississippi, can boast that in two hours he fired and replaced three college presidents. Although much of the evidence is thoroughly depressing, Professor MacIver's sanity, buttressed by the history in the Hofstadter-Metzger volume, suggests that somehow we will come through.

The Easy Chair, by Bernard DeVoto (Houghton Mifflin). This selection of columns and articles from *Harper's* (plus one from the *Atlantic*) is roughly divisible into three groups. In the first, Mr. DeVoto is a tremendously funny and irascible cultural critic who has a preference for sitting ducks as targets, from the Planned Parenthood way of life to the "glucose" of Norman Corwin. In the second, he is a brave and still quite lighthearted commentator on politics and civil rights, warning F.B.I. investigators to stay way from his door, throwing James Burnham out his window, and stamping all over Senator McCarthy. In the third, he is a fanatical and quite humorless crusader intent on saving the public lands and the Forest Service from greedy ranchers and their political spokesmen. One way or another, there is probably a DeVoto to everyone's taste.

The Civil War in Pictures, ar-

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ranged, and with a commentary, by Fletcher Pratt (Holt). An album of woodcuts and steel engravings, mostly taken from the files of *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* and mostly made from the sketches of Civil War artist-correspondents, Winslow Homer among them. To anybody familiar with the Brady photographs, they will seem to be a stilted, naïve, and unrealistic iconography of the conflict, but, as Mr. Pratt points out, few members of the home front ever saw a Brady photograph in Civil War days, and this was the way the war appeared to them; for that reason, the book has considerable historic—if little artistic—value and relevance. About half of the accompanying text comes from contemporary papers, and the other half comes from Mr. Pratt. A highly competent job. Ten dollars.

The World We Live In, by Lincoln Barnett and the editorial staff of *Life* (Time, Inc.). This book contains thirteen illustrated articles on the origin, nature, and development of our physical world, which ran in *Life* over a period of two years. Starting with an account of the birth of the earth, the volume takes us through the beginnings of life in the sea and on land, explores the galaxies, and concludes with a piece on the mysteries yet to be unfolded. There are three hundred and thirty-eight illustrations—paintings, photographs, and drawings—and although the color is occasionally a bit indiscriminate and drab, especially in pictures of mammals and reptiles, they are, on the whole, handsomely reproduced. Thirteen dollars and fifty cents.

•

Kim Novak made an appointment for our interview on Oct. 3 at 3 p.m. on the first step of a three-story brown house at No. 13 North Clark Street on the R.K.O. lot. Miss Novak, we learned, has a passion for the numbers 1, 3 and 13.

She was born on Feb. 31, 1933, at 3:13 a.m. in Room 313 at the St. Anthony's Hospital in Chicago.—*Joe Hyams in the Herald Tribune.*

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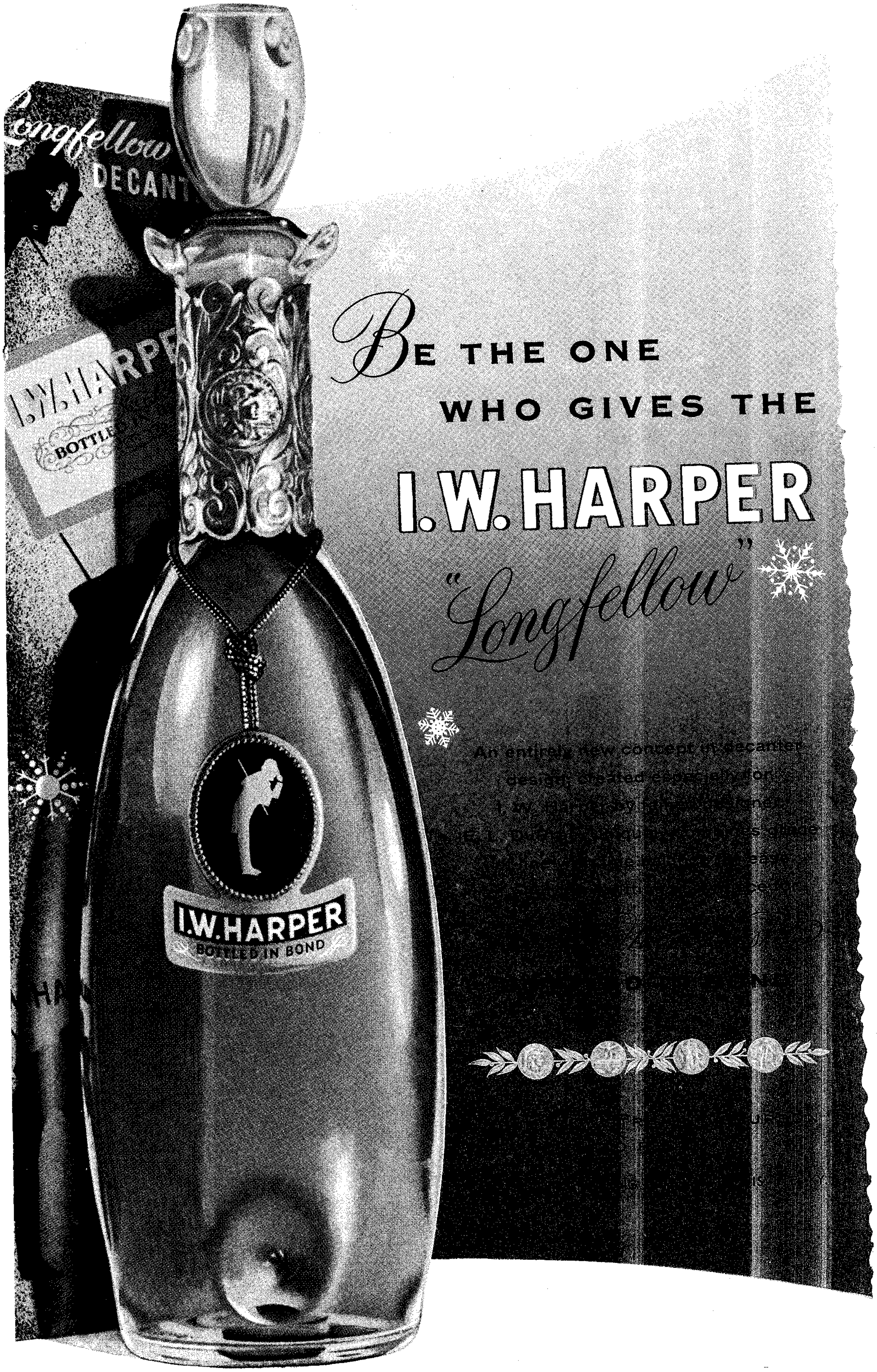

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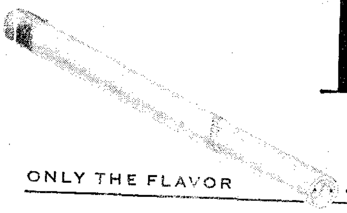

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